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THE
RAG-PICKER;

OR
BOUND AND FREE.

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To My Sister;

THE FIRM AND UNWAVERING FRIEND OF

OPPRESSED HUMANITY,

AND OF

THE POOR, THE UNFORTUNATE, AND THE ERRING, EVERY WHERE,

T H I S V O L U M E

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY ITS AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

THE pages which follow are a record of *facts*, simply, from the experience of one who has been the eye and ear-witness of the substance of this book.

The author has had no occasion to “draw upon imagination” for the characters ; and several of the principal personages alluded to are of those who have lived and passed among us in the present century, here and elsewhere.

The object of the work is to aid in keeping alive the march of progress (though the means are admitted to be sufficiently humble), that is now current at the North, the South, the East, and the West of our land ; and to “point a moral” (in passing) through the history of those herein named, who have suffered from the abuses portrayed.

The aim of the writer will have been attained if a single heart may be touched and turned from the pursuit of the manifest errors that surround the people of this country. If the perusal of this vol-

ume shall influence a single individual to labor more zealously and more fervently toward removing from our legal and social system the dark blots that now unfortunately stain them, I shall not have put forth my hand in vain. And if the truthful history embodied herein—the history of suffering and wrong that finds many a parallel, even in this “enlightened day,” at the North and the South—shall cause the erring or the oppressive to repent, and “see themselves as others see them,” some small share of common benefit will have been effected by this simple narrative.

In the humble hope that good may result from this effort, that the unfortunate may find a word of consolation within its pages, and that it may serve in some measure to urge the friends of freedom and reform to more earnest and constant endeavors for the improvement and weal of suffering humanity among us—the work is submitted, in trust and good will, by

THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON, 1855.

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THE RAG-PICKER.

CHAPTER I.

MORNING AT THE JUNK-STORE.

"There is a variety of these little trades, and industries, which derive their chief means of life from the wants and luxuries of the Boulevards. You will see an individual moving about, at all hours of the night, silent and active, and seeing the smallest bit of paper in the dark, where you could see nothing, picking it up and pitching it, with amazing dexterity, into a basket tied to his shoulder; with a cat-like walk, being every where and nowhere at the same time; stirring up the rubbish of every nook and gutter of the street, under your very nose. This is the RAG-PICKER. He is a very important individual. He stands at the head of the 'little trades,' and is looked up to with envy by all the others."

SANDERSON'S AMERICAN IN PARIS.

THE gray streak of daybreak was just visible in the far-off east, upon a clear spring morning in the year 18—, and very few persons save the earliest risers—the watchmen, the most ambitious of the mechanics in the neighborhood, and a well known straggler or two—were astir.

At the lower end of a narrow lane that led from one of the principal streets in Boston, down to the wharves at the northerly extremity of the city, a dimly-burning light could be seen. The curious observer, who might feel desirous to inform himself more particularly in reference to the surroundings of this indifferent luminary, could have learned that it stood

upon the head of an iron-bound cask, in a small jacket, the proprietor of which, if he ever slept at all, did so when ordinary mortals would least suspect it.

The individual spoken of was now wide awake, and awaiting, in momentary expectation, the arrival of certain of his agents, who would shortly report themselves at this "bin," where were collected, in piles about the low rooms, large quantities of old rags, junk, fragments of iron, lead, pumps, blocks, and every conceivable variety of trash and rubbish, good, bad, and indifferent. He was a parsimonious being, and his eccentric manner was peculiarly noticeable when he had occasion to speak, for he articulated with curious brevity, and seemed anxious, at all times, to say no more than was absolutely necessary; an aged man, too—plainly fifty years old, or more. He had been a *professional* rag-picker for a long period, until at last, having acquired a small sum of surplus capital, he hired this shop, gave up the more laborious part of his calling, and became the receiver of refuse collected by others, who followed this precarious and questionable avocation. This individual was an adept in the business he had chosen, and his long experience in the trade rendered him a shrewd and skillful manager. For many a year he had enjoyed rare opportunities to study human character, in all its phases, from that of the possessor of lordly wealth, to the veriest scullion at the curb-stone; and he had not been an idle observer of men and manners, as they passed before him. No one knew aught of him, however, save what they saw from day to day; he concerned himself, apparently, with no one's affairs beyond his own sphere; and so he lived on, unmolested, uncared for, and alone, from year's end to year's end.

The day broke, fairly, at length, and first one and then another of his host of employées straggled in, each with the products of his or her previous four-and-twenty hours' wanderings, and a motly band they proved!

A popular writer avers that the *Parisian* rag-picker "is, in matter, what Pythagoras was in mind; and his transformations are scarcely less curious than those of the Samian sage." But the business of the *American* rag-picker seems to embrace even a more varied and extensive field of mercantile operations; and he improves vastly upon his Old World original, inasmuch as, while being quite as attentive to the rag-gathering, legitimately, he is, also, no less careful to possess himself, *en passant*, of every thing nameable, from which he can hope to realize the smallest possible profit, whether it be rags, paper, iron, copper, lead, silver—or, indeed, any thing bearing the slightest commercial or merchantable value. And thus the more modern *chiffonnier* enlarges his sphere of usefulness in transformations, far beyond the capacity or the accomplishment of his ancient prototype, while the profession, at the same time (in this country), is not limited, strictly, either to sex or *materiel*.

The throng who came to and departed from the old junk-shop, on the morning referred to, were of every age and gender, and the shade of color requisite to gain them access to the attention of the wiry old receiver, seemed entirely unimportant, for there were black and white, as well as old and young, great and small, and no questions were asked in reference to where they hailed from, or who they belonged to. In the recognition of his *attaches*, the ancient rag-picker desired no certificate of previous character; and he asked no ques-

tions as to the antecedents of those whom he chanced to fall upon in the way of trade.

One by one they approached the man who took from them, daily, the contents of their sacks, and who paid them down, in ready silver, the price of their shavenly booty. The rags were duly assorted, and thrust into larger bags, or stored in the waste-room; the bits of iron hoops and nails, and broken horse-shoes, etc., were placed in the great tubs, or corners, the ropes and twine, and cords, were coiled up according to size and length; the copper and brass, and lead fragments, were disposed of upon appropriate shelves. The paying off succeeded, and the happy possessors of twenty, forty, or fifty cents, in shining coin, departed with lightened bags and equally lightened hearts, to pursue the same round of duty, and to return upon the succeeding day for a similar purpose, after meeting with greater or less success, as the event might prove.

Though rough and forbidding in exterior, this strange old man possessed a warm heart, naturally; yet he was the very last man in the world to encourage, directly or indirectly, the slightest approach to indolence. The really needy had often been secretly benefited through his instrumentality, but his charity was never known to others, for he selected the objects upon which it was bestowed with scrupulous care.

The world at large scoffed at him and his calling. But he smiled at this, and was content that he was then compelled to ask no favors at the hands of his fellows. He was singularly rugged in constitution, and having been for years previously inured to all sorts of weather, and to all kinds of harsh treatment, he snapped his fingers at opposition, and pursued the even tenor of his way, as if his course lay always in the sunshine.

CHAPTER II.

THE BURNING.

Did you say all? *All—*
At one fell swoop?

SHAKESPEARE.

THE rag-picker was old. He had no children, no family, no dependencies, of any name or nature. He had accumulated what property he had by means of "hard knocks," and a lifetime of labor. He watched the comers and goers that constantly frequented his shop, and hoped to meet with some one, sooner or later, among the horde of people he met, upon whom he could rely, and who might be worthy to succeed him, perhaps, when he should be called away from earthly things. But for years he looked and watched in vain.

He was a scrupulously honest man, ingenious and skillful, but careless in his dealings and in his mode of life. For one so situated, this might, at first sight, seem a paradoxical assertion, yet he had found, in a life's experience, that even a rag-picker *could* be a man of integrity; and as he had none to provide for but himself, he did not exert the talent that he innately possessed.

Never, to his knowledge, had he been the receiver of the first farthing's worth of property, either, that the seller did not

come honestly in possession of. There was no wavering in his integrity, and he never saw the necessity of over-reaching those with whom he was so constantly brought in contact. In his bargaining, he was shrewd and close; but in all his transactions he did not forget his moral responsibility to his Maker, and to his fellow men.

He made no pretensions to, or professions of, religion. However. His time was passed, almost exclusively, at his junk-store, and he was rarely seen away from its immediate neighborhood. Few persons seemed to take any interest in him, and he could be found at almost any and every hour of the day or night in his little old shop, adjusting his second-hand wares, and arranging them for preservation or for future disposal.

Directly over the shop, the old rag-picker rented two small rooms, and in the rear of the building kept his wardrobe and cash, under lock and key. When he did sleep, he occupied a mattress in another of these back rooms, and this chamber was the repository, also, of such articles of small bulk, but greater value, as he chanced to purchase, from time to time, and which he lodged here for better security.

At the time he is now introduced to the reader, his stock of lighter materials, such as rags, old rope, canvas, paper, and the like, was unusually large. The junk-shop was crowded, and he had filled it up rapidly, of late, though he had arranged for the disposal of most of it, and it was already weighed up and packed in bags, preparatory to being removed from his premises.

He had paid off the last of his dependents, who had departed like the rest, and the sun was rising gloriously in the east. The wind was blowing fresh from the westward, and

the rag-picker extinguished his lamp, as usual, and mounted the stairs that led to his little room, overhead—first securing his shop-door on the inside—with the intention of getting a nap before the time when business usually commenced upon the wharves and vicinity.

His form was soon extended upon his low pallet, and almost as quickly, from habit, he was soundly sleeping. The night guardians had just left their beats for home, and very few persons were moving in the streets.

The old man dreamed. He dreamed of his late success in trade, and he saw, in his fancy, generous heaps of silver and gold within his grasp. He smiled as he thought of the hardships he had passed through triumphantly, and as the good deeds he had secretly performed arose before his imagination again.

And then there suddenly appeared a cloud before him; a heavy, portentous darkness succeeded; he was deeply troubled, at first, but still he slept soundly. He gazed upon the forbidding mass, and its threatening blackness alarmed him. He struggled to avoid it, for it seemed, at last, about to burst upon his head! He trembled, and writhed, and shrank from its approach; but on it came, pressing him to the earth, and burying the poor old man, almost, in its opaqueness. His lungs were obstructed, perspiration stood in huge drops upon his great high forehead, and, with a maddening shriek, he leaped from his pallet and awoke—to find himself completely enveloped in a thick cloud of heated smoke, that had well-nigh suffocated him as he slept!

The junk-shop was thoroughly on fire below, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could draw his breath.

He sprang to the stairway and partially opened the door, but the stairs were alive with crinkling, livid flames, and egress in that direction was impossible. He darted to the only window in the little room, the sash of which he quickly raised, but the height was too great for him to attempt to jump thence to the ground.

"Fire!" shouted the rag-picker, furiously; and as the smoke had already been seen by a porter, who had recently arrived, and was just opening a store in the vicinity, the alarm was quickly circulated, and "*fire! fire!*" fell from half a score of lips, almost at the same moment.

The old man was soon discovered, and a short ladder was placed against the side of the burning building by the man who had, fortunately, first heard the alarm. With a trembling step he placed his feet upon it, while the stout porter held it upon his shoulders as he descended; and with an earnest "thank God!" for his escape, he fled from the heat of the flames, that were bursting from every quarter of the building, and found himself free from serious personal harm.

His silver watch, that hung by the window casement, he had not time to secure, even, so necessarily sudden was his retreat; while his entire property, the accumulation of years and years of toil, and hardship, and economy, on the part of the frugal man, was entirely and irredeemably destroyed.

As he blew out his morning lamp, it was supposed that a spark must have fallen in among the tow or rope-yarns that were piled about, and such was the combustible nature of the materials in the shop, when once the fire had been ignited among them, that the destruction was fearfully rapid as well as morally certain!

He had been engaged in his present business over a score of years, and had never thought, scarcely, of such a thing as an insurance policy ; or, if he had, he had never deemed such a provision of sufficient consequence to him to take one out on his property ! He was, himself, always in and about his premises ; he trimmed, lighted, and extinguished his lamp with his own hands ; the buildings in the vicinity were rarely or never lighted up, and he assumed his own risk, believing it to be next to impossible that he could ever be endangered by fire.

This procedure was, by no means, in accordance with the settled rule of action established in this man's shrewd career ; but he looked upon the sacrifice of the premium claimed for insurance as money needlessly thrown away, at least, in his instance ; and the result of this reasoning added an important item to the chain of bitter events in his checkered experience !

Nothing was saved, and the gray-headed rag-picker was once more a beggar.

CHAPTER III.

THE DELIVERANCE.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity ;
Yet, notwithstanding—being incensed—he's *flint* !

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*

As is commonly the case, under such circumstances, and especially in that locality, so noted for the great proportionate number of its children, the burning ruins drew together a crowd of little ones, whose parents or friends dwelt in the vicinity of the fire ; and before noon the bulk of the employees of the old rag-picker were there, too ; some of them from a feeling of sympathy for their late patron's loss, some with the offer of aid, others from natural curiosity, and not a few to pick up or steal what might fall in their way.

But the old man was already upon the *qui vive*. After the smoldering mass had settled down, and the worst of the smoke had begun to clear up, he enlisted the services of half a dozen of those upon whom he thought he could depend, and commenced to clear away the wreck. It was a slow process, however ; and after various attempts to remove some portion of the fallen and charred timbers, it was found that the heat was so great that it was impossible, with any degree of safety,

to proceed. Not until the third day afterward was it found practicable for the old man to overturn the remains of his property.

Every thing that was ignitable had been destroyed, and the excessive and long-continued heat, underneath, had so melted and scorched the metals that they were not worth the trouble it would involve to rescue them. Still, the poor man struggled to extricate whatever seemed to be of the least prospective value; and with one or two of his friends, he drew out some few trifling articles that he contrived to preserve.

It had come to be nearly dark, and most of the lookers-on had departed, when the old man's attention was suddenly diverted from his work by hearing the screams of a child, beyond him, at the edge of the dock. The noise came from the lungs of a boy, some six or seven years old, who was shouting at the top of his voice, "Help, mister! quick, quick! she's drowned, she's drowned! quick—she's drowned!"

And hastening to the spot, he looked into the dock and saw the form of a little child, just sinking below the surface of the water.

Instantly throwing off his hat and vest—for he had been at work all day in his shirt-sleeves—he sprang overboard, and quickly held the almost lifeless form of a sweet little girl in his grasp. He swam across the dock to a flight of old steps, at the opposite side, and soon reached *terra firma* again, with the child in his arms.

It turned out that the little straggler was more alarmed than injured, and with a little rubbing and coaxing she soon came to herself, though she was desperately frightened. As soon as she could be pacified, the old man brought her round to the other side of the pier, and said to the boy:

"How 'd it happen?"

"She fell in, sir, she did."

"And what's her name?"

"Carrie, sir."

"Carrie? What else, besides Carrie?"

"Carrie Ellson, sir."

"Where d' ye live?" added the old man.

"In Cross street, sir."

"Are you her brother, too?"

"Yes sir; I'm Toney. Toney Ellson, sir."

"Well, Toney, go home directly, and"—

"I darsn't, sir!" exclaimed the boy, as he took his sister's hand and began to attempt to smooth out her saturated dress;

"I darsn't, he'll—he'll beat me so!"

"Who'll beat you?"

"My father, sir," and the tears began to fall from his eyes, in showers. "He'll beat me cos I come here, and then he'll beat me more cos I let Carrie fall in the dock. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" continued the little fellow, mournfully, "I donno what to do. Carrie's cryin', too, and I—I—*there he is!*" yelled Toney, in despair, as he looked around and suddenly discovered the form of his dreaded parent approaching them; and "breaking ground," without further ceremony, he sprang away with the speed of a fox, up the wharf, leaving Carrie behind, and yelling at the top of his lungs, again, "I did n't do it, father! I did n't, I did n't!" and was quickly out of sight and hearing.

"I'll fix *you*—see 'f I don't," muttered the man between his teeth, as Toney broke away. "See 'f I don't, then."

And approaching the trembling little girl, he seized her arm roughly, when, noticing her wet clothes, he exclaimed:

"What the devil's this? Where you bin, eh? Didn't I tell you not tu? Didn't I tell you so, eh? Home with you, now. I'll see 'f I can't make you mind," he continued, rudely pushing the poor little creature on before him; and the old man was pained to observe that this stranger was deeply in his cups!

"Are you the father of 'em?" asked the old rag-picker, respectfully, of the other.

"Yes, I am. Have you any—any thing 'special to say against that, eh—ole cockalorum?"

"No, sir. I just saved that little girl's life."

"Did any body—hic—ask you to?" queried the man, insolently and ignorantly.

"She was drowning in the dock, yonder. You see I'm as wet as she is. I sprang in and rescued her"—

"I told 'em not to come here. Serve 'em right! They 'll look out, next time. I'll fix 'em—see 'f I don't," insisted the poor inebriate, harshly, as he turned away, with his little weeping, terrified daughter clinging to him.

The rag-picker said nothing more, but moved up the dock, slowly, dripping, and shivering with cold, in the only suit of clothes he owned, at that moment, in the world. He gazed upon the smoldering ruin of his property, shook the salt water from his thin locks, and thought how poor he was, at that hour! But as his eye caught the reeding form of the miserable father, staggering homeward with that pretty, but frightened child, he could not avoid exclaiming: "Bad enough, to be sure; bad enough! but not so bad as *that*, thank God!"

The old man thrashed his arms upon his body, and stood up nearer to a portion of the still burning and heated ruins,

to warm his chilled limbs, and to dry his wet clothes. In his purse he had a few dollars yet, but this was all he had left in the world, save a stout heart and a willing hand. Securing his hat and vest, at length, he slowly wandered up the lane, turned into Cross street, and began to search for a halting-place for the night, for he was sadly wearied with his past three days' exposure and exertion.

As he passed along, he overheard a struggling, and the confused jargon of several voices, within a small tenement near him; and as he halted to listen, he thought he could distinguish the anxious entreaties of a female, and, amid all, the cries of children. Then he heard imprecations and threats, and harsh blows, and then a fall, and shrieks of terror.

The little boy who had accompanied the child to the dock, very well knew his father's disposition; and, when he fled from the scene that had come so near proving fatal to his sister, he feared to venture home, for he also knew what would succeed his arrival there, if his father were present. So, like the experienced general, who deemed the better part of valor to be discretion, he made a wide circuit in returning to the house, in the hope that, by such a delay, he would dodge his fractious parent, who did not pass much of his leisure in the companionship of his family. But Toney committed an error in his reckoning, for when he did arrive, his father was in waiting for him.

Lost to all parental feeling, long since, he tarried for no explanation, but at once commenced a terrible chastisement upon the little fellow, in the performance of which he was zealously engaged as the old rag-picker came up. A woman's

voice was heard in the midst of the *milie*, beseeching the inebriate to spare poor Toney, but evidently to no good purpose.

"It's no business o' mine," muttered the old man, stopping at the half-opened door, "but"—

Following the dictates of his better nature, at the same moment, he sprang into the entry, thrust aside the flimsy screen that concealed the inner apartment, and mounted a short flight of stairs, where the confusion and quarrel was enacting. He seized the raving belligerent in his stout arms, just as he was in the act of dealing poor Toney a furious blow with his clinched hand; and before the offender had time to know how the act was accomplished, he found himself upon the sidewalk.

"Who're *you*!" demanded the infuriated father, turning fiercely upon his assailant.

The light from the street lamp shone full in the rag-picker's face, and the panic-stricken parent instantly recognized the person who had lately saved his daughter from drowning.

The old man only replied to his query in his usually laconic manner, by asking:

"Are you a *father*?"

But the peculiar emphasis of this question, the firm and unflinching bearing of the stranger, and the evidence which the erratic man had already experienced of his personal strength, had the effect of cowering him, for an instant; and as they stood there, a watchman came up, leisurely. He stopped, looked at the excited offender, whom he evidently knew, and said:

"What now, Harry?"

The old man briefly explained the scene that had just passed

within doors, at which the night guardian smiled, and added, "This is the old story! You'll hev your hands full, my friend, ef you try to stop this sort o' thing *here*. Come, Harry; come along wi' me, an' cool off."

And with this brief remark, uttered in a careless tone, the city officer drew the man away, and left the rag-picker upon the sidewalk, alone, to his reflections.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LITTLE STRAGGLERS.

*"They were two blossoms, bright and fair
As morning sun, or evening star."*

A FEW days subsequently, the aged rag-picker had cleared up the wreck of his late establishment, and found that there was nothing remaining to fall back upon. This was a severe blow to him, for he was too old now to endure the exposures and the hardships incident to the calling which had originally furnished him with the means to set up his junk-shop. No friends came forward, with ready purse and open palm, to assist the sufferer, however, and he saw that he must return once more to the drudgery of his trade, or starve! This latter alternative was, by no means, in accordance with his notions, aged and infirm, comparatively, though he was; and putting the best possible face upon it, he took his bag and staff again, and accepted, without murmuring, the hard portion which Fate awarded him in his declining years.

He had made himself a thorough master of his peculiar "profession," in days long gone by, but for a number of years he had confined himself to the business of the junk-shop. When he now resumed his old habits, therefore, he found that serious changes had occurred in the details of the work.

The more profitable localities, and the haunts that in his younger days he had frequented, daily, had vanished. New buildings and rows of modern dwellings occupied the old squares and great yards that he once knew. The market places were filled up, scores of new faces met him at every turn, competitors in the gathering and reception of stray tit-bits fell constantly in his way, and the chances for saving any thing, beyond what was required, absolutely, to "keep soul and body together," he now found to be very indifferent. Yet the old man jogged along upon his weary rounds, and hummed the same old chant that had served him to drive away dull care in years long past away. And, notwithstanding his age, and the difficulties he was compelled to battle with, he soon became contented with his lot, and followed up his humble avocation with zeal and alacrity.

Occasionally, he had met the two little children to whom he had been so singularly introduced when he saved the girl from drowning; but he was now changed in his dress, and he had suffered his gray, frousy beard and hair to grow long, and they did not know him. He had several times crossed the path of the inebriate father, too—whom he had chanced upon at all hours of the day and night—sometimes in the gutters, where the old man was searching for scraps of iron or rags; sometimes he encountered him reeling homeward, beneath the eaves of the houses, groping along and hanging by the doors and projections, to steady his tottering steps; often he found him asleep in the rum-haunts which the fallen man visited, and where the rag-pickers called, from day to day, to overhaul the dust-heaps; but he did not recognize the man who had once interfered to save him.

from dealing, perhaps, a death-blow upon his harmless little son!

The children of Henry Elson—Anthony and Clara (who had been called *Toney* and *Currie* from infancy)—passed a good part of their time in the streets, of late, for the mother had long been in delicate health, and the father had no control whatever over them, in consequence of his dissolute and reckless habits of almost constant intemperance. And yet these two little wanderers were pretty creatures, and extraordinarily well-behaved, considering their unhappy circumstances in life.

Toney was a bright boy, and possessed a remarkably amiable disposition, while Carrie was the pet of all who knew her, in the poor neighborhood where they dwelt. She was affectionate, playful, forward for her years, considerate and manageable, and possessed one of the sweetest faces in the world. Her eyes were as “black as night,” and her *petite* but graceful little figure, her gentle loving smile, and her apt manner of speech, attracted attention wherever she was seen. The old man, who chanced to save her life, had never forgotten her singularly beautiful face and features, nor had he lost sight of her, for a whole day, from the hour when he rescued her from the water.

It was out of his power to aid them in any way, however. He passed them in the streets, often, and he always had a kind word for “pretty little Carrie,” as he called her; and occasionally—very rarely, for he could ill afford the luxury—he placed some penny *bon-bon*, or an apple in Carrie’s hand. When he chanced to meet her, as he sometimes did alone—he would sit down upon the edge of the walk, or on a neigh-

boring step, and chat with her. And Carrie would sing to him. And the old man came to love her dearly at last. And she became very fond of *him*, too, in spite of his forbidding contour, his huge old bag, and his dusty apparel. When he rose to leave her she would follow her ancient friend, for a long distance from home, and he would then take her up in his arms and bear her back again, and kiss her as he left her near her miserable father's door, and promise to come again next day.

Thus for weeks and months the old man came and went, always with a kindly smile and pleasant words, but never once communicating with either of the parents—of whom he knew nothing except what he had casually learned of the father's habits.

The name he was known by was *David*, simply. And he taught his juvenile friend to call him "Davy." His companions had been accustomed to hail him as Old Davy, for years; but what his other name might be, or whether he had any at all, seemed to be a matter of the utmost indifference to all who met him; and as he never had occasion to affix his signature to note or bond, the matter had long since become quite as immaterial to himself as to others.

But winter came round at last, and the streets were filled with snow, and the raw winds blew cheerlessly and cold. Yet still the rag-picker continued his customary rounds, though with less success than during the warmer weather. The rubbish from the stores and houses was thrown into, or covered up, by the snow and ice, and the chances of finding a stray horse-shoe were greatly lessened for the time being. And Carrie was seldom seen in the street, and old Davy's

duties became irksome and cheerless. But one warm afternoon, during a thaw, he suddenly espied his little favorite trotting down the walk to meet him, and he was greatly rejoiced to see her.

As night came on, after passing an hour with her, he rose to proceed on his weary way, and said, "Now, Carrie, I must go."

"Me, too?" queried the little innocent, looking affectionately up into the old man's face.

"No, darling, not now."

"Why not now?"

"Some other time. To-morrow—next week."

"No, *now*," insisted Carrie, clinging to old Davy.

"But it is too cold, love. You would freeze."

"*You* won't freeze!" argued Carrie; "you won't, Davy."

"No; I'm used to the cold, you see, and—"

"You would n't let Carrie freeze," continued the little girl, archly, "would you, Davy?"

"No, sweet, no! But—"

"You can take me to your fire, Davy."

"I have no fire, darling."

"*No fire!*" exclaimed Carrie, astonished at this announcement, and not realizing that other people in the world might possibly be poorer even than *her* friends were. "No fire, Davy?"

"No, love, no."

"How d' you warm yourself?"

Davy smiled at this final query, but evaded it, and raising the child in his arms, said, "don't you recollect the *bon-bons*, Carrie, and the warm sunshine, and the green trees, and gardens of last year?"

"Oh yes, yes," responded Carrie joyfully, "I 'member."

"Well, they'll come again, by and by. The snow will soon melt away, and the streets will be dried, and the flowers will spring up, and the birds will sing—"

"And me, too—me, too!" shouted Carrie, interrupting the old man at this point, remembering that Davy loved to hear her sing, quite as well as she did the birds.

"And then you shall go with Davy, sometimes, if you will; but not now, in the cold, hard snow."

"No, no," replied Carrie, contented with this far-away promise, "not now."

"Will you sing me one of your little songs before you leave me now, Carrie?" asked the old man affectionately, as they approached her humble home again. And, without further urging, the gentle creature instantly chanted forth, in a subdued but sweet tone, intended only for old Davy's ear, as they moved slowly along, one of the pretty songs he so much loved, and which she had been taught by her mother. As she concluded it they reached the door of her dwelling, when Davy imprinted a warm kiss upon her fair forehead, and left her, with the promise soon to see her again.

CHAPTER V.

THE WILLING SLAVE.

A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing !
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul—
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought !

ROBERT POLLOK.

UPON a cold and dreary winter's night, soon after this meeting between old Davy and the child, a poor and feeble, but still beautiful woman, who had seen some four-and-twenty years, only, lay upon a pillow of sorrow and suffering, in a dilapidated house, at the northerly extremity of the street where they parted. The avenue in which this scene is located ran out from one of the principal thoroughfares of the town, and was in no wise remarkable, except from the fact that it led directly to the then established ferry to Chelsea, and through which, from time to time, there was a flow of travel eastward, that rendered it, occasionally, during each four-and-twenty hours, somewhat busier than other streets in that vicinity.

The bell-tongue in the "Old North" church-spire had just pealed out the hour of eleven o'clock, and the sorrowing mother, with a newly-born infant, but a few days old, beside her, still writhed, amid her agony of mind and body, upon the humble pallet she occupied.

This woman had experienced the brighter days of romance and happiness, in previous years, for she had been united in marriage to the man of her choice, and for a goodly period thereafter had known little of care or serious trouble. But the Destroyer at length entered the hitherto comfortable and joyous household, and the peace of the little family was periled!

At the dismal hour spoken of, upon one of the most miserable nights of that inclement season, while the mother was thus prostrated and exhausted, there approached this ancient dwelling a man who reeled slowly along the pavement, now halting a moment on the way to sustain himself by the lamp-posts, and then, with fresh courage, staggering on again in search of the door of his tenement, which he nearly reached at last. But the walk was icy, and the traveler had lost control of his limbs, seemingly, for, near the low archway that led to his house, he staggered forward and fell heavily to the earth.

He might have lain there to die, amid the sleet and cold, but for the timely approach of a stranger, who was hurrying down to the last ferry-boat for the night, who kindly raised him up, and bade him hasten home, lest he should perish.

"Who're you?" asked the unfortunate inebriate, in an incoherent and rude manner. "Who're *you*? P'raps you'll find it profitable to go home—ie—yerself, and not be meddling with gen'lemen—*gen'lemen*, that ask no favors o' nobody." And after this slightly dignified ebullition, as the "gentleman" exhibited unmistakable evidence of determined pugnaciousness toward the stranger, the latter pressed him gently back against the house-wall behind him, and hurried along, leaving the drunken man talking and chaffering to the winds.

"I'll show *you*," continued the poor man, as he brandished his arms awkwardly about, "that I'm not to be imposed on, by nobody, nowhere;" and throwing out his firmly-clinched hand, he dashed a furious blow at vacancy, and fell forward again, upon the hard ground.

But he rallied, and after numerous efforts to get into his own habitation, first by way of the cellar door, then by the low front windows, and finally by the proper entrance. He tumbled in at the principal doorway, dragged himself heavily up the creaking staircase, and staggered into the chamber of his sick and troubled wife.

"Who's that?" queried the poor woman, as she started from the slumber she had momentarily fallen into.

"Me, Annie," responded the wretched husband; "on'y me, that's all—'sh!" And, even in the midst of his almost totally stultified condition, the inebriate seemed for a moment to feel that it was requisite that Annie should be kept quiet.

He was covered with snow and ice, and his garments were saturated with sleet and rain, for he had been exposed to the storm for three hours previously to his return home. His sympathy for his "poor Annie," as he called her, and his discretion, exhibited themselves but for an instant, however; and, dead to further thought or consideration—having reached his sleeping apartment—he threw himself upon the bed, beside his critically-conditioned wife, and, without removing a single shred of his wet clothing, was soon lost in heavy sleep.

The poor endeavors of the wretched woman to waken him were utterly fruitless, albeit she quickly discovered the jeopardy to which she was subjected by contiguity with the chilling dampness of his dress. The thin and ragged coverlets

were but a scanty protection to herself and babe, at the best! And soon the melting ice and snow penetrated through the bed-clothes, to her increased terror and discomfort; but the body of her husband was like a mass of lead, and a heavy labored breathing was the only reply she obtained to her piteous warning and remonstrances.

“Henry!—Henry!” she cried, in her misery; “pray remove him! Henry, for God’s sake, do not thus murder us! The baby, Henry!”

But the tones of her voice grew weaker. And, alone, at midnight, as with a feeble hand she endeavored to press her new-born infant closer to her bosom, lest it should be suffocated by his weight, poor Annie fainted with her exhausted appeals to her miserable and prostrate husband!

CHAPTER VI.

“THE GOOD DIE YOUNG.”

THE man had lain an hour, nearly, upon the outside of the sick wife's bed, when Dolly Curtain, a poor needle-woman, who occupied chambers on the other side of the old house, and who had been up with Annie Ellson to within a few moments prior to her husband's coming, re-entered the silent apartment, half *en deshabille*, to look after the suffering young wife's condition, whom she knew to be critically situated. Her surprise was great, and her disgust much greater, at discovering the form of Ellson stretched upon the bed which she had striven, an hour previously, to render somewhat comfortable to the unfortunate young wife, with whom she alone sympathized.

“Ow!” ejaculated the woman, startled from her propriety by this sight, and quite as nervous, too, on account of having forgotten to leave her own night-cap behind her; “wot's this?”

At the exclamation Annie started, for she had recovered from her faintness, and had again fallen asleep. But, as no reply was vouchsafed by the soundly-sleeping Ellson, Dolly halted, pressed her hand upon her mouth as if to prevent the

uttering of what she feared *would* tremble from her lips any way, and drawing an old shawl about her thin and scrawny shoulders, she advanced softly again, and said:

"How are you now, ma'am?"

"Bad, Dolly, bad!" murmured Annie, feebly.

"W'y, the clo'es is wet through and through, ma'am!"

"I could n't help it," continued the sufferer.

"How come it? W'y, it's *ice*, if I live!—*ugh!* you miserable brute," she continued, now turning her attention to the listless husband, to whose condition she quickly attributed the outrage. "It's a pity you hadn't *me* to deal wi' you," she added, seizing Ellson by the shoulders stoutly, and rolling him over upon the carpetless floor of the chamber. "I'd fain in your better fashion, or my name arn't Dolly Curtain; that's all!"

"Don't hurt him, Dolly—*don't*," piteously cried Annie; "he's helpless—"

"Helpless? he's dead drunk, and the watch'us 'd be the best place for him, I'm thinkin'. Here's a mess! W'y, ma'am, you'll get your death-cold, and you can't be moved—curse him!"

"Oh, pray don't curse him—don't harm him, Dolly," besought the poor wife, unable to raise her head from the pillow. "I'll try to get along, and *I* won't murmur, Dolly. God is above all, and the back will be fitted to its burden. Don't chafe, pray don't, now! Move the baby here; there, that's very kind of you, Dolly. Heaven will reward you. Don't harm *him*, will you, Dolly?" repeated the patient Annie.

Dolly said nothing more, but busied herself kindly in rearranging the scanty pillows and thin bed-coverings, removing

the wet quilts, and substituting the clothes from her own humble mattress in their stead, while Ellison lay snoring upon the floor, in his demented helplessness, all the while, entirely unconscious as to where he was, or what was transpiring near him.

“Good God!” exclaimed Dolly, suddenly, as she raised the infant up, at last, toward its mother; “the child’s as cold as a stone! Wot’s come to it, ma’am?”

“What is the matter, Dolly?” inquired Annie.

“The baby, ma’am,” whispered Dolly, taking the child to the dimly-burling light, in the chimney corner.

And just as she had feared, so it proved—*the infant was dead!*

The kind-hearted neighbor of Mrs. Ellison was more considerate (on a moment’s reflection) than was her wont. She stifled the exclamation that rose to her lips, though she would have screamed with affright had she yielded to the sensation of horror that she experienced at the moment she made this fearful discovery! But she thought of the shock that would be occasioned to the mother’s already weakened nerves by the sudden disclosure of the terrible truth, and so she said, a moment afterwards:

“*It is quiet, now, ma’am, and I will sit by you, here, a while.*”

But the mother was nervous and uneasy.

“Let me see the baby, Dolly, and do you go back. I am easier, now. Why should you suffer thus on my account?”

She put forth her hand, and it fell upon the marble-cold cheek of her child! She glared in Dolly’s face, an instant, and with a heart-thrusting shriek, she exclaimed:

“Dolly! what *is* it—what has happened? Tell me—tell me—is it—so?” The word *dead* stuck in her throat, and she could not utter it!

“’Sh, ma’am,” responded the good woman, still holding the dead child upon her lap; “don’t go to havin’ fits, *now*, or you ’ll kill yourself, too. What’s done can’t be mended, as I knows of, and you must be quiet. *Do*, now; that’s a good woman.”

“Is the baby alive, Dolly? Quick! see if—if any thing has happened,” insisted the mother, frantically.

But the child must have been dead a full hour, evidently. Its little limbs were stiff, and its flesh was clammy cold! And the shocking truth flashed upon the mother’s senses, with stunning force, as she fell back, and swooned again upon her troubled pillow.

While Dolly sprang to the relief of Annie Ellson, her own opinion of the cause of the infant’s death would have been hazarded, without a shade of qualification. And such were her feelings, under the aggravated circumstances of the case, that she would not have hesitated an instant, had she at that moment been asked the question, to have replied as did the brief-spoken Coroner, in a similar instance—“*Rum did it!*”

CHAPTER VII.

ANTHONY BRITTAN.

ONE bright morning in spring-time, when the apple-blossoms thickly studded the branches, and the crocus peeped out modestly from the garden borders, an aristocratic English gentleman, who "had seen *better* days," but who was still in the enjoyment of no inconsiderable creature comforts, (for he *would* gratify his appetites, and the ancient family habit, at all events,) stepped from the clean-washed steps of his rather fashionable house in C—— street, with rod and creel in hand, for a few days sport among the trout brooks on the Cape. His pony-chaise was in waiting before the old marble portal, and he halted a moment to see that all was "right inside."

A burly-framed, but good-looking negro boy, stood by the head of the horse, and the gentleman surveyed the team a moment, drew on his gloves, and said :

"Is all snug, Nappo?"

"Yis, sah," replied the servant, touching his cap respectfully. "De lines an' fadders is in de portmantum, yonder; de flies is in de book; an' de hardware an' fixin's is up in de baskit. All rite, sah. I seed to eb'ry ting myse'f."

"Very good, Nappo. I shall be absent a week. See to Kitty the mare, and let her have a warm mash at light and morning until my return; and give her gentle walking exercise daily."

"Yis, sah."

"If that adventurer shows himself here, while I'm away, turn him out—do you mind?"

"Yis, sah."

"You know what I mean?"

"Yis, sah," said Nappo again.

"Very good," concluded the gentleman, entering his vehicle. And a moment afterward he was *en route* for Sandwich.

This man had but one child, a blooming daughter of seventeen, whose rare charms had captivated the hearts of more than one aspirant for her favor, and whom the father valued for many natural reasons. She was beautiful, well educated, dutiful in all ordinary matters; but, unfortunately for parental domination, she entertained a secret and uncontrollable passion for a young man, who was by no manner of means up to her father's exalted ideas of social position.

Though the encouragement of this person's addresses had been repeatedly and determinedly discountenanced by the father of the young lady, and though he had proceeded so far as utterly to refuse him admittance to his house, yet the suitor for his daughter's hand was a very worthy and respectable man, and he was earnest in his devoirs. He resolved to wed the daughter; first, because he sincerely loved her, and, secondly, because she had secretly acknowledged him as the favored one, above all other competitors. Their acquaintance had been of several months' standing, when the old gentleman

left home upon the excursion spoken of; but the father knew nothing whatever of the real state of affairs, and least of all that his daughter was absolutely affianced, in secret, to the "adventurer" he had brought himself heartily to despise.

"And to *this* choice would you come at last, my daughter?" he would exclaim, angrily, when she endeavored to convince her parent that the man she loved was worthy of her. "Have I educated you for this? Have I watched over you, provided for you, petted you, loved you—that you should be torn from me, at length, by this puny Yankee scape-grace?"

"Really, father, you do him wrong—"

"Hush! I am resolved. He comes not here to poison your ear with his flattery, in the end to steal my child! Encourage him if you will—if you *dare* do so. Listen to his mercenary protestations, marry him, if you will; but you are no longer daughter of mine. From the hour you commit this error—mind it!—I will disinherit you, disown you!

This was emphatic, but it fell upon the ear of the spirited and determined girl like water on the solid rock! She loved her father, but she loved another with an altogether different sort of feeling. Her second love was unconquerable; and, without the possession of its object, life would be a blank to her. At least such was her honest belief, and the anathemas and threats and warnings of her over-zealous parent were received by her (often with fear and trembling), but without the anticipated and desired effect.

The man who had thus determined to oppose the wishes of his child, had reasons of his own for the course he adopted. The fortune he had enjoyed for many years was decreasing in bulk, for he had made sad inroads upon the principal, in the

previous ten years, by means of his extravagant style of living. And, besides this, certain speculations into which he had been drawn latterly, had failed him. He stooped to believe that he had one "marketable article" left, however! And he hoped to see his daughter united in marriage to a wealthy scion of some "noble" house, from which connection he had anticipated—sooner or later—the patching up of his own declining fortune, while at the same time he would thus find his child "honorably" provided for.

He was a thorough *Briton* in all his antecedents, his associations, his habits, and his desires. He belonged to the last remnant of a line of long-decayed nobility, and he came to America with the fortune left him, because the investment of his means in this country afforded him a more liberal allowance of interest than he could obtain at home. But he brought with him all his foibles, all his prejudices, all his previous habits of extravagance; and twenty years' residence in New England had in no wise changed the Englishman from what he had ever been—a towering, selfish aristocrat, a determined *bon vivant* in society, and a strong-headed, wilful tyrant in his household. Such was the man whom the daughter had now to deal with. She feared his ire, though she entertained for him the highest respect and filial love. He had never yet had occasion to visit upon his child the wrath that was innately stored within him, and which, at times, within her knowledge, had been displayed toward his attendants, or others who offended or crossed him, with vengeful and bitter vehemence.

He had now been absent from home, amid his piscatorial enjoyments, on the occasion last named, five days. Nappe

had taken the best possible care of his favorite roadster (which he had left behind him sick), and otherwise, generally, had comported himself as a faithful servant should. This negro had been the attendant upon his master for some four or five years, and his extraordinary intelligence, and constant devotedness to his employer, had endeared him to the family in a singular degree. He was very fond of attending upon his young "missus," as he called the daughter, and he was never happier than when he was employed by her in any commission that involved a little handicraft, or a show of responsibility beyond a servant's ordinary duties or requirements.

In such cases was it that Nappo shone to advantage. Faithful to the last extremity, and ever ready and willing to fly at her bidding, to accomplish whatever she desired or instructed him to perform, he had come to be valued by her for his true worth, and she felt that he was *her friend*, should she ever need his services at a more important juncture than had as yet occurred in her experience.

Nappo had not forgotten his master's repeated injunctions in reference to the "adventurer" (as he had been pleased, in his sarcastic spleen, to term the visitor of his young missus), but there occurred a serious bar to the execution of the old gentleman's order to "drive him out," when he made his appearance at the house—for the young lady chanced to receive him, when he came, in person. And, as the sable-skinned servant was just in the act of preparing to make a suggestion, having reference to his absent master's wishes, his youthful missus said :

"Nappo, order the carriage at ten o'clock this evening."

"Yis, missus."

And, Nappo, meantime, do not leave the house. I have business for you."

"Yis, missus," repeated Nappo, respectfully. And retiring from the hall at the same moment, as the "missus" waived her hand. This was all he accomplished toward driving the adventurer out.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ELOPEMENT.

'T was a good lady. 'T was a *good* lady! We may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

NAPPO was considerably nettled at being so suddenly put *hors de combat* in his good intentions toward his master; but he consoled himself with the reflection that his missus prevented the execution of his orders, and that he would seize upon another opportunity to do the old gentleman's bidding, which opportunity, as it turned out, did not occur!

At ten o'clock that evening, the carriage ordered by the young lady stood before the Englishman's door, and the daughter, accompanied by the "adventurer," entered it, without unnecessary ceremony. The parent would return home on the following day. No inkling had been vouchsafed to the household as to the destination of the young lady, and Nappo only heard the gentleman's final remark, as he followed his missus into the vehicle.

"To the Elm House," said the lady's friend, addressing the coachman. And the carriage rolled away from the Englishman's door, leaving Nappo in a maze of bewilderment.

The young lady was attired in a close traveling habit, and the servants had placed a trunk up in the carriage, and Nappo began to suspect that something was wrong, and that, possibly, there might be a rod in pickle for his back! The missus had gone, however, and Le had been saved the trouble of driving her friend out, because *he* had gone, voluntarily, also. But they had departed together—and whither? That was the rub.

What would the master say to all this? Nappo knew the Englishman's disposition, to a nicety, and he very soon began to think it high time that *he* should go, too, for he was confident that there was something out of joint in this sudden and extraordinary movement.

The Providence mail-coach, which left the door of the Elm House at ten o'clock that evening, had an accession to the number of its passengers, in the persons of the two lovers. They reached their destination, duly, and at an early hour on the following day they were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, in the city of Providence, Rhode Island.

The gentleman was, at that time, in the bright bloom of manhood, and the lady was a model of grace, elegance and beauty. His name—we have omitted to mention it—was Henry Ellison, and her's was Annie Brittan. Her last act upon quitting her father's roof, was to place the following letter in Nappo's hand, with directions that, upon the English gentleman's return from his trouting excursion, it should be instantly delivered to him. It ran as follows:

“MY FATHER,—For the first time in my life, I now disobey your serious injunctions, and I pray you to forgive me.

When you read these hastily penned lines, all blotted with my tears, I shall be *a wedded wife*. I could not find it in my heart or conscience to destroy my own peace, and that of the man I loved, by following your repeated instructions upon this point, so essential to my future, and I have consented to fly from the roof of a kind, but over-zealous parent, to the arms of him who, to-morrow, before the sacred altar, will swear himself my protector and my husband. Forgive my rashness, dear father—forgive *him*! The peace of your daughter is involved, and your pardon for this offending will command my eternal gratitude. On your return to our hitherto happy home, I shall have become the lawful wife of Henry Ellison, who is worthy of your respect, and of your daughter's love. I pray you look kindly upon our union, and believe me—whatever may be your feelings or your course toward us, hereafter—that I shall not cease to pray to the Giver of all good, for the constant happiness of the fondest and best of fathers.

“My mother sleeps beneath the sod! I conjure you, by the love you once bore for her, to pity me, if you deem me rash in this act; and trust me, my still loved father, that, though I may have erred, I deem it my privilege to claim your blessing at this all-important moment of my life. Again I beseech you, forgive your loving daughter, ANNIE.”

The more Nappo reflected upon the subject of his suspicions, the more firmly he became fixed in his opinion that foul play was on foot. What it would result in, he could not exactly bring his mind to determine on; but, as the long weary night hours passed by, and morning approached again, while his young mistress did not return, the light crept in upon

him by degrees, and he ventured, at last, upon the belief that the lady had eloped with the handsome young man whom her father disliked.

Having waited and watched for the lady's coming until broad daylight, he suddenly awoke from a brief, but sound nap, and thus, "broke ground," quietly, to himself:

"Wal! de missus is gone, clean, *dis* time, dat's sartin! And massa 'll be home dis art'noon, an' he won't fine no Missy Annie here. An' den he'll say—I know jess wot he'll say, 'zac'ly—Nappo! you big dam nigga fool you, cum *yere*! War's de Missus? *Whar* is she? You knows war she is, an' ef you duzz n't tell me, I break de bones ob your skin and gib you to de houn's—dass a fack—afere you eat your supper, you brack Satan d-bble. An' w'en I goes to open my mouf, to tell him how I don't know, massa, den he'll tell me to shet up, you 'fernal nigga vill'n! I won't hear none your lies. You lie allers, an' you can't speak trof; an' ef you say ee fuss word, I'll knock dem brains off o' your wooly head, you brack chony chimbly-pot sarp'nt! Dass wot massa 'll say, an' he 'll *do* it!"

Nappo concluded to leave town. Then he resolved to think the matter over again. He was well situated; his pay was good—thirty dollars a year, and found; he had been in 'old Brittan's service for a long period, and possibly he might be able to manage this rather critical affair, after all.

The letter to his master lay upon that gentleman's center-table. It was sealed. Nappo had been named after the famed *Napoleon*; but, notwithstanding that important circumstance, could not read or write. Yet the envelop looked suspicious to him. He gazed at it with a feeling of the deep-

est dread. It was a sort of death-warrant for *him*, he thought, and when his reckless, violent, tyrant-master should come to read it, he foresaw the storm that would break upon his devoted head!

The young man whom old Brittan so detested had visited the house in his master's absence, and he had not kicked him down the steps, as his employer had directed! Here was a derilection of duty, too. What should he say in explanation? Nappo *was* in a dilemma!

But evening came, at last, and with it old Brittan. Nappo was no where to be found. Annie had left the house on the previous evening, and nobody could answer the hurried questions fiercely propounded to them by the uncomfortable and enraged master. As he entered his library, the letter, addressed to his own proper name, in his daughter's familiar hand-writing, met his gaze. A thought, a suspicion, a dread of an inexplicable *something*, forced itself upon his confused mind, and he involuntarily muttered: "No, no—not that, *not* that!" and he grasped the frightful looking missive, and crumpled it rudely in his clutch, as if he would, at one gripe, have crushed out the thought—the *fear*, that seized upon him, in spite of his best efforts to control himself.

"*Brittan!*" he shrieked to himself, in his excitement, unconsciously, "are you a man?" And then he broke the seal with a nervous hand. He read but the first three lines, and as his eye glanced upon the sentence, "*I shall be a wedded wife*," the pent-up passion burst, and, with a terrible shout of mad despair, he fell senseless upon the library floor!

CHAPTER IX.

THE ELLSON FAMILY.

He had no breath, no being, but in her's;
She was his voice—she was his life!

* * * * *

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

BYRON.

For three years from the day of their nuptials, Henry and Annie Ellson were as happy in their social and family relations as they could well be, with the single qualification that the wife had never been able to obtain her father's forgiveness for what he termed her "ingratitude." At first, old Brian raved, and cursed his child. Then he threatened Ellson with a suit at law for the abduction of his daughter. Then he became calmer, but never better disposed toward either the run-aways. Foiled and baffled in all his early schemes to annoy his son-in-law, he finally commenced a secret war upon his credit, in the business community, which had its effect in the end.

But Henry Ellson was then an honorable, high-minded man, and he did not retaliate upon his wife's father, when he was amply able to do so. His world of happiness was in the companionship of his darling wife, and Annie gave back his love and devotion with all the purity and fervor, and earnestness, of her confiding and grateful heart.

Immediately upon their return from Providence, after the marriage, Ellson bore his bride to his neatly-furnished house, in a quiet street at the west end of the city, where they settled at once, and, with a single female servant, continued to live in the enjoyment of the modest comforts of life, but always contented with their lot and with each other.

Henry could not and did not lose sight of the fact that his fondly-loved wife had made an extraordinary sacrifice in leaving the splendid home of her wealthy parent to join her fate with his moderate and inconsiderable—not to say dubious—fortune. He was, at that time, in business upon his own account, and he entertained no doubt that he was abundantly able to marry. But he soon found that, from some unknown cause, trade was not so promising as it had been. And then he observed a disposition on the part of his creditors—within twelve months from the day of his nuptials—to shun him, when he sought new accommodations, or an increase of facilities. The secret poison of his vengeful and determined father-in-law was silently at work, but Ellson knew nothing—suspected nothing of this.

Annie strove in every way, compatible with duty and honor, to conciliate her unforgiving father, but all to no purpose. She wrote letter after letter to him, beseeching him to be reasonable, and to permit her to throw herself at his feet, and in person humbly to crave his leniency and mercy. He received her touching appeals, at first, with violence and continued curses, and finally he thrust her letters into the fire, unopened.

“She is dead!” he said, at length; “my daughter is dead to me, and mine, forever. I will be avenged upon *him*, how-

ever. He shall not escape me, as he fancies he will. I will crush him to the earth, and through him the ingrate child shall feel my power, sooner or later. She has braved a father's vengeance, and I will pursue her and her seducer to the death!" And he kept his promise, though he was unsuspected.

The rebuke that Annie encountered through the silence of her parent (who never vouchsafed an answer to her repeated written appeals) was cause for deep pain to her gentle spirit; but she became resigned to her fate, at last, and, at Henry's urgent request, she ceased to importune the only relative she had, upon her father's side, in the country.

With pious submission to her lot, consoled by the conviction that she had attempted all in her power to heal the breach that had, unfortunately, been made by her, and trusting in God that her erratic father would soon relent and suffer his child again to embrace him, Annie Ellison gave herself up to her household duties, and to the pleasing occupation of rendering her husband's home a happy one.

And right joyously passed the hours, for a time, at their pretty and comfortable residence. Annie was all smiles, and Henry appreciated her continual efforts to make him forget, at least, during the time that he spent in her society, the cares and perplexities that environed the man of business.

She saw a faltering, at length—a slight decline in the vivacity of Henry's manners, and then a temporary exhibition of uneasiness when he came home from his daily duties at the counting house. But she quickly rallied him, and, in the midst of his fire-side comforts—so happily arrayed and so cheerfully kept up by the constancy and assiduity of his

dearly-cherished Annie—he forgot again his toils and the annoyances of the day.

Amid all, the soothing quiet and certain happiness attendant upon religious family service had been enjoyed regularly at evening; and the kind-hearted Henry never forgot to pray earnestly for the blessing of Heaven upon the father of his wife—an appeal to which his Annie responded amen! with her whole soul, notwithstanding the continued obduracy and bitter malevolence entertained toward them by her heartless parent.

Yet they loved each other as fondly, and the hours passed away as blithely, in their little home, as ever, for more than two long years; and, meantime, there came a third party to share the smiles and the caresses of the lovers. A son blessed their union, and Henry Ellson was prouder, and more dignified, and happier than ever before. He thanked God for this gift, with a full heart, every day, and as it grew to look more and more like its “angel mother,” the loving father grew to think more highly of the precious boon. And six months—twelve months passed away. The cherub had grown to be a bright-eyed, rollicking, rugged child, the darling of its mother, the joy of its affectionate father.

But a change had begun to creep over the spirit of the mother’s dream! Within a few weeks the husband’s business had confined him to the store to a much later hour than had been his custom, hitherto. He came home worried, and out of tune, at first. The evening family prayer was omitted, and the reading of the sacred volume was deferred until the Sabbath came. Soon after this the wife observed that Henry did not return to his fireside at all until late at night, and once or

twice she *thought* she noticed a singular appearance in his expression—his face seemed flushed—but she suspected nothing, except that he toiled too hard and too late for his health.

And then no prayers were heard at all in Ellson's dwelling. Yet, in secret, how zealously did the faithful Annie plead with her Father in Heaven, to divert the calamity that she at length came to dwell upon!

And Henry came and went. He kissed the sweet babe that he had many times thanked God for, and still he smiled upon his faithful wife. But his breath was hot, and his temples throbbed violently, at times, when he came home at night, and he hurried to his pillow to sleep away his bodily and mental troubles. He was unfortunate, he said, in his business. His former friends evaded him. His creditors came to be importunate, and his trade had gone into other channels. His credit was injured at length, and the hour of his return home, at night, grew later and later. And Annie sighed, and wept, and prayed for him, but did not complain!

Whither could she turn? To whom could she upbraid herself, if the friend and lover, for whom she sacrificed *all* of worldly hope and expectation, failed her? "Oh! my God," would she exclaim, in her bitterness of apprehension, "*have* I deserved this blow? Must all my fond anticipations thus be crushed? Save me, Great Giver of good! Save *him*—my poor, my erring husband!"

The midnight hour often passed before Henry came to his family; and at last a daughter was born to them. The smile he bestowed upon *this* gift was sickly and tame. They had been married nearly five years, and matters had latterly grown rapidly worse. Henry Ellson failed in business, and

his creditors seized his furniture. The landlord, whose rent had not been forthcoming, demanded possession of his house. And, after a while, they found themselves meanly lodged, and but poorly fed. The once gallant, comely, prosperous Ellson, was now a wayward tippler!

In vain did the fond wife plead with her adversity-stricken husband. The world was ungenerous, he said; he had striven to make his life honorable, and his family comfortable, and his sunshine friends had deserted him. He absented himself from his meals, and then, for days together, he ran riot amid the excitement caused by final reckless intoxication. He cursed his hard fate, and upbraided the father of his wife. Neglect of her and of his babes succeeded. The poisoning bowl he deemed his solace, and he drained it to the dregs of ruin, disgrace, and penury.

How zealously, yet how fruitlessly, did poor Annie now strive to hide her husband's shame. How did she labor to excuse his faults to those who had no hearts to appreciate her consummate misery. How anxiously did she toil to keep body and soul together, and to what miserably degrading shifts did she not silently submit, in the hope to save her husband, at last. How willingly and devotedly did she resign herself to his slightest wish, and how continuously did she watch for the hoped-for, prayed-for, restoration of her husband once more from the toils of the destructive Fiend who had thus ensnared and bound him!

In the midst of her crushing poverty and misery, once more did Annie appeal to her father, in the frail hope that his stubborn nature would yield, when she again confessed to him the unfortunate error of her life, and frankly exposed

to his view the terrible emergency that had driven her to crave the aid it was in his power so easily to bestow.

In all the candor and earnestness of a broken and contrite spirit, with all the meekness of a despairing and affectionate daughter, she addressed to her father a letter couched in language most humble, respectful, and loving, in which she besought him to afford her relief.

"She has made her own bed—let her lie on it!" was his bitter reply, as he tore the missive in fragments.

And then, as he sat alone in his well-appointed parlor, while a hellish smile lit up the flinty expression of his features, he continued, mentally :

"The cunning, artful mynx! She disguised the superscription that it might be sure to reach my hands, else would I have sent it back to her unopened, with a renewal of her father's curse! Not a penny—not a cent, so help me God! I have sworn to vanquish them, and I will not relent. Ha, ha! This is her worthy friend. This Ellson—her husband—the father of her brats, I suppose—is the scoundrel whom she declared was 'worthy of her father's daughter!' I have attended to *his* case, scrupulously! The poison did its work—but this is only the beginning of the end. They shall sorrow to their hearts' content. I am childless—alone in *my* misery. Death alone shall relieve either her or him!"

The patient daughter waited anxiously for some reply to her fervent letter, but answer never came. She had been disobedient, but oh! how fearfully had she discharged the penalty of the first and only serious fault of her life! Again the rent fell due, and again *she* was obliged to say to the

landlord that it was impossible for her to meet it (her husband had not been home for three long days and nights).

"The bill must be adjusted, ma'am."

"As soon as Mr. Ellson returns, sir—he will—"

"I hear bad accounts of *him*, ma'am. If the rent is paid on Saturday, well and good. If not, you must go out on Monday, ma'am," said the owner of the tenement.

Succor did not come. And still the faithful wife clung madly to the withered fortune of him who had once been true to her. Still she wept with him, mourned over him, struggled for him and her almost starving infants! Still, with all her woman's constancy and forgiving kindness, did she suffer without murmuring or censuring *him*. And, when he came reeling to his desolate hearth, she hushed the little ones to repose, lest they should annoy him, or be alarmed by his fretful rudeness. And then, with Christian submission and loving tenderness, poor Annie would wipe the perspiration from his cheeks and bathe his throbbing temples, and weep hot tears of anguish at the sight of this fearful wreck of all she loved in life, save *his* babes!

CHAPTER X.

A MINISTER OF MERCY.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my Brethren, ye have done it unto me.—HOLY WRIT.

ANNIE ELLSON, the changed and suffering daughter of Anthony Brittan, had given birth to her third child. We have followed the downfall of the husband, from prosperity to absolute destitution, and will resume our narrative, connectedly, once more, and look at him and his from the hour when we left him, eight years from the day of his joyous nuptials with Annie Brittan, the suffering wife who now lay upon the drenched pallet of their miserable tenement, with her dead infant near her, overwhelmed with bodily agony and oppression of soul!

Dolly Curtain sat watching at the bedside still, fearful to move lest she should disturb the pale and weary mother, to whom she had lately administered an opiate to calm her painful nervousness. The Dispensary physician had called during the early part of the night, and had left behind him this anodyne, to be used if his patient were uneasy.

It was the last day of the week. Dolly had received the scanty pittance that she was able to earn by the constant labor of her hands during the six days previously, and after dis-

charging her petty current bills of expenses, she had less than a dollar in hand as a surplus. But she had her health and strength left yet, and she thanked God that she had no drunkard-husband to support and struggle with, amid her poverty.

The being who, of right, should have been the prop and comfort of poor Annie Ellson, amid the pains and perils of her present situation—he who was at once the origin and cause of her misery and trouble—the father of the innocent babe that now lay dead at its wretched mother's side—was utterly unconscious of any thing in life, as he breathed heavily, and occasionally muttered some incoherent words in a thick and unnatural tone, that annoyed the woman who was watching over his wife, and who was so anxious the invalid should not be awakened.

But Annie slept at length, and did not open her eyes until after sunrise. By this time the somnolent effects of Ellson's debauch had passed away, and he came half to consciousness to find himself wet to the skin, and sprawling upon the hard pine floor of his sleeping-room.

The day of repentance or mortification seemed to have long since passed by with him! When he fairly awoke, he got up, looked around him, saw his still sleeping wife, and then suddenly discovered Dolly, at her bedside. He clung to the old bed post for temporary support—for his brain reeled yet, and he had only partially recovered from his stupefaction—when Dolly started toward him, and seizing him stoutly by the arm, pointed straight to the cold body of his dead child, and said, in a sharp whisper:

"Sh—look there!"

"What—what's that, Dolly, dear?" exclaimed the poor wretch, in his silly imbecility.

"Dead—*dead!*" hissed the woman in his ear.

"Dead! Dolly, dear?" continued the man, still clinging to the bedstead; "dead o' *what*, Dolly? Who—killed it? eh, Dolly, dear?"

"Hush!" said the nurse, observing that Annie was stirring at this moment. And turning to the wife, she said:

"Ar'nt you better, ma'am?"

The eyelids of the sufferer slowly parted, and closed again, but she uttered no word of reply. Ellison stood stupidly clinging to the bedstead for a moment, but evidently without realizing the awful scene in which he was now so criminal an actor.

"What—wha's the marr'r with her?" stammered the man, at length, after rolling his glazed and reddened eyes about the apartment, and for an instant appearing to discover, indistinctly, that there was trouble there, and that his wife was, in some manner, involved in it. "Wha's the *marrer*, Dolly, dear?"

"Matter! you poor beast!" responded Dolly, in a low, but bitter tone; "don't you see what you've brought the poor creetur to? This comes o' your rum-drinkin'. God's taken the baby, and the wife'll go soon enough, now."

"What, Dolly! *Who*—Annie? Go, where—Dolly, dear?"

"To Heaven, I hope; out o' the reach o' your woeful brutishness."

Annie moved again, and at this moment a soft step was heard on the creaking stairs. The door opened, and the face of a reverend looking man appeared, from below stairs.

"Shall I come in?" he asked, bowing to Dolly as he ap-

proached. The woman said yes, and the visitor entered the cheerless room.

He was attired in a plain black suit, and his neat white neck-cloth indicated that his mission was one of charity and love. It was Mr. Goodson, one of the city missionaries, who was no stranger in that wretched and woe-stricken family.

He advanced to the bedside, where lay the emaciated form of the once beautiful Mrs. Ellson, whose spark of life glimmered but faintly, and whose countenance exhibited every token of approaching dissolution. Henry still stood at the foot of the bed, without speaking, or seeming to notice the presence of the new comer at all.

"She is failing," said Mr. Goodson, softly, turning to Dolly.

"She's very bad, sir."

"Has the doctor been in?"

"Not to-day, sir. He came last evening. Doctors ain't no good to *her*, sir; she's clean gone, I'm afraid!"

"Let us pray, responded the missionary, in a quiet, but solemn tone; and he knelt at the foot of the low pallet, while the illiterate Dolly Curtain sunk beside him, and in her humble manner joined, with all her honesty of heart, in the fervent supplication that the man of God breathed forth to the Father of Mercies, in behalf of the invalid, her husband, and her babes.

He prayed in faith. With a firm reliance upon the power and beneficence of the Good Being whose arm was mighty to save, and who suffered not even the sparrow to fall without his notice, he besought God to permit the bitter cup to pass away from this long-afflicted family, and to restore the wife and mother to health, and to her babes.

And then he pleaded for the miserable, recreant husband, in touching tones of commiseration and sympathy. He begged that the poor inebriate might be reclaimed, and that he might yet be aroused and turned from the fearful path into which his error had led him; that he might be brought back to happiness, to peace, and to a new realization of the "joy that passeth understanding," through the merits of the Redeemer, who died for the sinner that repented and returned to him!

A low sob was heard—a sigh—and then a heart-gushing "AMEN!" fell from the lips of the wife, as this fervent supplication ceased. Then taking from his breast the holy volume, that he constantly bore with him in his round of duty, Mr. Goodson repeated from its pages, in a soothing voice, such passages of the Scriptures as he deemed appropriate and consoling to the sufferer in her present hour of deep affliction.

In spite of all entreaty on the part of Dolly and the gentle Mr. Goodson, the discomfited husband forced his way down the stairs and disappeared amid the rudeness of the continued storm.

With all the soothing eloquence he possessed, the man of God still lingered to comfort with soft words and kindly encouragement the failing and shattered senses of Mrs. Ellison. But she soon took little further notice of his attentions. Her thin white arms were thrown above her head, at first, and then a wild, unnatural expression pervaded her features. The glassy eye brightened, and she gazed sharply at vacancy, as if a phantom waved over or before her. Then the names of her children were mentioned—her husband—her father—but unconnectedly, and without apparent meaning.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INVALID AND HER BABES.

"I wish he would come," ventured Dolly, in a whisper, at length.

"Who?" asked Mr. Goodson.

"The doctor, sir. He can't do her no good, I'm sure; but then, I don't like to see her taking on so, and nobody here but me too look to her; it's too responsible, like, and *one* dead one's enough, at a time," she added, pointing to the infant.

"*Dead*, did you say," queried the reverend man.

"Oh, yes, sir; since last night, or rather, early this morning."

"But you did not speak of this?"

"No, sir, I didn't, 'cause I thought you noticed it when you come in."

"*Dead!* Poor child. Well, well; it is better off, in Heaven, verily!" said the pious missionary.

"So I'm thinkin'. But there's the other two little ones, you know, sir," added Dolly.

"Yes, yes; it is sad, indeed. Truly, a house of suffering and mourning."

The doctor entered at this moment.

He felt the patient's pulse, mechanically, and spoke to her, but she made him no reply.

"How is she, doctor?" asked Dolly.

"Her pulse is very low—very. But she will rally again. Prostration, only—mental and physical suffering, combined. She took the opiate, Dolly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let her remain quiet, then. Keep that wretch of a husband away from the room, and the children from annoying or disturbing her. She will come up again, I think."

Dolly shook her head. The physician retired, and the woman said:

"Doctors knows a good deal, sir, but they don't know every thing. Mrs. Ellson 'll die, sir."

"Perhaps not, Dolly. God, in his wisdom and mercy, may yet spare her to care for and protect her little ones, peradventure. We may not despair. While there is life, there is hope, Dolly."

"Yes, sir. You will come in again?"

"O, certainly; I will call at evening, and I shall hope to find her better."

"It's very kind of you, sir; and it makes us all feel so much better to hear you talk and pray with her, for she's very bad, and I think *her* troubles is about over, sir."

As Mr. Goodson went out, the faces of two youngsters were seen in the narrow entry-way, at the head of the stairs. They were the two children of Annie and Henry Ellson, and they were waiting for the man in the "meeting clothes" to depart, before they would venture into the sick room. As the

missionary passed by, they crouched in the corner, out of sight for the moment, as the eldest whispered: "Hush, you, Carrie! he'll see us if you don't." And Carrie nestled down behind her brother, with her little hands folded between her knees, in order to reduce her dimensions to the least possible compass, lest she should be discovered by the "big man with the clean shirt on," as she denominated Mr. Goodson.

The piercing jet-black eyes of sweet little Carrie peered out from her retreat, and though they scarcely breathed, Mr. Goodson saw the two fugitives just as he was descending the stairs. He halted, turned kindly toward them, and Dolly closed the door of the sick room, as he said, with a benevolent smile:

"Come here, Toney; come and see me. And you, too, Carrie; I've something to tell you."

The children were diffident, but they approached the kind-hearted man, who spoke to them, in a loving and subdued tone, of their mother's illness.

Toney was the first-born of the Ellsons, and, notwithstanding the continued ill feeling that Annie's father harbored toward his daughter, she had named her son Anthony Brittan, after its grandfather. The youngest was Clara, or *Carrie*, as she had always been called, and both were promising children, for their ages. Toney was now seven, and Carrie was past four years old.

"Do you know, little ones," said Mr. Goodson, mildly, "that mother is very sick?"

"Yes," said Toney, "and I'm sorry, too."

"*Poor mamma!*" chimed in little Carrie.

"Then you will be very good, I've no doubt, and try to be

quiet, and not make a noise that shall worry poor sick mamma; won't you?" continued Mr. Goodson.

"*I* will be still," said Toney.

"*I*, too," said Carrie; "*I*, too."

"That is right. I love little children, very much, and especially good, obedient children. You will be good, won't you?"

"Yes," said both at once.

"Then I will love you, and every body will love you; and God will love and bless you in your future lives."

"But every body *don't* love us, now," suggested the boy, suddenly, and looking into Mr. Goodson's face as if he would like an explanation of the assertion he had just dropped.

"No?" queried the missionary, a little perplexed by this rather unexpected remark; "who don't love you?"

"Well," continued Toney, "*every body* don't."

"And who, for instance?"

"Papa don't," said Carrie, quickly, but in a whisper.

"Papa doesn't love us," continued the eldest, as soon as the ice seemed thus to be broken.

"Perhaps you are mistaken, Toney, my son," responded the reverend man, hardly knowing what reply to make to this pointed opinion of the children.

"*I know* he don't," persisted the boy.

"*I*, too," followed Carrie.

"*You*, too?" exclaimed Mr. Goodson. "Surely, papa loves his pretty *Carrie*."

"No, no," insisted the little one.

"And how do you know? That is—I mean, why do you think that your father don't love you?"

"'Cause he beats us, and don't give us nothing that other boys' and girls' fathers do," said Toney.

"An' he plagues mamma, too," added Carrie.

"He keeps getting sick, all the time, and mamma tells him how to get well again, and he don't mind what she says, on'y goes and gets sick right off, and—and—sometimes falls right down on the floor, when he's bad."

"An'—an'—don't git up again," said Carrie.

The little ones were silent, but by no means idle observers of their unhappy father's conduct; but they were too young too realize how deeply their innocent words penetrated the heart of the sympathetic Mr. Goodson, as he patted them gently on the cheeks, kissed them, and, with the assurance that father and mother would soon get better, he hoped, the missionary, with tears in his eyes, withdrew from the most trying scene it had been his lot for many a day to witness.

The babe was a weakly thing, and had been so from the moment of its birth. There were none to inquire into the cause of its death, for who could have wished that it might have lived, to be a burden to itself, or a tax upon the authorities? It was dead—it was buried—and was forgotten! Such had been the condition of its father, for a week, that he knew little about the affair, at all—when it was born, or when it was laid beneath the sod. Its mother still suffered on, and, attended only by Dolly (when she could steal a moment or two by day, from her necessarily active labor) and the Dispensary doctor, she at last began to improve slowly, and, after six weeks' confinement, was able once more to help herself a little.

But she was entirely dependent upon the charity of her

poor neighbors, and she strove to get about at the earliest possible moment, without regard to the warnings of Dolly and the district physician, who saw the peril to which she was exposed by her anxiety and imprudence. Yet she declared that she had a duty to perform, and though the task was a fearful undertaking, in her feeble and dubious state of health, she must find some means to save herself and her babes from starvation. She felt that her afflictions were heavy, indeed, but she relied humbly in Providence, and still believed that "the back would be fitted to its burden!"

Poor Annie! Poor, heart-broken, wearied, woe-stricken, yet hopeful Annie Ellson! How little did she dream what Fate had still in store for her, in the undeveloped future!

CHAPTER XII.

BEDLAM!

"The deepest ice that ever froze—
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below—
And flows—and can not cease to flow!"

As we have already noted, the strictest injunctions were given by old Brittan to his household, after the elopement and marriage of his daughter, that on no consideration whatever should any of his servants or *attachés* communicate with Annie, upon pain of instant dismissal from his service; and further, that if she intruded herself upon his premises, it should become the duty of any and every attendant in his house to eject her, forthwith, without parley or explanation.

But the daughter of the laughty and arrogant Anthony Brittan had too much of her father's blood coursing in her veins to permit herself to be placed, voluntarily, in a position that might compromise her feelings and her person, in this manner, for she knew the determined disposition of her father, and she preferred to wait for time to correct his ill temper, rather than risk any disgrace and contumely at the hands of his menials.

But she really reckoned without her host, and waited in

vain. After a time, the obstinate old man merely replied that she was dead, when Annie was usually inquired for, and years passed away, after her nuptials, without her ever seeing her unnatural parent, or hearing from him, in any manner whatever, directly.

But Annie rallied after her last *accouchement*, though her attendant and the district charity-doctor had, at one time, entertained very little hope of her recovery from the serious illness we have already described.

Through the aid of Dolly Curtain, she at last obtained some needle-work, by which means she contrived, for a little time, to keep the wolf from the door, though the labor was trying to her, inexperienced as she was, and the pay uncertain and indifferent, at best. She was hurrying home, one afternoon, with a huge bundle in her arms, from the warehouse that furnished her with coarse clothing to make up, when she suddenly encountered the burly figure of her former servant, who was still in her father's service—the veritable Nappo—who recognized her, but who had not seen her before for many a long and weary year.

The negro had grown portly since she met him last, but there was no mistaking his form and features.

“God-amassy, Missus Annie!” exclaimed her sable acquaintance, “w’y dis isn’t *you*?” and the well-fed attendant of old Brittan could really scarcely believe the evidence of his own vision.

Mrs. Ellison halted, and then replied, “Do you remember me, Nappo?”

“Wot you doin’ wid dat bundle, missus? Whar you gwine to? Whar you bin? Wot de debble—beg pard’n,

missus—but massa say you *dead*, long 'go. Ain't you *deal*, missus? Wasn't you *dead*, no how?"

The poor African had no words at command for this unexpected interview, and he did not know how to act, or what he should say under the circumstances.

The announcement that Nappo made sounded fearfully strange to the ears of poor Annie, albeit she had long been accustomed to reproach and abuse. But those words cut her to the heart!

"Dead," echoed Annie; "no, no! he did not say *that*, Nappo, did he?"

"Dat's wot massa say, two, tree, four hunderd time, missus." (The subject had never been mentioned but twice in Nappo's hearing!)

"You see me, Nappo, nevertheless, *alice*, though somewhat changed since the old times when I knew a father's love, and the comforts of a home. I have *no* home now, Nappo!"

"No home?" exclaimed the negro, "no home? Whar you lib den, missus?"

"It doesn't matter, Nappo. Are you still in the employ of your master Brittan?"

"Yis, missus."

"And does he treat you well?"

"Well as ever, missus—but gib me de bun'le, missus," he continued.

"No; you will jeopardize yourself, and lose your place, if you should be seen serving me in this way, Nappo."

"Nebber min' dat, missus. I ken git anodder," and he instantly took the parcel out of her hands.

"Now, missy, you go on, an' Nappo'll follow. Go rite

"long; an' ef I ken do any good for you I'll do it, an' I massy may sware de legs off ob him, if he likes. God hab massy on de poor cretur!" he abled, as Annie went forward, rather than risk a scene upon the pavement in public. And five minutes afterward, with Nappo close at her heels, she arrived before the little low arch that led to her humble abode, in the rear of the street we first described in these pages.

It was a severe blow to her already lacerated heart, and she would gladly have prevented the old servant of herself and her father from entering her miserable domicile; but Nappo insisted upon carrying the bundle up the creaking stairs, in spite of her remonstrances and entreaties.

"I don't want to do nuff'n to disbleege nobody," said the good-hearted fellow, "but, in de Lord's name, missy, wot all dis mean? You don't lib 'ere?"

"I am very poor now, Nappo," said Annie, "and, although I preferred to save you the trouble and myself the mortification of this visit on your part, yet you see me as I am—alone, without the means to support myself, or my two little ones, except by what I can earn from making up the clothing I get from a house near by, a quantity of which I was bearing lithier when you met me. Your master—my father—refuses to aid me; my husband is sick, and I am driven to the sad extreme which you now witness."

Nappo could not control himself! He wept like a child. And scarcely vouchsafing a word by way of reply, simply remarked, "I'll come back, missus, presently," and darted from the house.

Without the slightest delay, and forgetting all considerations, or the repeated directions promulgated by her father,

Nappo rushed home, and instantly forced himself into old Brittan's presence.

"Beg pard'n, massa," he said, all out of breath with his unusual foot exercise, "but I wus gwine down street jes now, haf 'nour 'go, and I seed Missus Annie—and I—"

"Saw *who*?" yelled the old man, quickly.

"Missus."

"Who do you mean by 'missus'?"

"W'y, Missus *Annie*."

"No you did n't, you scoundrel!"

"Fore God, massa, I seed Missy Annie. An' I know'd her for sart'n; an' I speak wid her. An' she say—"

"You *spoke* to her, you black rascal?"

"Yis, massa, o' course I did, w'en missus spoke to *me*. Ob course."

"Have n't I told you your mistress was *dead*?" screamed Brittan, enraged. "And have n't I bid you to attend to *my* business, and keep yourself at home, and not—"

"But, massa," continued Nappo, astounded at the man's extraordinary words and manner.

"Do you want me to throttle you, you infernal devil's imp!" continued old Brittan.

"Oh, Lord! No, massa, no—no!" screamed Nappo, amid his terror and ignorance.

"Then look you! you ignorant lump of ebony," continued Brittan, springing fiercely up, and seizing his servant stoutly by the throat, "if you ever mention that name again in my presence, if you ever speak it to any body else, or if I ever hear of your knowing any thing of her, or hers, directly or indirectly, remember, I'll choke you! Do you *mind*?"

"Yis, sah—yis, sah!" shouted poor Nappo, as well as he could through his half-closed wind-pipe, that old Brittan clutched in his maddened gripe.

"Go then," bellowed his enraged master, as he gave Nappo a severe buffet on the side of the head with his clenched hand, and another with his riding-boot, as the frightened negro sprang from his grasp. "*Go!* and if I hear of your leaving this house, upon any pretence whatever, for the next week—for seven days, mind you, you treacherous thief—I'll send the sheriff after you."

This threat, enforced with a favorite oath, had the desired effect upon the nerves of the negro, who was desperately alarmed, and who entertained the belief that his master had the entire right to dispose of him, body and soul, when and how it might please him. Skulking down the stairs, he took care that Brittan's directions, so emphatically expressed, should not be disobeyed! He did not leave his master's residence, for a moment, during the next ten days, and the name of his "missus," whom he heartily sympathized with, notwithstanding, was in no way alluded to by him during that period.

The intentions of the humble African were good, and when he left the desolate dwelling of her whom he had formerly known as the cherished daughter of his opulent master, he purposed to return forthwith, as he imagined, in his innocence, with Brittan's carriage, to bear to her father's embrace what he supposed to be his long-lost child! He fancied that the intelligence he carried to the Englishman would prove most welcome news, and that the parent would fly with him to press to his heart and succor the suffering victim of—he knew not what. His surprise and consternation at the treatment

he encountered may be well imagined; and the fears he subsequently felt were so serious that he dared not open his lips on the subject to any living soul.

Annie Ellson saw nothing more of Nappo, and she readily conjectured what had transpired. She was satisfied that her humble friend had gone directly to her father, probably, in his anxiety to save her, and she entertained no doubt of the result.

She went to her toil, again, and amid her zealous endeavors to accomplish what she deemed necessary to save herself and her children from a worse fate than they had yet experienced, she overtasked her powers—but frail and weakly at the best—and, in a few days, found herself prostrated again upon a fevered pillow. The kindly and careful nursing of poor Dolly Curtain, the attention of the Dispensary physician, the consoling words and solicitous visits of the generous Mr. Goodson, availed her nothing.

Her malady increased, the fever grew hourly more threatening, the delicate nerves of the invalid had received a more trying shock than ever before. And in the midst of all, the cruel husband returned, after a week's absence, raving from the horrible effects of recent excesses.

Reckless of consequences, ferocious in his temporary delirium, frantic in his gestures and deportment, he hurried into the sick room, in spite of opposition, declaring that all the world had turned upon him in his adversity, and swearing vengeance upon Brittan, his wife, his children, and his neighbors.

Dolly stood boldly at the door to impede the entrance of the dangerous man, but he hurled her aside and sprang wildly into the room. He seized his boy, who chanced to be near

his mother's bed, and dashed him madly across the apartment, in his frenzy, with a force that periled the child's existence. Carrie was removed out of his reach, senselessly, while Dolly shrieked aloud for help.

Grasping the poor woman by the arms, he again dashed her headlong across the narrow entry, where she lay for some minutes, stunned by the fall, but not seriously injured, as it happened. Then, returning to his own room, he caught up the burning lamp, and deliberately thrust it into the corner of the straw bed, upon which lay the helpless form of his wife, and, with a hellish shriek, danced across the floor at beholding the clothes and mattress in flames!

"Help, help! murder!" yelled Dolly Curtain.

"Help! murder!" echoed the maniac drunkard; and the screams of the boy, the shouting of poor Dolly, and the piercing groans of the wife, who was being roasted alive, soon brought assistance from without.

"Ha, ha, *ha!*" roared the madman, as he continued to jump and toss his clinched hands in the air; "ha, ha! that's it—yell—shout away! Murder! Who's murdered but *me!* I say murder, too! Hurra! Ha, ha, *ha!*"

A brace of watchmen tumbled up the stairs, and the wretched man was seized in the midst of his delirium.

"Save her, save *her!*" screamed Dolly, pointing to the burning bed. "Quick! for God's sake, save the woman!"

"The house is on fire," said one of the night-guardians.

"Well, Bowson, we've got our hands full with *this* subject, I'm thinking," responded the other, as Ellison struggled fearfully between the two men. But they forced him down the stairs, and finally out upon the walk.

"Spring your rattle," suggested the first speaker.

"Spring the devil! How am I to spring any thing, now? He's stronger than a horse. Knock him down?" was the reply; and down went the prisoner, at the word. He was quickly ironed and secured, and after this summary performance additional aid came up.

The smoke was pouring out from the doors and windows, and Dolly Curtain was encountered upon the rickety stairway, bearing the body of a female, wrapped hurriedly in an old blanket. Another woman came down with two children in her arms, and the alarm of fire became general. Before the wife and little ones could possibly be bestowed in a place of temporary shelter, the flames had communicated to the ceiling, and the work of certain destruction had commenced in the dilapidated building.

"Fire! fire! fire!" broke out upon the night-stillness from the lungs of the watchmen.

"Fire! fire!" shouted poor Henry Ellson, in his continued madness. "Fire! help! murder!" he yelled; and long after he was placed in the station-house he continued to shriek—"Fire, murder, fire!"

The old house and its contents, every thing that belonged to the unfortunate Dolly Curtain and her over-head neighbor, and to Ellson's family, was destroyed in the burning; but, luckily, no lives were sacrificed.

Mrs. Ellson was found in a dreadful condition, subsequently, her limbs being badly scorched. During her removal from the house she had taken a violent cold, and her fever, hitherto fearful enough, had thus been greatly augmented. Before day-break she became a raving maniac, and the cries she sent up,

from distress of mind and agony of body, were heart-rending to those who were compelled to hear them.

"Don't hurt *him*," she said, in her piteous tones, "don't hurt Henry! He is innocent! *I* did it—I, I, *I*! Don't—don't! Toney! Carrie! come here; don't you see poor father there? Save him—save *him*! Save my husband!"

She became more calm at last, but gave no signs of present consciousness. She was removed to the dwelling of a neighbor, thence to the hospital, and finally to the Lunatic Asylum.

For three weeks Dolly attended her, but she grew worse and worse. Her fever left her for a time, but she recognized no one, not even her babes, her long-loved little ones. And within six weeks, she was placed in close quarters, under *surveillance*, as a confirmed and thorough *lunatic*.

This, then, was the "beginning of the end." Annie Ellison, the proud and beautiful daughter of the wealthy Brittan—the once gentle girl, who had been reared in luxury and ease, and who had never known a shade of sorrow till two years after her marriage with the erring husband of her choice—Annie Brittan, the heart-broken wife, whose form was now mutilated, and whose mind was shattered by crushing adversity, was a helpless inmate of the county mad-house!

CHAPTER XIII.

A SURPRISE.

Make any shape but that,
And my firm nerves shall never tremble!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE inexorable and brutish Brittan had sworn in his flinty heart that he would never forgive or recognize his child again, and for a while his base conduct was winked at by those who surrounded him, many of whom, even, had acquainted themselves with the details of the flimsy cause of his unnatural bitterness toward his really innocent victim.

But, as there is a termination to this sort of tolerance, after a time, and as such inexcusably cruel persecution oftener than otherwise results in sympathy for the weaker party to such a cause—the more especially when its object is a gentle and loving woman—so, when the newspapers of the day announced the recent fire that had occurred, and alluded to the poor person who had then and there been so endangered, as “a young woman belonging to a family of wealth, who had discarded and deserted her, and had left her amid her misery to suffer on,” the tide turned; and the tyrant father was sought out, and soon found himself besieged by benevolent charity-seekers, and zealous friends of the unfortunate Annie, who besought

him to relent, and save his abused and wretched daughter from the terrible fate that now imminently threatened her.

He raved and cursed more furiously than ever, and wrought himself into a paroxysm of opposition at the importunity of those who presumed thus to approach him.

"Let her die," he cried; "she's already dead, I say, and I'm glad of it. I will hear nothing, submit to nothing, and he rudely drove the applicants from his presence, with fearful oaths and curses for their reward!

He retired to his private library, in search of relaxation after his late excitement, and his rage had scarcely half-subsided when Nappo entered, and informed him that a stranger was in waiting to confer with him in the reception-room.

"What now?" screamed old Brittan, springing to his feet and starting the servant by his fierceness of manner. "More cringers? More begging, starving, graceless go-betweens? Who let him in? Who opened the door? Who—why—look you, you devil's imp! you mean I shall kill you yet—I know you do!"

"De gen'leman call, an' I—I—"

"*Gentleman!* I tell you he's a beggar, a hound, a lackey, a damned jackall-thief, and you know it. He comes here to—to rob me! To—to—*turn him out!* Damn him, turn him out doors, I say—out the window! I'll see no more of 'em, do you hear—no more! Who is he? What's his name? Ask him what he wants. I won't see him. I won't hear a word he has to say. He's a—a—"

"He gib me dis card," ventured Nappo at this juncture, "an I *tink* he's a gen'leman, sah."

"Card? Who—what is it?" queried old Brittan, snatching it from Nappo's hand.

And he read upon it, "RALPH TASKEM. *Tennessee.*"

"Eh?" muttered Brittan, reading the card over, "Taskem, Taskem? Tennessee. That's a new name to me. I—I—don't know him. I think, Nappo—I *don't* think he's one of the—a—perhaps he is n't."

"So I tink, myse'f," ventured Nappo, glad to notice the mollifying effect produced on his master's nerves by the discovery he seemed to have made, but which the servant did not in any wise comprehend. "I tink so too, sah."

"Well, Nappo, I did n't—did n't speak very loud, did I?"

"No, sah, no," responded Nappo, cunningly, and disposed to coincide with his erratic master, lest that worthy should floor him for opposing his assertion.

"The gentleman could n't have overheard my—my playful remarks just now, could he, possibly, Nappo?" continued Brittan.

"No, sah. De gen'leman's in de drawin-room, more'n firty feet off; an' you nebber speaks sose noboddy ken hear you—w'en you—"

Brittan scowled, and said in a softened tone:

"Tell the gentleman I will wait upon him in a moment, Nappo."

And, as the servant went out, Mr. Brittan turned to his mirror, adjusted his cravat, and with a cough and a hem or two to recompose himself, he entered the apartment where sat Ralph Taskem, Esq., from Tennessee, awaiting his coming; while Nappo, in a singularly thoughtful mood, disappeared.

"Mr. Brittan, I presume," remarked the Southerner, as the Englishman came toward him with extended hand.

"Mr. Taskem," responded the caller, "I am happy to see you. Recently from the south, Mr. Taskem?"

"Within a week, sir," said the Tennessee man.

Brittan was reassured upon hearing the announcement, for he felt convinced that this man, at least, could know nothing of his domestic troubles; and he, therefore, became quickly composed, and anxious to proceed with the business of the stranger, whatever it might be.

Mr. Taskem was a red-haired, freckle-faced, bluff-looking man of five-and-forty, perhaps. His features were in nowise remarkable, and he would move unobserved in a crowd, unless the selfish and avaricious twinkling in his clear gray eye might have challenged a passing observation. He was handsomely dressed, his manner was off-land and abrupt, but his general appearance struck the Englishman favorably, at sight.

Nappo thought the matter over after he left the stranger the second time, and, somehow or other, he imagined that he had seen this person before, somewhere, at some remote, indefinite period, within his remembrance. But he could not determine how, or when, or where. It was a matter of no consequence, he thought, however, and he soon ceased to dwell upon the circumstance.

"My business with yer, Mr. Brittan," said the caller, at length, "is none o' the pleasantest. I'm a plain spoken man, myself, an' I think a heap o' plain dealin' people, yer see."

"Exactly—exactly, Mr. Tasker," said Brittan, slightly concerned for the next announcement.

"Taskem, if yer please," said the Southerner, correcting Brittan's mispronunciation of his name.

"I say it's mighty unpleasant, sir, to interfere in any gentleman's domestic arrange—"

"Just as I supposed," remarked Brittan, beginning to warm up again; "just as I expected. You've come here to meddle with my private family affairs, and I—"

"Not that, quite," interposed Mr. Taskem, quickly. "Don't misonderstan' me, sir."

"I know what you're coming to, Tasker—it's the old story. She's dead, I tell you—dead to me and mine, forever, s' elp me—"

She?" said Taskem, stopping him in the midst of his customary finale; "she? You mean the old woman; well, she *arn't* dead; leastwise she's caved sence I left Memphis, three weeks ago."

"Very well," continued Brittan, zealously; "I don't know about that. In my domestic concerns I allow nobody to advise me or dictate to me."

"But the law," continued Taskem.

"There's no law to compel me to budge an inch in my long since settled determination," added the Englishman, waxing more and more vehement in his language. "There's no such law, and I—"

"Then ther's a *moral* law, sir," replied Taskem; "a moral dooty we owe to each other."

"I won't listen to it, sir."

"There's the Constitution."

"Curse the Constitution! I'm a free man—an Englishman—a free agent! What's mine's *mine*, and I'm bound to protect my property and myself, and I submit to no—"

“But, Brittan, ye’re a reasonable man, o’ course. Ef we can show yer—”

“I don’t want to be shown any thing. I’ve seen enough—enough! and I won’t look at compromises.”

“Well, then,” continued Tashem, rising as if to go, and altogether undisturbed by Brittan’s rudeness toward him, “I’ve got all the papers, and I ken prove it, easy ’s open and shet. I’d rather have hed no trouble with yer about him, but, ef you’re ugly, I must do my next best.” And he buttoned up his coat again.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EXPLANATION.

“——Your pardon, Master Brooke.
That’s quite another thing! Your health, sir.”

THE two men looked at each other for a moment, but Tashem offered nothing more. Brittan was confused.

“*Him?*” he queried, perceiving that there was an evident misunderstanding, in some way; “who do you mean by *him*? *He* does n’t expect any thing at my hands, does he? *He* has n’t the impudence to—to—set up any—any *claim* on me, for God’s sake! Has he? I’m an Englishman, Mr. Tashem; a Briton, born and bred. I’ve been in this country twenty years and more, and I’ve endeavored to act like a good citizen and a—a—Christian. But, if *that*’s his game—if he supposes he can swindle me in *that* way—in *this* way, I mean—he’s damnably mistaken! I beg pardon for swearing, sir, but you don’t know what I’ve suffered with him, and her—you *don’t*—and I’ll sink every dollar I’m worth, every shilling, and work my passage back to London, before I’ll give him or her a farthing. You’re a lawyer. I see it. You’ve got the papers. Perhaps you’re a sheriff. Go on, then! Attach, seize, sell me out! I won’t give up, I tell you. I

won't yield! I'll curse 'em—curse him and her, both of 'em, as long as I have breath! And when I'm dead, my ghost—my dead ghost—shall haunt 'em when they're asleep at night, in each other's arms. I will, so help me —, I will!"

Nappo passed through the hall just as his employer was uttering this emphatic speech, and he trembled for the fate of the stranger, whoever he was, for there was no mistaking the disposition and the words of his excited and furious master. Poor Nappo! He little suspected who that stranger was, and less of the fatal object of Taskem's present mission!

"Look yere, Brittan," said Taskem, again. "Yer clafing for nothing. I'm no lawyer, at all. Yer've got a piece o' my property yere, in yer house, an' I've come yere to show yer the evidence that it's mine. Ef yer'll listen, I'll explain it to yer."

"Property?" queried Brittan, cooling off as suddenly as he had become heated; "don't you mean to beg, and pester me about *her*, or—a—*him*?"

"Nothin' o' the sort. My friend, John Schaffer, of Kentucky, bought a nigger at public vandoo, five-and-twenty year ago, an' she had a boy 'at come with her, yer see. Well, w'en the youngling was ten year old, she run away and tuk him with 'er. Arter a while they ketched *her* ag'in, an' tuk keer that she should n't get off a second time. But the boy was missin', an' could n't be tracked. They sent him up to Canada, an' then he was brought, by some of the busy-bodies, down yere. A friend of John's was up yere two months ago, an' he see the boy in the street, an' followed him yere, to yer house. I bought him at a ventur', yer see, of Schaffer. I know'd his mother, an' him, too. I've cyme on yere, and I

can swear to him, though I hain't seen him, before, sence he was knee high. His name ar' n't changed, even; an' I sh'ud know him, now, 'mong a heap o' niggers."

"Well, well, Mr. Taskem," said Brittan, greatly relieved by this story, "what—a—what 's all that to do with me?"

"Well, that *Nappo* yer 've got yere *is my nigger*; that 's all, Mr. Brittan," replied Taskem, coolly.

"Nappo?" exclaimed Brittan, curiously. Do you mean to say that Nappo was ever a *slave*, Mr. Taskem?"

"Nothin' else," responded the stranger; "an' his mother and gran'mother before him."

"And you 've come here to—to—claim him?"

"That 's it; an' I take it, Mr. Brittan, yer a reasonable man, I say ag'in. People give yer the credit o' bein' so, an' all I want is what b'longs to me, yer see."

Brittan was an Englishman born. He hailed from the land that is lauded as the home of freemen. Yet, in his heart, he was overjoyed at the story of the slave-hunter before him! The mission of Taskem was a perfect god-send to him. It smacked of excitement. It savored of tyranny, and oppression, and petty power—the power of the devil over innocence and poverty!

The "free-born Briton" was silent for a moment, and the stranger actively watched his features. Taskem was a man of the world; he could read human nature as he could an open book, and he divined the very thoughts that were passing in Brittan's mind, though the latter was indifferent to the stranger's surmises. At that moment occurred the turning-point in Brittan's life! With a fiendish smile of satisfaction he rose from his seat, and sprang the bell-pull violently. The summons was quickly answered by a domestic.

"Wine, Matthew—wine and cigars," he said. And, as the servant retired, he approached the still quiet and calculating Southerner with—

"Taskem, I'm glad to see you! Upon my word—now that I *know* you," (how well he knew this man!) he continued, "I'm delighted to greet you. I've long desired the opportunity to meet a gentleman like yourself, with—a—with whom I could converse freely and understandingly *about these matters*; with which I'm sure *you* must be conversant."

Taskem responded cordially to the advances of Brittan, whose reputed wealth and influence were so great, and whom he had found to be thus approachable. The two men who had thus casually met, and whose heart-sentiments were really so closely in accord, quickly found themselves engaged in earnest and confidential intercourse.

"It's a queer circumstance, this," said Brittan, passing the wine, "a singular meeting upon my word. But, do you know, Taskem, I've *always* entertained notions very favorable to your profession—that is, I mean toward your calling—or occupation, rather."

"That 'ud seem sing'lar at fust blush," responded the Southerner, "but gentlemen ov *liberal* views, like yerself, has no occasion to feel otherways. Yer see, sir, we southern merchants are vilified and condemned by those as don't 'preciate us. But w'en gentlemen look at the subjeck in the right sperrit, they allers come to 'gree with us. I've seen a good many 'ntelligent Englishmen in my day, an' I never met one, yit, 'at didn't think as *we* do, now—w'en they came to talk candidly and fairly." (Taskem had never seen a Briton before in his life!)

"The institution of slavery is a blessing, I've no manner of doubt," said Brittan, "take it all in all. And do you know," he continued in a subdued voice, to his cunning guest, "do you know, Taskem, that I often wish my money was invested in that very kind of property?"

"Yer don't say so!" exclaimed Taskem, *really* surprised at this extraordinary confession on the part of his entertainer.

"But I *do*, though, nevertheless," continued Brittan. "And if I could do it—*judiciously*, you know—I'd go South to live, to-morrow!"

"Yer *would*?" replied the slave-hunter.

"I would, upon my honor."

"Then w'y don't yer, Brittan? You'd make a capitle proprietor; an' the thing'll pay, yer see. It'd come a little squeamish-like at fust, but yer'd soon git us't to it. An' I'd bet my life on it, yer'd turn out a regular brick in the profession!"

"He, he, he!" laughed Brittan, at this thought. The bitter, unrelenting, brutal father *laughed!* He prided himself upon being a two-bottle man; but they had emptied only two bottles between them, thus far, yet the old Englishman had got to be as lively as a cricket—a fact that Taskem did not fail to observe.

"Taskem," he said, as fresh wine came in, "I'll help you in this thing."

"What thing?"

"Nappo's affair."

"Ah—yes, yes. Ther'll be no trouble though, I reck'n."

"It's a good while back to prove the claim, nevertheless," suggested Brittan, shrewdly.

“Leave me to manage that.”

“When will you commence?”

“To-morrow; the dockiments are all ready.”

“You may count on *me*, Taskem; I’ll be your friend.”

After a few words more, the two knaves separated, to meet at Brittan’s house on the following day.

Poor Nappo’s fate was sealed!

CHAPTER XV.

A RAY OF HOPE.

SEVERAL weeks had passed away since the night of the unfortunate house-burning. The true cause of the fire had been shrewdly concealed, through the management of Dolly Curtain, who was alone acquainted with its real origin. She feared the severity of the consequences to Ellson, if she exposed him, and so she gave such an account of the *falling of the candle from his hand*, as satisfied all inquiry in reference to the cause of the supposed *accident*.

The children of Ellson had been taken to the dwelling of a poor neighbor on the night of the fire, and nearly a month had elapsed since that occurrence. The family upon whom little Carrie and Toney had been thus unexpectedly thrown, had no possible means of providing for them, however; and the burden was found so onerous, that preparations had been made to place the unfortunate little ones in the care of the city authorities.

Dolly had been a constant attendant upon them from the night of their separation from Mrs. Ellson (who had never since shown signs of any consciousness of her terrible situation), but the slender means of the poor seamstress could per-

mit to curtailing for the support of others. With all her humble exertions, she found it a wearying task to maintain herself; and she was forced at last to consent that the children should be taken in charge by the town.

"I can't see, for *my* part," murmured the woman who had temporarily housed the children, but who really could ill afford the bread they devoured, "I can't see for the life o' me, why *you* should care about 'em, Miss Curt'n. If they was *yours*, instead of her'n, you could n't take on wuss about 'em than you now do. They *ain't* your'n, be they?" asked the old woman, finally, as if she suspected that there might possibly exist such a relationship, *sub rosa*, between Dolly and the little outcasts. "The young ones ain't *yours*, eh?"

This question aroused the ire of Dolly Curtain, and she exclaimed:

"No, mum; you know better—you do!"

"How should *I* know any thing of 'em, I'd like to ask?" continued the woman. "All I knows of 'em is that you brought 'em 'ere, an' I've 'spoited 'em as long as I'm able to. They must go out o' this, and you must see to 'em."

"Poor little things!" said Dolly, a moment afterward, as she took the children into her own chamber, and reflected upon their future chances in life; "poor, deserted, parentless children! Your lot is cast in a dreadful place, and you've none to take you by the hand, now. *I* can't," continued Dolly, as the tears streamed down her cheeks, "I can't help you no longer. I would if I could, God knows I would. But," she continued, suddenly appearing to light upon a thread of hope, "*he* might do something for 'em."

Dolly was thinking of their grandfather, Anthony Brittan!

She did not know much about this man, or she would have halted where she was. She had heard Annie speak of her father, and she had an indistinct idea that Ellison had wronged him, at some time or other, for which offense the Englishman had become estranged from his daughter.

In her goodness of heart and her honesty of purpose, she resolved, forthwith, to go to Brittan, and to appeal to his better nature. She would take the babies with her—for they were but infants yet, comparatively; and she would tell him a tale that would reach his heart, if he had one.

Pleasing herself mentally with this new, and, to her mind, encouraging scheme, she went about its execution directly. Time, to the indigent and hard-toiling Dolly Curtain, was emphatically money. She worked early and late to obtain the scanty pittance she was able to earn from day to day, and she was obliged to sacrifice half a day at least to attend to this matter.

"Yet," she argued, "it's my duty, I s'pose. If they were my own, I couldn't love 'em better than I now do—for they're good children, considerin' how they've been brought up. And surely the man whose blood flows indirectly in their veins won't turn a deaf ear to my story. I'll tell him how his poor daughter has suffered, how good little Toney always is, how he's named after him (that's what his mother says)," though Dolly could n't exactly make out how "*Toney*" bore any affinity to *Anthony*. "I'll show him how sweetly little Carrie can sing to him, and he'll take 'em under his own care, and make a gentleman of Toney and a lady of dear little Carrie. That's what Mr. Brittan'll do, I'm sure he will."

And as the poor woman thus flattered herself, she began to

wash and cleanse the little ones up, preparatory to an afternoon call upon their aristocratic and flinty-hearted grandparent, who was now busily engaged in preparations for his final departure from New-England, and was little anticipating a visit from the children of her whom he had cursed, and pursued with such merciless vengeance.

The wearing apparel of Toney and Carrie, as may be supposed, was none of the choicest. Up to the period when the now maniac mother had been finally stricken down by disease, Annie Ellson had contrived, by harsh economy, and divers mendings and patchings, to keep the bodies of her little ones decently covered from the cold. With her spare earnings, occasionally, she even obtained a cheap bit of calico or flannel, which she made up into garments *for them*—never for herself! And then she cut over the skirts of her old dresses, from time to time, and worked the material up into frocks or sacks for her darling girl or boy, so that they generally appeared decently respectable, and always comfortable.

But the fire had destroyed all that belonged to her, or to them, and they were thrust forth into the cold with only the flimsy night-garments that chanced at the moment to cover their nakedness.

But Dolly had gathered together a few straggling articles of clothing from among her poor acquaintances, and the children were plainly attired, each in a somewhat decent suit. To be sure, the jacket that Toney wore was the cast-off of a boy considerably larger than himself, and the frock that adorned the *petite* form of sweet little Carrie was much too lengthy for the child's figure.

But the children were very cleanly and nice in their persons,

and Dolly had taken up a seam in the big jacket, and had put a tuck in the long dress. Finally, the trio were in readiness to depart on their visit to "*gran'pa Brittan*."

Dolly Curtain was generally in pretty good spirits with herself and all the world beside, but she thought she never felt better than she did on *this* occasion!

Why she had not thought of this very plan before, seemed a mystery to her. She had heard Mrs. Ellson mention her father's name, but there had never yet arisen the same necessity for calling upon *him*, she thought, that now seemed to present itself. Besides this, Annie had always declined, in Dolly's presence, to appeal to him. *Now* the case was altered. The mother had been removed from the custody of her children; the infants were without a guardian or protector; they were of Brittan's own flesh and blood; she knew nothing of the grandfather's true character; the little ones must go to the alms-house unless *he* interfered; and she made bold to call upon him, and demand his interference in this emergency.

"Now you're looking very nice," said Dolly, proudly, as she arranged the handsome locks of the children, for the third or fourth time since they had been washed, "and you're goin' to see gran'pa, both of you. Oh, but he'll be delighted to see you, looking so clean and so pretty, I'm sure he will."

"Who's gran'pa?" queried Toney.

"W'y, gran'pa Brittan, to be sure; your own gran'pa, that lives in the great house on the hill, you know."

"No—I don't know," said Toney; "I never see him."

"Me, too," chimed in Carrie; "I never see 'um."

"Well, no matter. He *is* your gran'pa, notwithstanding,"

continued Dolly, kindly. "We're going over to see him, and he'll be very glad to see us, and we'll have *such* a nice walk, and see all the pretty things as we go. And Carrie shall sing to him, too, and he'll give her something nice, I've no doubt," continued Dolly, chattering on, encouragingly, to the children, who did not seem to care so much about this visit as she desired they should, until she got her own best attire on (which was poor enough, to be sure!), and then she said:

"Now, Toney—now, Carrie—we're ready."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE UNWELCOME VISITORS.

Fazio. Dost thou know, Bianca,
Our neighbor, old Bartolo?

Bianca. Yes, yes. Not a friend hath he,
Nor kindred—nor familiar.

MILMAN.

WHEN all was in readiness, and Dolly had again smoothed down the hair of Toney, and re-adjusted his coarse cloth cap, and once more thrown out the rich glossy curls of sweet little Carrie from under the edges of the faded quilted hood she wore, and, for the third time, consulted the bit of broken looking-glass that was stuck upon the wall of her room with four great-headed pins, to see that her own person was “presentable,” she said—

“Come, little ones”—and the trio started upon their expedition.

As they descended the old stairs, Dolly continued to chat with them, and aimed to impress upon them the importance of “doing their prettiest,” when they should meet with their lordly relative, saying, “he’ll be so glad to see us, and may be he’ll want you both to stay with him.”

“I don’t want to stay with him!” said Toney, quickly, at the same time pouting his handsome lip.

"Me, too," added Carrie, clinging to her brother's arm.
"I don't want to stay, too."

"I *won't* stop there," insisted Toney.

"An' I, too," added Carrie.

"You'll be good children, won't you?" asked Dolly.

"Yes, yes—I will," replied Toney.

"Me, too," followed Carrie, instantly.

"That's *right*. You remember what Mr. Goodson told you, don't you? How he would love you, if you're good children, how God would love you, and how every body would love you, if you behaved well—eh?"

"Yes, yes," replied the little ones, together.

"Very well, then; I am now going to take you over to see your grandpa, who is so rich, and who will, perhaps, be kind and benevolent toward you, and take care of you hereafter, if you are very good. And I want you to be careful and be orderly when you meet him, in order that he may see how prettily behaved you are; and then he will be sure to take a liking to you both directly. Do you understand, Toney?"

"Yes, yes," was Toney's answer.

"An' me, too," added Carrie, as usual.

But neither Toney nor Carrie Ellson were pleased with the prospect before them. They entertained a very indifferent idea of Dolly's plans, any way. As to the washing, and the "bran new clothes" they stood in, and the going out into the busy streets for a time, where all was sunshine and happy faces; where they could see the pretty toys in the shop-windows, the horses, and wagons, and sledges for *boys*, and the dolls, and little cradles, and nice books for *girls*, which they could look at, though they could not possess—all this was

well enough. And they did not object to call upon their "gran'pa," of whom they had indeed heard very little, and for whom (in their childishness) they cared much less; but, as to staying there, they had an opinion of their own. They desired that Dolly should bring them *home* again, after their visit; they had no idea of tarrying there.

Home! How little could they realize that they were houseless, homeless, friendless!

They sallied forth, at length, from the miserable quarters where they had been lodged and scantily fed during the few past weeks, and Dolly led the way, as proud as a queen, while she held the tiny hand of Carrie Ellison in her own, and chattered with her as she moved along. The children were very fair indeed, and the bright black eyes of Carrie were more than once the object of remark.

At length they reached the handsome dwelling of their affluent grandfather. Dolly halted a moment, mounted the marble steps with the little ones, read the name upon the great silver plate, and said—

"Here we are, Toney."

"Where?" asked the boy, briskly.

"At gran'pa's; don't you recollect?"

"Oh, yes," said Toney, lowering his voice at once.

"Me, too," whispered Carrie, sidling up and taking her brother's hand.

And a servant quickly appeared at the great mahogany door-way, in response to the ringing of Brittan's bell by the humble Dolly Curtain.

"Is Mr. Brittan at home?" inquired Dolly, respectfully, of the attendant.

"Yes," said the servant. And then glancing at the woman and two children suspiciously, he added, "I don't know. I'll see."

He did not shut the door entirely, and Dolly stepped into the entry, drawing the two children after her. The servant disappeared, but turned back again directly, and said, "Card, mum?"

"Say Miss Curtain," responded Dolly, quickly.

Anthony Brittan had n't dined that day. It is averred that most people (who are able to eat dinners at all) are better disposed after dining; and, as a rule, one may look for more cordial treatment from a "crusty" man, who is encountered upon a full stomach, than at a period when he may have been fasting. If this change ever exhibited itself in old Brittan's case, those who surrounded him never chanced to know it. And, when the servant entered the room where he was lazily reclining, and said, "A lady, sir," the crabbed Englishman answered—

"What of her?"

"A lady, at the door, sir."

"Name?" queried Brittan.

"Miss Curtain, sir."

"Curtain—Curtain? Never heard it. Show her up. What does she want?"

Dolly entered the drawing-room at the servant's return, and Anthony Brittan presented himself a moment afterward.

"This is Mr. Brittan?" said Dolly.

"Your servant, mum."

"I called, sir, to—to confer with you in regard to an object of charity, in which you are undoubtedly interested," be-

gan Dolly, modestly. "Your known liberality, and the peculiar circumstances of this case—"

"I—I haven't time, mum," interrupted Brittan, instantly. "No time, now, mum, to look into this. John!" he exclaimed, calling his menial.

"But *this* case, Mr. Brittan," continued Dolly, earnestly, "is one that you can't reasonably pass over. It has been left to the last moment—"

"I don't know no *particular* cases, mum; none whatever. John!"

"Yes, sir."

"Attend this woman."

"My business is with *you*, Mr. Brittan," continued Dolly, boldly, and closely following his footsteps as the Englishman moved to leave the room. "I've come here on an errand of mercy, in which I've no manner o' personal interest, and I will tell you what I have to say, at all hazards."

Brittan halted in his tracks, for he had never before seen such an exhibition, and he was thunder-struck at the woman's temerity. More than this, he began to suspect what lay at the bottom of this visit. He looked hastily at Dolly, then at the children, and the woman thus continued:

"For myself, sir, I desire nothing, and I ask no favors of you for any kin of mine. These two little ones have neither father nor mother to care for them. They are, to-day, parentless and homeless, and the blood of Anthony Brittan runs in their veins! God has sent me here, sir, to *you*, the father of Annie Ellson, to *demand* of you what you have denied to the suffering, repentant, cruelly-treated mother. These are *her*

children, sir! They are starving for lack of bread! The mother of these little ones is *your child*—”

“Take her away!” shouted Brittan, madly. “John! Michael—take her off! Put her out of the house!” And at the word, two boy-servants entered the apartment, designing to execute their master’s bidding; but they encountered the frightfully excited gaze of a tall and brawny-armed woman, who turned upon them as they came in, and cried out:

“Stop! you puny fools! or if you dare raise a hand against me, *do it, at your peril!*”

The children, thoroughly alarmed, clung to Dolly’s dress, amid the confusion, while Toney shouted at the top of his lungs—“Take me home, Dolly! take me home!—don’t leave us! I don’t want to see gran’pa—I don’t!” and Carrie followed, screaming—“Me, too! me, too! me, too!”

“I won’t hear it—I won’t listen!” yelled Brittan, forcing his fingers into his ears. “She’s dead. I haven’t got any child! Dead, I say! Leave me—leave the house! Take your brats away! Go to work—support ’em. Let her starve—let *them* starve! I’m glad of it. Glad, glad, glad! They shan’t have one penny—not one. I’m Anthony Brittan. I’ve made my will—not one cent to the race! Out, I say, you devil’s witch, and take your imps along with you. Not a copper—not one!” And with this paroxysm, Anthony Brittan fairly leaped out of the room, and disappeared entirely.

Dolly fell upon her knees in the middle of Brittan’s splendidly appointed apartment, and cried aloud to the God of the fatherless to protect and succor the tender and innocent children beside her, while she fervently prayed that the guilty and reckless parent of the wretched mother of those babes might

live to repent in sack cloth, before the righteous Ruler and Giver of all good !

Her mission was fruitless ; and, with a heavy heart and brimming eyes, she took the extended hands of the two children, and found her way, unattended, to the open street !

As they left the marble steps of the aristocratic abode of their rich relation, the figure of an old man was seen on the opposite side of the way, groping along the edge of the walk, anxiously searching for something, evidently, so earnest was his manner.

He did not observe the children, so intent was he upon the business that engaged him at the moment. Carrie watched him, however, until she turned the corner of the street below, but he did not recognize her.

It was old Davy, the rag-picker.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ARREST.

* * * *All men are created EQUAL; they are endowed by their CREATOR with certain *unalienable* rights; among these, are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness.—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.*

* * * No person held to service or labor in one State, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up, on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may belong.—CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The free born Englishman rang for his dressing-gown and slippers. The “generous Madeira” he had quaffed had rendered him soggy, at least; and he concluded to sit awhile over his comfortable parlor fire, and think upon his future plans, now well determined on, before the hour for retiring.

“Nappo was right,” said Brittan to himself: “Taskem is a gentleman. *He* knows what’s what, does Taskem! I’d trust *him*, any where—’ic—wi’ untold gold; ’cause he’s so well posted, and so—’ic—s’rewd. He’s a devilish nice fellow, is Taskem; and I’m in luck—’ic—to meet him so extron’ally.”

Brittan hiccoughed fearfully after the utterance of this last word, which he intended for *extraordinarily*! But then, it must be remembered, that he had just disposed of something over two bottles of heavy Madeira.

"Tennessee," continued Brittan, slowly, as visions of broad plantations, fertile cotton-fields, and scores of negroes, flitted before his excited mind; "Tennessee must be a beautiful place. No humbug in *that*. Taskem said so—'ic—and he knows, 'cause he's bin there. Go to Tennessee—Nappo there a' ready—buy him—plenty o' niggers—knock 'em down w'en you like—no law *there*—'ic—beautiful, pleasant, delightful—'ic! Go to Tennessee," said Brittan, "*I will.*" And a moment afterward he was sleeping heavily in his arm-chair.

The night passed away, and morning came; the morning upon which Taskem had arranged to exercise his rights as a "freeman" over another "freeman," whose skin chanced to be a shade darker, but who possessed no rights that were not controlled by his legal *master*!

"God made man in his own image." The Magna Charta of this land declares that "ALL men are born *equal*." But what of that? Nappo's mother had "owed service," and the law *also* declares that her progeny is "property." *Ergo*, as Nappo had been found, he must go back to that service from which he had fled, for he *wasn't* "born equal." He knew nothing of the fate that was impending, and he was surprised, in Brittan's house—under the roof of an English freeman.

About nine o'clock that morning, Brittan sent for his servant, who had ever been faithful and true to him from the first hour he entered his employment. He was only fourteen years old when his present master engaged him; and as he had no incentive to expose himself, Nappo took care never to mention any thing regarding his early history after his arrival in Boston. So the Englishman had no idea that he was a fugitive. Brittan's heart had long since been steeled to any

thing that approached "sympathy for other's woes," and he cared very little about the fate of Nappo, or any body else, for the matter of that, saving himself.

"Well, Nappo," said Brittan, gayly, as the negro came into his apartment, "you've been with me now a good many years."

"Yis, sah."

"How many, Nappo?"

"Over tirteen years, sah."

"Thirteen years! So long as that?"

"Yis, sah."

"And where did you come from when you came here, Nappo?" continued Brittan, with an attempt at being conversational.

"From York State, sah."

"That was your story, I know. But *previous* to that time, Nappo, where did you live?"

The poor fellow was puzzled at Brittan's manner, but dared not answer this query directly. Something seemed to whisper in the African's ear—for his mother *was* a genuine African, notwithstanding Taskem's statement to Brittan—and he faltered, stammered, flinched, and said "he didn't know, sah."

"At your old tricks, eh?" said Brittan. "Very well; you'll be brought over to learn to tell the truth, I've no doubt, shortly. Do you know a Mr. Taskem, Nappo?"

"No, sah," said Nappo, instantly. And he did not know him.

"You'll have a chance to get acquainted with him then, soon," concluded Brittan, bitterly.

At this moment the red-haired man entered the room, flanked by the United States District Marshal, and followed by two or three ruffian-visaged deputies.

"*That's him,*" said Taskem, at once, "That's Napoleon Duroc. I claim him as my lawful property. Yere's the bill o' sale from his 'riginal owner, John Schaffer, of Kintucky, from whose plantation he 'scaped, seventeen year ago, with his mother, who robbed her mistress of some valuable jewelry at the time, an' which he now las in his possession, somewhere, probably, for he wouldn't dare offer it for sale, yer see, gentlemen."

Had a thunderbolt from heaven burst at poor Nappo's feet, at that instant, he could not have been more thoroughly astounded than he was. Not the slightest hint had he had of the trap set for him. Not the remotest idea did he entertain of the danger with which he had been surrounded for the past four and twenty hours.

He looked at Taskem, then at the officers, then at his employer, but he was speechless. The tears rushed to his eyes at length, and turning imploringly to Brittan, he gasped—

"Massa Brittan, save poor Nappo!"

"That's all very well," interposed the slave-hunter. "We've seen this kind o' repentance afore, mind you, but it's too late, you see. If he comes along civilly, gentlemen, all's right; ef not, you knows the law, an' so do I," said Taskem. "Mr. Brittan, one word with you," he continued, turning to the inner door, and taking the English freeman familiarly by the button-hole.

They were absent a few moments, when the guilty twain returned again to the drawing-room, Taskem leading the way

triumphantly, and dangling at his finger's ends a set of antique and curiously-mounted earrings.

"Look yer, Nappo," he shouted, as he came in, "did yer ever seen *these* things afore, eh?"

Nappo turned, and said, "Nebber—'fore God! nebber in my life!"

"*Wot!* Yer don't steal, an' run off, an' lie as well, do yer?" exclaimed Taskem, indignantly. "Gen'lemen," he continued, addressing the officers, "I could swear to this jewelry in Guinea. I found it in the bottom of his trunk, yere, this moment, in this old bag."

"De bag's mine," shouted Nappo, "but dem gold things I nebber seen afore, gen'lemen. I did n't—I nebber did—I sware de facks—dam if I did! Massa knows I did n't. Don't you, Massa Brittan?"

Brittan made no reply.

"We must do our duty, Mr. Brittan," suggested the Marshal. "It's an uncomfortable performance, but the law, you know, sir, is imperative. This gentleman has acted legally, the fugitive is in our custody, and we must proceed."

"Wot you gwine to do wid me? Whar' you gwine, *massa?*" screamed Nappo, in his fright and agony. "Massa Britt'n! hab n't I sarbed you honest and true? You *don't* b'lieb me a tief—you don't b'lieb dis man? Speak up, *massa!* for de Lord's sake, don't let 'em carry me 'way. *Don't* do dat, gen'lemen—I'm innocent! 'Fore God, I am! Save me, Massa Britt'n—save me—save!" shrieked the poor fellow, as the officers seized him at last, and forced him to the door, and thence toward an open carriage that stood in readiness before the Englishman's lordly portal.

“War ’m I gwine to? God ha’ massy on poor Nappo!” screamed the unlucky negro, as the officers rudely forced him from the door of his old employer. Then, turning for an instant toward the house, with a despairing shout he continued:

“Massa Britt’n! don’t let ’em—don’t let ’em! In de Lord’s name, massa, save poor Nappo *dis* once, an’ he nebber forget it long ’s he libs, nebber!”

“In with him—in with him!” muttered the marshall, hastily. “We shall have a crowd here in one minute that we can’t manage. In with him!”

“Massa! don’t break Nappo’s heart—”

“I’ll break your *head*, ef you don’t shet up,” exclaimed one of the deputies, rudely. “Stop your bellowing, and in with you, now.”

And, as half a dozen curiously-disposed persons came up, the prisoner had been secured, and the carriage rolled away in hot haste toward the Court-house, where the slave-hunter and his friends had already arrived, and awaited the fugitive’s coming.

Away with him! He’s black; he can’t tell who his father was, or whether he ever had any. Very likely he didn’t. He’s *property*—“goods and chattels;” and the probabilities are that he’s a thief as well as a nigger!

There will be “no trouble” to convict him—as Taskem assured Brittan. No! Leave that to *him*. He could swear to the stolen property “in Guinea,” (or in Boston, either!) He had bought the boy, who had fled from tyranny and oppression and the lash, and who must be returned to that delectable service again; for, *thus said the LAW!*

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LEGAL FARCE.

In times like these, men know not one another.
Holding together—they together fall!
In scattering there 's chance of safety.
* * * Do not hold *me*, friend!
Look to thyself. He 's lost that looks!
Upon a brother's jeopardy.

KNOWLES.

BUT Nappo was not to be borne away without a hearing! Oh, no! That would be unrighteous, and illegal, too. He was to have a chance for his life—for the law and the Constitution gave him this—but what a chance!

God of mercy and goodness—God of the just and unjust! When shall this iniquity be banished from the nation?

“What 's he bin a' doin'?” inquired a lame wood-sawyer, as the vehicle rolled up to the Court-house door.

“Stealin' old Brittan's silver,” replied somebody on the walk, who had been thus informed.

“Pity he had n't got some of his gold,” suggested another, “and gi'n it to his starvin' daughter.”

At this moment two or three colored people came running up to the door of Brittan's house, out of breath, and preceded by an acquaintance of Nappo, who had got sight of him as he was being borne away.

"W'ar is he?" asked the foremost of the sable trio.

"Who?" said a bystander.

"Nappo—Nappo. De collud man dey had 'ere jes now."

"Oh," said the other, slowly, "I donno."

But the friends of Nappo suspected what was transpiring, and they hurried away direct to the Court-house.

"A very clever fellow, that Taskem," said Brittan to himself, as he sat alone in his parlor, after the departure of Nappo and the officers. "A marvelously clever fellow, 'pon my word! Well done! Admirably done! But the charge of stealing the jewelry was hardly the thing, so far as Nappo's concerned, *for he's as honest as the sun*. However, he's a poor ignorant nigger, any how, and a runaway slave—so Taskem says—and he knows. Taskem's a trump!"

And then the free-born Englishman chuckled within himself, right merrily, as he reflected further upon the disgraceful scene that had just been consummated beneath his own roof, in broad day-light—the unrighteous arrest of a human being, who was guilty of no earthly crime whatever, except that, unluckily, he first saw the light south of the Potomac; and, consequently (notwithstanding the letter of the Declaration), was not "*born EQUAL*!"

Away with him, then! He knows nothing, can feel nothing. His head is but a cocoa-nut shell, his hide is fit only for the scourge or the tan-pit, and his heart—"Heart," continued Brittan, halting suddenly in his reverie, as he recalled the last words that had dropped from Nappo's lips, in his hearing—"heart! Have these fellows got *hearts*? The boy said, '*don't break Nappo's heart*.' Ah! I see—he got that from going to meeting. I allowed him to 'go to meeting,' as he

termed it, and he's got the idea into him that *he's got a heart!* Well, Taskem'll eradicate all that kind of stupid notion, I've no doubt. Taskem is a *very* clever sort of man or I'm no judge of humanity.

"Let us see," continued Brittan, stretching his feet out before the grateful fire, and turning over in his mind the prospects of his late servant; "let us see. Nappo's young yet, hale and hearty, good size, not bad looking, honest and ingenious. Taskem bought him at a venture, he says, and paid Schaffer two hundred dollars for him, with the understanding that he should get possession of him the best way he could. He's *got* him—he'll prove his claim—the boy'll go into bondage, and Taskem clears a cool thousand, to a certainty, by the speculation; for he avers that, once out of reach of his friends here, Nappo's worth twelve hundred dollars, quick. A *remarkably* clever fellow, that Taskem, to be sure!" continued Brittan, rising; and then pacing the floor for half an hour, in deep thought, he turned over and over the schemes and prospects which the slave-hunter had shrewdly presented to his view, to induce him to accompany him home, and invest his capital in southern lands, and *other* "property."

The gilded bait had proved successful; and old Brittan firmly resolved to settle at the South. He would thus rid himself effectually, he believed, of the importunities that had so annoyed him in his family relations. The glowing accounts of the freedom and continuous enjoyments of a planter's life so completely captivated him, that he informed Taskem of his resolution without further delay.

Taskem was not a little surprised at this sudden decision on

the part of Brittan, but he took care to disguise his astonishment, while he made good use of every argument within his limited knowledge of such an undertaking (by such a person), to encourage the Englishman in his newly-conceived project. He saw that he should himself be enabled to realize something from the enterprise, without any doubt, and he was secretly rejoiced when Brittan announced to him his final determination.

Meanwhile, poor Nappo lay in prison, awaiting the order of the Court for his final delivery into the hands of his capturer and new owner. There had been exhibited unmistakable evidences of serious excitement, in and around the Court-house, during the examination of Nappo, who was at length openly charged with and convicted of being a fugitive from service. Little knots of colored men had been seen at the corners of the streets leading to the jail, while similar collections of well dressed persons of this class congregated in the vicinity of the Court. They were quiet, however, and civil; but they spoke in a subdued tone of voice, and no one knew what were their intentions, or the objects of their evidently earnest zeal (for *some* purpose or other), at that precise time.

However, *might* was right in those days! *All* men were *not* "born equal," and Nappo Duroc chanced to be one of that unfortunate class whose pedigree was defective in the eye of a very questionable statute.

CHAPTER XIX.

TONY AND CARRIE.

REJOICED at their escape from the gilded drawing-room of their "gran'pa," as Dolly had called old Brittan, the two children hurried away from the door with their kind friend, who was, herself, not much less gratified than they at leaving the incorrigible monster behind. As they passed down the crowded streets, the little ones soon forgot the man, and the rude scene of which they had just been the unwilling witnesses.

Carrie chirped as she ran merrily along behind her little brother, after getting out of sight of Davy, and they halted from time to time to peep in at the showily-dressed shop windows, garnished as they were with attractive toys and play-things.

"See the pony—see the pony, Carrie!" shouted Toney, pointing to a miniature rocking-horse he had suddenly discovered.

"And the dolly, too! see—in the corner!" responded Carrie, turning the boy's attention to an object that pleased *her* the most.

Dolly was silent and meditative. She was returning again

to the poor woman's dwelling with the children, whom she knew would be unwelcome there ; but what could she do ? The last hope she had entertained in reference to their future, had been ruthlessly shattered by the man to whom she had appealed with all the confidence of a true-hearted woman. And there was left but one more resource for her and for them—the alms-house ! Dolly saw that this must, of necessity, be the next step, and though she shuddered at the thought of sending those two beautiful and affectionate children to such a place, yet there was no escape visible to her view.

While she thus reflected, the children had got some distance beyond her, and turned down Cornhill, from Court street, without being observed by their hitherto attentive friend.

Dolly hurried along as soon as she missed them, however—passed across to Brattle street, and thence hastened on to Hanover street ; but the children were nowhere to be seen. She turned back again—looked up and down the walk and into the stores, as she went ; then she ran back to Washington street, and searched in all directions for the little stragglers, but she sought in vain. She was alarmed for their safety. She flew on again, up Court street, and asked a score of persons if they had met two such children, but no one had seen them ; and she fretted and worried, and traveled an hour, without success. They were not to be found !

Meantime, the childish wanderers trotted on, hand in hand, down Cornhill, and turning, they went up Washington street. Here were sights worth seeing, to be sure ! Toney held his sister's hand, and they hastened from window to window, like

innocent butterflies flitting from flower to flower, all unconcerned for the future, and enjoying the present moment with all their might. -

There were the show-windows of the book-stores, and the jewelers, and the print-shops, and the fancy warehouses, and the confectioners, and the fruit-vendors, and the dry-goods houses, and a myriad of other attractive establishments on the way, all of which claimed a moment of time *en passant*, and they never stopped to take breath until they found themselves in front of Boylston Hall, at which time Dolly had reached her humble home, two miles distant from the spot where the wanderers first missed her.

For a moment Toney halted, and, holding Carrie by the hand, he turned to look for Dolly, whom he supposed to be directly behind them. But she did not come! He continued to look, and turned back again, but Dolly could not be seen. It was late in the afternoon. They wandered down to Winter street, turned up that avenue and came out upon the Common. Here, toward sunset, though the weather was still cold, could be seen scores of children, with their nurses and attendants, at play in the broad malls.

Toney and Carrie watched the happy creatures for a few moments, with great delight, and then they approached a little group of gayly-dressed youngsters—the sons and daughters of wealthy residents in that neighborhood—with the design of making their acquaintance. Toney took up a ball belonging to one of the little fellows, and Carrie joined a sweet little girl, about her own age, at hoop-rolling. Away they went, shouting and frolicking in their innocent glee, forgetful or ignorant of any difference in their social con-

dition, and bent only upon the happiness of the passing moment.

"Adolphus!" shouted the red-haired, primly-dressed governess of the two young scions of aristocracy, as they returned; "Adolphus, do you hear? This way, master—and you, too, Josephine," she added, drawing the children off, and leaving Toney and Carrie by themselves, wondering what the trouble was about.

"Don't you know better than *that*?" continued the young woman, severely; "go along with you, now, and if I see you mixin' up with them common kind o' children ag'in, you'll go home, straitwise, and I'll take your playthings right away, cert'n."

"Good 's you be," muttered the boy, bravely.

"What d' you say, 'Dolphus? I'll tell your father o' that, true 's I'm alive," threatened the girl.

"I don't care 'f 'u do."

"Now, sir, go along. We'll go home."

"Mother said I might come down an' play 'ere," continued the fractious and badly-managed boy, "and I *will*, too;" and away he ran again, with all his strength, down the mall.

Toney joined him, as he came along, and the two young gentlemen jumped and rollicked, and shouted, in right good earnest, very much to the annoyance and discomfit of the red-haired young woman, whose authority had thus been set at naught. Josephine sat down by the side of Carrie, and seemed to be vastly pleased with the little beauty, who sang to her, and chatted with her, as familiarly as though they had been sisters, or, at least, equals in social station. And when they were about to part, at sunset, little Carrie said:

“Good-by, Josey;” and throwing her little white arms around the fair child’s neck, they kissed each other warmly, and separated.

“Come again to-morrow,” shouted Josephine, as she moved up the mall; “come again to-morrow, Carrie;” and the aristocratic children were soon beyond hearing, while our two little fugitives stood by themselves, alone upon the mall.

It was getting darker and colder, every moment. Toney took the hand of his dearly-loved and tender sister, and they wandered down the mall again, crossed to Winter street, and found their way into the main street.

But they were hungry, and cold, and comfortless; and as the night fell upon them, Carrie became weary and fretful. Toney took her up in his arms, but she was a heavy burden for him, and he was obliged to halt to rest himself. Carrie cried with cold and fatigue, at last, and Toney became alarmed, and began to mourn, too.

They were unnoticed by the passers by, for a long time. The merchant, who was hurrying homeward from his day’s occupation was too busy in contemplating the profits he had made during the day, to listen to the cry of distress as he hastened on. The pleasure-seeker was too intent upon the entertainment before him to observe a brace of weeping children by the way, as he passed to the theater or the concert-room.

The throng pressed vigorously on, and gave themselves no thought for the woes of others; and the children wept and called for Dolly. But no one answered their pitiful cries, for no one halted sufficiently long to ascertain what was the matter with them.

"Come and see *this*, Carrie," suggested Toney to his weary sister, at last, pointing her to a flaming, curiously-shaped light, that he suddenly discovered in a shop-window near them ; and thus hoping to attract Carrie's attention for a moment, in order that she might forget the pangs of cold and hunger from which she was suffering, he lifted her again in his arms and bore her to the light.

She was a lovely child to look at, and her disposition was as sweet as was her darling face and features. But Carrie was now disheartened and sleepy, and worn out with the previous day's excitement, and she needed nourishment and rest ; but, of a truth, she "had not where to lay her head." She was but little over four years old, and Toney was not yet seven. She kissed her brother's cheek, affectionately, and said :

"Carrie's cold, bubber."

And Toney knew this before, for he was chilled with the night air himself. The little girl leaned her fair round cheek upon Toney's neck, and a moment afterward was fast asleep. The weary child could bear up no longer !

The boy struggled to hold her to his breast, and contrived to curl the corner of his ample jacket about her tiny, stockingless feet ; but the big tears rushed into his eyes as he gazed up and down the great street, and wondered if all other little boys and girls, like himself and Carrie, were as weary and hungry as *they* were !

As he stood thus before the brilliant light that glared from the great store-window, a poorly-dressed man came up and stopped an instant, but passed on again, looking back, however, to observe the two shivering children. Retracing his steps, he hastened to Toney's side again, and said, feelingly :

"God bless me! my little fellow, what are you doing here with that child?"

Toney looked up at his interrogator, and answered:

"Waiting for Dolly."

"Who is Dolly?"

"W'y, *our* Dolly—that lives with us."

"Is it your mother?"

"No, not mother, but she takes care of mother, and us."

"And who is this?" he continued, pointing to the still sleeping child.

"That's Carrie, my little sister."

"Where do you live?"

"With Dolly," said Toney.

"And where does Dolly live, then?"

"Dolly lives with us," said Toney. "Sissy's wakin' up, and she'll cry, 'cos she's cold, I s'pose," he added, as Carrie now began to waken.

"Come inside," said the man, "and we'll see about this. Here, let me take her;" and the stranger kindly relieved the boy of his burden, as they all entered the brilliantly-lighted shop.

"And you don't know what street you live in?"

"No—sir," said Toney, slowly.

Carrie opened her sparkling black eyes, and looked about her with a bewildered gaze, for she was at a loss to determine where she was. Toney nestled up beside her, and put his arm about her neck to reassure her, and she was quiet.

"Where are you going, to-night?" asked the stranger, of Toney.

"Home," said the boy.

"Me, too," added Carrie, instantly.

"But, how will you go home?"

"W'y with Dolly."

"But Dolly is n't here."

"She 'll come, won't she?" asked the child, innocently.

"I don't know that, my boy—perhaps not. What is your name?"

"Toney, sir."

"Toney what?"

"No—Toney *Ellson*, not Toney *Wart*," said the boy, correcting his friend.

"Well, Toney, what is your sister's name?"

"Carrie, sir. She 's goin' to sleep again," said the boy, as he saw her head droop upon the stranger's shoulder.

After a few words more, the gentleman concluded that he would take the stragglers to his own house for the night, and in the morning he would ascertain more definitely who they were. It was evident that they were astray, and they were too young and too slender to be left in the street. The man was himself a parent, and had a good heart beating beneath his rough coat.

He called a carriage, told Toney that if he would he might go home to his house for the night, and in the morning he would seek further for Dolly. Toney said he would go, and Carrie awaking again at this moment, asked:

"And me, too?"

"Yes, yes," said the stranger, kindly, "Carrie shall go too."

And entering the vehicle, they were quickly driven to the man's humble but comfortable home in Front street.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TWO SLAVES.

For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That made him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth!

VAUX. HENRY VI.

At the period of which we are now writing, the Suffolk County jail was located upon Court street, near the spot where the present Court-house stands. It was an infirm building, with but few advantages to recommend it even for a prison-house; but it answered its purpose for the time-being.

Nappo had been duly condemned! The "hearing" had been had, and proof positive that the poor fellow had once had a mother was clearly made out to the satisfaction of the recognized officials. The maternal parent was shown to have been the *property* of John Schaffer, Esq., of Kentucky, and the bill of sale of the boy was duly admitted, in form. The evidence of Mr. Taskem served to close up all gaps and disperse all doubts regarding the fugitive's history and identity; and Nappo's rendition into future bondage—after enjoying nearly seventeen years of the liberty guaranteed to ALL *men* by our "glorious" constitution—was now very nearly accomplished.

The people of New England were not then so far advanced in the *political etiquette* of civilization, as they now are! The masses of the community had not, at that period, heard of a Fugitive Slave Law. And such cases as those of Simms and Burns were undreamed of. The blood of the Puritans—who loved liberty for itself, and who fled from their native land, originally, to escape from the tyranny they despised—the blood of *real* free men, coursed more generously in the veins of the “common herd,” at that period, and they neither understood or respected the assumed “rights” of one man—or one set of men—to lord it over any other class of the American people. And, thus believing, they were not so heedful of consequences then as in the latter days. The muskets of the “volunteer militia” of those times were kept in trim for a higher purpose than that of shooting down their neighbors and friends in the public streets of Boston, when they chose to enter the breach for the RIGHT against the *wrong*!

But, though there existed no quintessence of abomination in the shape of a Fugitive Slave Law, it was legally decreed that he or she who should flee from tyranny and abuse in one section of our fair land, and who should find a temporary home in another portion thereof, should be hustled back into bondage, whenever the unfortunate refugee should be “claimed” by his brother man.

Tasken claimed Nappo, his claim had been recognized, the fiat had gone forth, and he was now confined in prison, awaiting the moment when his new master should force him away from that “liberty and the pursuit of happiness” which he had so long enjoyed among his friends and fellows, in Massachusetts.

On the second morning after his final incarceration in the county jail (where he was placed for temporary safe keeping, until Taskem could arrange to take him away), the door of his cell was suddenly opened, and a miserable-looking being, in tattered and filthy garments, was thrust into the apartment.

The exterior appearance of this man was loathsome to behold, and even poor Nappo—the now mourning, miserable, almost heart-broken negro refugee—shrank from contact with this apparently God-forsaken wretch, who was thus uncere- moniously thrown upon his companionship.

He might have been a white man—or he might be one of his own race. At first Nappo could not determine this point; for the intruder bowed his head moodily upon his breast, and his thick curly hair and unshorn beard hid his face from view.

The newly-arrived prisoner uttered no word, but still crouched upon the low bench at the side of the cell, on which he was placed by the turnkey upon his entrance there. The silence soon became irksome to the fugitive, however, and he broke the icy stillness of the cell by accosting his fellow-prisoner, in his own way.

“Wot you doin’ ’ere, sah?” asked Nappo.

But he received no reply to the query; the stranger still sitting with his head on his bosom, disinclined to talk at all.

“Wot you come ’ere for, sah?” insisted Nappo, a second time, touching his companion on the arm. But the stranger did not answer.

“Wot dey gwine to do wid yer?” continued Nappo, making a third attempt to arouse his fellow prisoner. And, at this question, the man slowly raised his head, looked straight in the negro’s face, and said in a husky tone—

"Who are you?"

"Me, sah, me?" replied Nappo, discovering that the man was white, "*me?* I'm lobuddy, sah. I'm only poor Nappo; dass all, sah."

Nappo had seen that face before; he was certain of this, and he was astounded. He thought the matter over, and as soon as the negro had mentioned his own name, there was a **mutual recognition between them.**

The African saw before him, in the person of the starved and offensive-looking wretch who had just been thrown into his cell, the poor remains of the once tasteful and comely suitor of his loved "Missus" Annie Brittan—now the degraded, seaggy, almost demented *Henry Ellison!*

Nappo shuddered at the forlorn picture thus suddenly forced upon his gaze, and for the moment the humble African fervently thanked his God that, at least, he was not so badly off as this.

The wreck of what was, less than eight years previously, all nobleness, and pride, and comeliness, and hope—the prosperous husband of as fair a flower as ever budled and bloomed in the land—the sprightly, well-dressed beau of Missus Annie—the manly, enterprising, youthful merchant—the splendid devotee at Fashion's shrine—the beloved, the idolized, the dashing Henry Ellison—was now the thing that the negro servant recoiled from with horror and disgust.

"Good God, Massa Ellison!" exclaimed Nappo, wildly, "is dis y'u'seff?"

"Why, Nappo," responded the poor man, with a sickly attempt at a smile, as he passed his dirty hand over his face, and returned the fugitive's gaze; "Nappo, my boy, how came

you here? How 's your master? How is the old cock, eh? What you been stealin', eh? How long you in for? Ha, ha! I fixed *him* at last," continued Ellson, slowly, again—and then, as if reflection suddenly came upon him, he halted in his broken speech, hung his head upon his breast, and wept like a silly child!

Henry Ellson had come to be a vagrant. He had been taken up by the watch on the preceding night, for disorderly conduct, and was placed in durance for a few hours, prior to his trial. The jail was crowded at the time, and he was placed in the cell with Nappo, temporarily, by the jailor, who knew nothing of the previous circumstances or acquaintance of his prisoners.

Verily, "misfortune makes strange bed-fellows!" The slave of the law and the slave of king alcohol were now side by side within the four damp walls of a gloomy prison-house. The victim of intemperance—the willing slave—might yet be saved and restored to liberty and happiness; but, for the victim of legal oppression, the reluctant and innocent captive, there was no ray of hope—no shadow of probable relief. Living, he was dead—to all intents and purposes of good! The past, to him, was but a transient dream. The present, a crushing, fearful reality. The future, a dire blank—hopeless and terrible to dwell on!

After a moment or two of reflection, Nappo again appealed to Ellson, hoping to draw from him some information in reference to his present sad condition, and to learn from the lips of the fallen man how he became thus prostrated. But Ellson was silent, sulky, and entirely uncommunicative; and the negro found it impossible to draw from him one word of reply to his repeated and earnest queries, until he alluded to his

former mistress, casually. At the mention of Annie's name, the inebriate sprang wildly upon his feet, and, amid his threatening gestures and violence, alarmed poor Nappo fearfully.

As if a volcano of anguish and remorse had been pent up within his heart, which, at the sound of that name, burst forth from its confinement, he rushed toward the frightened negro, pale with excitement and the frenzy of the moment, and dashing fiercely at his throat, he forced poor Nappo heavily to the floor of the cell, as he shrieked in his madness—

“Give her back to me! Back, again, I say—and give me what you robbed *me* of! You are *her* father, eh? The wretch who gave her being. Out with it. Yield—or, by the God who suffered you to live to do it, I'll take the heart out of your breast! You *did*! You lied, and broke her heart! You killed her children—*my* children—my poor little children, who could n't help themselves; and Annie, your daughter, your only child, is buried in their tomb! She knelt to you—*my wife*! She clung to your knees, and prayed you to stop—to save her from destruction! You spat on her—spurned her with your lordly foot! I saw it all! saw it—you and your weeping child, and I swore revenge—revenge!”

As fiercely as he could under the circumstances, Nappo screamed for aid, and struggled with the madman. It was plainly life or death with him, for Ellison fancied he had his hand around old Brittan's throat, and in his wild delirium was disposed to make the most of his opportunity.

Fortunately the turnkey overheard the struggle, and entered the cell at an opportune moment. The inebriate was forthwith placed in irons, and conveyd to a room alone, where he could do no further harm.

In the mean while, the friends of the fugitive Nappo were on the alert. The decision of the Court, in regard to his return into captivity, had stirred up the sympathies of the colored residents of Boston, and it was evident that if Nappo went away in the custody of his assumed owner, he would *not* go peaceably.

The authorities had performed all that was required at their hands by legal enactment, and the necessary steps had been taken by Taskem to retire from the city with his twelve-hundred-dollar human prize.

The slave-hunter had been no idle observer of the exhibition of feeling evinced both in and out of the Court-room, prior to, and during the examination and condemnation of the boy he had become thus "cleverly" possessed of; and he watched the storm that was plainly approaching with a careful and experienced eye.

Mr. Taskem had had a final interview with old Brittan. The Englishman had promised to dispose of his property at once, to communicate with him constantly, and to join him, very shortly thereafter, on the banks of the Mississippi, where he determined to purchase a plantation, and establish his residence for the future.

Brittan was confident of success, and he was vastly elated with his prospect in the future. Taskem had not failed to paint the bright side of the picture, and the Englishman had looked only at the profits to be gained, and the pleasures and ease to be enjoyed, surrounded by those whom he could abuse and maltreat to his fancied heart's content, while he could be

"Monarch of all he surveyed,
Whose right there were none to dispute."

And chuckling over the rare enjoyments that were yet in store for him, he shook the hand of Taskem firmly, and they separated.

An apt scholar was the tight-fisted, hard-hearted, inexorable Brittan ! The pursuit he was about to adopt in no wise clashed with his nature. He was a tyrant at heart, and his previous course of conduct gave ample token that he was well fitted for the enterprise he was about to embark in, albeit his was a palpable exception to the universal character of his countrymen.

To the honor of the race be it recorded here, that the counterpart of this arrogant and ruthless man could scarcely have been found in the British nation. Our present story is but a simple narrative of actual *fact*. An occasional black sheep may be found among the whitest flocks in all Christendom !

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GOLDSMITH'S CHARITY.

Why not believe the homely letter,
That *all you give will God restore?*
The poor may oft deserve it better,
And surely, surely want it more!

MINNIE.

A BRIGHT, warm fire was burning in the large old-style Franklin grate of the arizian's comfortable "keeping-room," and his excellent wife was sitting before it, awaiting the arrival of her husband to supper.

The room was neatly but economically furnished, and an air of solid comfort seemed to pervade the apartment. The cat was coiled up on the seat of the great arm-chair, enjoying her evening snooze; the tea plates were warming beside the grate; the steaming pot of cocoa, that stood by the hob in readiness for the coming meal, sent forth its savory aroma; but the expected "master of the house" did not come home as promptly as was his custom.

An old Willard clock that hung over the mantle struck the hour of seven, and Mrs. Meeker was surprised that her husband did not return. She laid aside her knitting-work, at last, and went to the window. The night was pitchy dark, and the weather had got to be raw and cold within the previous three hours.

"What can detain him?" queried the good woman, with some uneasiness. "Nearly an hour behind his usual time, and Charles's long gone to sleep, we're out with calling for 'papa.' Something must have happened."

She heard the rumbling of carriage-wheels, at this moment, and she listened. The vehicle had surely halted before her own door! And it had come up slowly and cautiously, she had observed. An accident had occurred, plainly. Mr. Mecker had been hurt! And she flew wildly to the door—to encounter her husband, safe and sound, and as cheerful as ever, in company with two strange children—a boy and girl—whom he had brought home with him to tea, he said.

The carriage turned away, and the kindly Mr. Mecker put the two little ones in before him, as he hastened to close out the chilly night air. He entered his cheering room, and, bustling about with evident satisfaction at what he had accomplished, thus far, he said in his pleasantest tone:

"Come, now, mother; let's have the hot toast. These little ones are hungry and chilled."

"But who *are* they, pray?" asked his wife.

"I'll tell you all about 'em when we sit down. Come, please hurry. Now, Toney, get off the cap, and Carrie the little bonnet, and we'll have a good warming first, and then we'll get a right good supper—eh?"

"Yes," said Toney, with honest bluntness, "I'm hungry enough."

"Me, too," said Carrie, removing the bonnet, and taking the thin old 'kerchief from her neck.

And Mr. Mecker drew Carrie up on his knee before the glowing blaze, and rubbed her little hands, and patted her

round cheeks, and smoothed down her beautiful curls, and kissed her affectionately, and said :

“ Poor little thing ! Poor little Carrie ! ”

The piping-hot cakes and toast were soon placed upon the table, and Mrs. Meeker was all curiosity to learn what this sudden accession to her family meant. While she had been putting the plates and the food upon the table, the husband had briefly informed his wife that the little ones were lost in the streets, and he had brought them home to save them from suffering, or perhaps perishing, in the night. “ But where’s Charlie,” he asked, suddenly missing his own noble boy.

“ Really, father,” said Mrs. Meeker, with a smile, “ you’ve been so taken up with your little new-comers, that you forgot the baby, altogether, to-night ! He’s been asleep nearly an hour, wearied out with waiting for you.”

“ Now, Toney, are you warm again ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ And Carrie, too ? ”

“ Me, too,” responded Carrie ; and the little party sat down to enjoy the generous evening repast, with thankful hearts and excellent appetites, after their long fasting.

Before the dish-covers were raised, Mr. Meeker offered his customary grace, at table, craving the divine blessing upon the good things of which they were about to partake. Carrie sat with her little hands folded, in mute astonishment at this performance, the import of which she could not determine ; while Toney was also quite as silent and awe-stricken by the solemn manner of his benefactor, though he had occasionally heard Mr. Goodson pray, and supposed that this was all very proper and correct. The children were too hungry to

wait for compliments, and, as soon as they were helped to food, did ample justice to Mrs. Meeker's toast and cocoa.

During the discussion of the meal, the husband briefly informed Mrs. Meeker how he chanced to meet with the little strays, and how he had deemed it his duty to shelter them, under the circumstances. His wife was a motherly and gentle-hearted woman, who could never believe that Mr. Meeker did any thing out of place. She very readily agreed with him that he could not have done differently. If her poor little Charlie should ever be similarly situated, she trusted that he might find as good a friend, in the midst of his need.

The meal concluded, the humble Christian offered up thanks for the continued goodness of the Great Dispenser of earthly benefits, and the children were soon afterward prepared for bed.

A night-dress, belonging to Charlie, proved just the thing for little Carrie, and Toney was also duly provided for in a similar manner. Mrs. Meeker then held the feet of the little girl to the fire until they were thoroughly warmed, and her husband performed the same kind office for Toney, and finally they were told how they should sleep together, in the nice warm trundle-bed, in the snug little room opening close by, and their benefactors kissed them affectionately, and bade them be of good cheer until the morrow, when Dolly would be found, and they should return to their home once more.

"And now, Carrie—good night," said Mrs. Meeker, kindly, as she wrapped a blanket about her feet and limbs.

"Ain't said '*Our Father*,' yet," suggested Carrie, looking at Toney first, and then into the lady's face.

Mr. Meeker and his wife were not a little astonished at

this remark from little Carrie's lips, while the suggestion deeply gratified them at the same time.

"Do you *always* say 'Our Father' before you retire to bed, Carrie?" inquired Mrs. M.

"O, yes," replied Toney, at once. "We always *used* to say that, and

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'"

"And who taught you this, Toney?" asked Mrs. Meeker.

"Mother did, before she was sick. But Dolly always heard us say our prayers, after mother went—went away," continued Toney.

"Yes, and me, too," added Carrie.

"And what was mother's name?" asked Mrs. Meeker.

"Ellson," said Toney, in reply.

"And mother taught you to pray?" continued Mrs. Meeker, becoming momentarily more deeply interested in the pretty and gentle little ones; "she taught you to look up to the kind Father who dwells in Heaven, and who loves good children?"

"That's what mamma always said," replied Toney, smiling affectionately, as he remembered the instructions of his mother.

"Mamma was very good thus to impress you, was she not?" said Mrs. Meeker.

"Yes," said Toney, "*mamma* was good, but—"

Here Toney hesitated, and Carrie filled out the sentence that came near escaping the boy's lips:

"Papa *was n't*," said Carrie, finally.

"What did papa do?"

"Nothing," said Toney.

"He beat us," said Carrie.

"Not much," insisted Toney.

"*Hard*—hard 's he could," continued poor little Carrie, who had experienced her unfortunate father's rudeness more than once, and who did not forget it.

But Mrs. Meeker had no wish to pry into the "family secrets" of the two little strangers, and so she changed the subject, and proposed they should retire, first repeating the Lord's prayer. This having been done, Toney informed their benefactor that Carrie would sing her hymn, if they would like to hear her; and the little songster, in a beautiful melody, delivered herself of the following pretty sentiments, which she had learned from her mother's lips:

CARRIE'S EVENING HYMN.

When the glittering stars peep out
From the dark and silent sky,
Twinkling through the azure sphere
God has placed them in, on high—
Then, with folded hands, at even,
Then with grateful hearts, we'll bow!
Praying Him who dwells in heaven
To accept our humble vow!

He will listen! He will bless!
For, within his word 't is found—
Not without the FATHER'S knowledge
Falls the sparrow to the ground.
Little children, then, at even,
Well may come and lowly bow!
For the FATHER dwells in heaven,
And accepts their humble vow!

"A charming evening song," exclaimed Mrs. Meeker, at its

conclusion, "and right prettily snug, too. Now, a kiss, and then to bed, for it is late, and you need rest," added Mrs. Meeker, kindly.

And five minutes afterward, the poor fugitives, fast locked in each other's arms, were sleeping soundly and peacefully—for they were very much fatigued.

Charles Meeker, as we have hinted, was an artisan—a goldsmith—by profession. He labored daily for his bread; but he was a little "for handy," for his business was a profitable one. He could afford to lend an ear to the wail of distress; and he found that a good act always brought with its accomplishment a sure reward. He had struggled with poverty himself, and he knew how hard it was to bear up under adversity.

But now he was pleasantly situated in life, the labor of his hands was remunerated handsomely, and he managed to live comfortably, respectably, and to do some measure of good.

His wife was a pattern of neatness and thrift—a real helpmeet to him—a woman of most excellent domestic qualities, and one "who went about doing good," likewise. The poor and destitute around her were aided to the fullest extent of her means, and the needy wayfarer who chanced within her province never went away empty.

Both Meeker and his wife were zealous and worthy members of the Christian Church, and their lives were passed amid the pleasing routine of religious duty to their God, their fellows, and themselves.

They had but one child—a bright little fellow, five years old. Charles Meeker was being carefully and faithfully educated by his parents, who loved him dearly, and who watched

his constantly-improving character with his hope for the future.

The evening was late. Mr. Melrose read a portion of the Holy Scriptures, and then offered to the Father of the family customary evening prayer, in which he was ably joined by his loving and pure-hearted wife. And when they both had thanked his Heavenly Father that he had been made the humble instrument, in his hands, of bringing aid and comfort to the two tender sufferers who had found shelter that night beneath his roof, he realized a calm and peaceful satisfaction—

“That only they who feel *can* know.”

In the mean time, poor Dolly Curtain went to her weary and lonely pillow, but not to sleep! She had left no stone unturned, within the scope of her knowledge, to find the lost children. She had traversed all the streets through which they had passed from her own humble home to Britton's house, and back again, but she could hear nothing of them.

She resorted to the office of the city-crier, but his efforts were fruitless. And at ten o'clock in the evening, satisfied that somebody must have found and housed the lost ones, she threw herself upon her pallet to await the light of morning to renew her search.

And while the anxious and well-meaning Dolly was thus harassing and fretting for their uncertain fate, little Toney and Carrie Ellison were snugly lodged, and were dreaming sweetly beneath their Christian Benefactor's roof.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RUSE AND THE ESCAPE.

I tell you, *hopeless* grief is passionless;
That only men incredulous of despair—
Half-taught in anguish—through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach!

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

LONG before the hour fixed upon by Tisham for his final departure from Boston, the name of the slave-hunter was upon the lips of hundreds of the residents of the west end of the town, and the "Guard of Vigilance" that had been hastily organized among the colored residents was augmented, by very considerable numbers, before nightfall.

While this body of men were in secret conclave, in a retired house in Belknap street, a gathering, which, for the sake of carrying out of the interests of those who were clandestinely engaged in its objects, was denominated a prayer-meeting—there stood at the door of the apartment where they were assembled, a stout negro, who scanned the faces of each and every one who came and went, receiving the second password from all incomers, as did another sable gentleman the first sign, at the outside entrance.

One after another of the "friends" entered, and each in his

turn gave the countersign and pass to the sturdy ushers. A single lamp burned dimly at the side of the large, low room, but a careful observer could readily discover, as he gazed about the apartment, that if the skirts of the assemblage there were darker than ordinary, there were also the flashing eye, the firm lip, and the ardent bearing of more than three scores of men, whom it would be dangerous to oppose in a hand-to-hand struggle. Robert was upon their side, and they did not lose sight of this fact.

A gray-headed, well-dressed negro preceded him, and he offered an earnest prayer to Him who "can do all things," praying the blessing of Almighty God upon their doings. And then a hymn succeeded, in which the throng united, as with a single voice, executing a peculiarly melodious and thrilling chaunt, appropriate to the words chosen, and unlike anything else—soul-stirring and beautiful in the highest degree.

Just as the song was concluded, a negro came up to the outer door, and, like the rest of the company, placing his mouth to the key-hole, he whispered "*Dance*." The door instantly opened, and he passed on. When challenged by the second usher, he replied, "*Right and Justice*;" and the conductor inquired of him, "*What's o'clock?*" to which he answered, "*Always ready.*"

He was admitted into the secret circle without hesitation, having given the pass-words accurately, and he became a quiet and an attentive listener to what was transpiring. After a little delay, he contributed his own note, humbly, to the debate, and informed the company of what none of them knew up to the moment of his announcing the intelligence, to wit—that Nappo would be taken away on the following evening, at

sum, by way of Roxbury, thence to Providence and New York, and so south and west, by land, to his future home in Tennessee.

A hurried and excited consultation ensued at this arrangement. Plans and counter-plans were suggested and overruled and changed, while the traitor, who was evidently a fast friend to this "comrade," and who seemed well informed of what was going on, contrived to impress upon the consideration of the "brother" as to the necessity of their concentrating in force along the line of the "N. E." where the crossing that could be made might be most easily passed, and from which he proposed they should retreat at the moment when his guard would probably fall asleep of their prey, and would not be prepared for the contemplated attack.

With some slight modifications the suggestions of "Brother Brown" were at length agreed upon, and the company broke up, after appointing several select markers of observation for the night and the following day.

Not the slightest suspicion was excited toward Mr. Brown, who conformed himself respectfully and modestly, and who conversed amicably in the common broken negro tongue, (for he had dwelt among the race all his life), and he retired with the rest, after joining in the concluding hymn and prayer, with seemingly zealous devotion, and deep outward sympathy.

Amid the excitement and the darkness, the villain's mark, so cunningly adjusted, and his address, so admirably carried out, were unobserved and unsuspected. Yet this self-styled Mr. Brown, who had, by some extraordinary means, obtained a knowledge of the passwords, and who was now thoroughly

advised of the plans of Nappo's friends, while, at the same time, he had arranged everything to tally with his own future purposes, was none other than the wily and heartless rascal—**Ralph Taskem, of Tennessee!**

But his dupes knew nothing at all of this! They confided with him, in good faith, believing the statement to be "true as steel" to the core; but, their dupes, had been at a singular disadvantage, and he went forth in secret to profit by it.

At *dawn* on the following morning, everything had been put in readiness for Nappo's departure, and the route *really* chosen for his retreat was over the Mill-Dean road, and thence to Dedham, where the hide party proposed to take the regular mail coach to Providence. This plan would give Taskem at least twelve hours' start upon the false scheme announced to the committee on the previous night, and would be all-sufficient for his purpose of escape. At that hour, the "guard" would not be so likely to be on the alert, and the difference in the route was something in his favor.

Accordingly, at early sunrise the carriage was summoned, and every thing having been previously prepared in anticipation of whatever might turn up, at the last moment, Nappo was hurried out of his cell, thrust into the vehicle at the prison door. Taskem jumped in behind him, two officers in the service of the United States Government followed quickly upon his heels, and, at the word, away rolled the hack at a rapid rate toward the "**Western Avenue.**"

"Whar you gwine?" shouted Nappo, as he was hastily pressed forward into the carriage. "Wot you gwine to do wid me?"

"Hush yer noise!" yelled Taskem, throwing aside all fur-

ther disguise, and drawing a double-barrel pistol from his coat pocket. "Yer my lawful property, ~~and~~ I've a mind to knock yer dam head in ar givin' me the trouble yer head a' ready. When I get yer wherry I'll knock out, if yer hear? I'll teach yer that it ain't such peety work to be runnin' round after a dam nable nigger as yer sayed there, in this country. Shet yer infernal ugly jaw up, now, or I'll break a hole in yer cussed thick skull, that oughter bin smashed fer yer fifteen year ago!"

This challenge sufficed to quiet poor Nappo, of course, for he had not forgotten his *early education* among this class of gentlemen, where the first ten years of his life had been passed, though he kept all this snugly to himself. But, as he came out of the jail, a trio of the "guard" discovered the movement.

The bulk of the watchers, unfortunately, were two miles away! The line of Washington street was well provided for, the most of the friends having been stationed in that direction, secretly; but around the old Court-house, and along the hill over which they *really* intended to pass, the *case* of Taskan had provided for, and but few of Nappo's friends were in sight there.

But the alarm was instantly given. The three negroes who discovered what was transpiring, instantly gave out the signal agreed upon, and the early-rising residents of Common and Beacon, and Park streets, were suddenly startled by the shout of "Duroe! Duroe! Duroe!" from the lungs of half a score of men, who dashed madly along the streets, apparently in hot pursuit of some person or other, who was fleeing before them.

As the colored men mounted the hill fronting the State House, from the eastward, a carriage came in sight from above Somerset street, and the cry of "Duroc!—here he comes! Duroc! Duroc!" grew more frequent, and more emphatic. A dozen stout men dashed toward the flying vehicle, seizing the horses by their leads, and at once arresting the progress of the carriage.

By this time, sundry white men, too, from the neighboring houses, had turned out to see what caused the disturbance; and as the vehicle was stopped, they ran to the spot to ascertain what was going on. Taskem sprang out of the carriage, pistol in hand, and Nappo was instantly dragged from the vehicle by the stout hands of a brace of his friends. The slave-lunter quickly knocked the foremost of the rescuers to the earth, and the officers followed his example by grounding two more, and at the same moment retaking Nappo from the hands of his friends.

The rescuers were in earnest, however, and again they seized poor Nappo, while a severe struggle was going on between the remainder of the blacks and such white stragglers as chanced to come up, all of whom were summarily ordered "in the name of the law," to aid the officers in maintaining the statute, and in securing their prisoner.

The fight was animated, and some unpleasant blows passed—the suffering negro-fugitive receiving his full share of hard knocks, from friends and foes, amid the excited *mélée*.

For an instant, Nappo was triumphantly dragged to the side of the street, in the arms of his crazy, but well-meaning friends. Then he as suddenly found himself going backward, heels over head, toward the open carriage. Now he was upon

the ground, with the heels of twenty others tramping furiously over his body. Then he was drawn to his feet, suddenly—shoved forward, backward—then dragged from the link, and thrown from side to side—now here, now there; but in spite of his best efforts to be heard, could effect nothing whatever.

Mr. Ralph Taskem was handled without gloves! On every side he met with buffets and blows. His pistol was undischarged, as it happened. The weapon was wrested from his hand as he left the carriage, and from time to time, as he came forward to assist in searching Nappo, he was severely beaten by the rude crowd. But he fought valiantly, and with a zeal worthy a better cause.

Meantime, poor Nappo could be seen, turn first in one direction and then in the opposite, bleeding, and shouting, and weeping, until at last, scarcely a single rag of clothing was left upon him, save his shoes and stockings, so violent had been the struggle of which he was personally the object.

Taskem and the others, assisted by the driver, and such persons as chose to fall in upon their side, were anxious to force Nappo back into the carriage. The fugitive's friends were equally as desirous that he should be got out of their hands, and that he should be afforded the opportunity to flee, which he would have done, right gladly, had he been able to effect this very desirable object.

But they struggled in vain; and Nappo, worn out with the rough usage he had received, and completely beaten out and exhausted with pulling, and hauling, and tramping, found himself suddenly pressed forward, and entering the carriage once more, with Taskem and the two deputies behind him, he resigned

himself to his fate, as the horses again dashed away at a mad gallop, down Beaver street, followed by a few colored men, who shouted and ran themselves out of breath, toward the Mill-Dam road, and then returned, panting with rage and excitement, and the violence of the unnatural exercise, and all to no good purpose!

They had been deceived by "Mr. Brown;" their well-laid schemes had been frustrated; the fugitive had been carried off before their eyes; they had been sorely worried in the struggle; and the slave-hunter had escaped without serious harm.

With curses both loud and deep they retired from the fray. They had used their best exertions to save him, but Fate was against them, and they submitted, though not without bitter murmurings. Nappo was soon afterwards forgotten.

"Never yer mind, my boy," said Taskem to Nappo, who sat panting and bleeding upon the seat before him, unable scarcely to speak, so terribly had he been used, "Never yer mind! I'll fix yer flint for yer, bime-by. Ef I don't make all this up with yer w'en I git yer home, my name ain't Ralph Taskem, that's all."

"I didn't do nuff'n, massa," said Nappo, meekly.

"Shet up yer head, I say," bawled Taskem, rudely. "I'll settle yer hash for yer, mind, one o' these fine days."

And Taskem was true to this promise!

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LOWLY DEATH-BED.

And yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles—the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
Thy weary spell or horn-book thumbing.
Well; let it be! Through weal and woe
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley, shifting show,
And thou a thing of *hope* and *change*!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

MR. MEEKER and his wife were necessarily very early risers. The goldsmith was obliged to be “down town” seasonably, on account of his business, and Mrs. Meeker always had the breakfast hot and in readiness, betimes, that her husband might not be detained.

Though she was ~~as~~ ^{up} before daylight, her little guests—who had slept soundly all night—were wide awake; and by the time the kitchen fire was fairly kindled, down came Tony and Carrie, to bid the kind strange lady good morning, and to see what there was to be seen in their new stopping-place.

A thousand queer things greeted them. And the oft-repeated questions of the ambitious Carrie—“What’s this, lady?” and “What is this for, lady?” were answered without hesitancy or a seeming lack of good nature on the part of

Mrs. Meeker, who was delighted with the child's forwardness and her pretty manners.

"Ain't *that* nice, bab?" and "isn't *that* pretty?" and "don't we wish *we* had 'em at *our* home?" were the queries constantly propounded to her brother; and Toney said, "Sh! you musn't make a noise, sis," as Carrie came to be importunate and uneasy.

Every thing about the premises was bright, and clean, and substantial, and convenient. Finally the breakfast was served up, and all partook of it with hearty *gusto*.

Mr. Meeker went away, and promised to return in the course of the morning, as soon as he should have ascertained any thing satisfactory in regard to the children's parents or dwelling-place. And, meantime, the little ones were left to rollick with Charlie, with whom they very quickly got acquainted.

Before the sun rose Dolly Curtain was abroad, too. She went to the crier's office again (where Mr. Meeker had preceded her, as it chanced), and before eleven o'clock she found the fugitives at the goldsmith's residence.

Carrie was peeping out at the front window of the house, wondering where all the people came from, and where they went to; and suddenly she clapped her little hands, and shouted:

"There she is! there she is!"

"Who, my dear?" asked Mrs. Meeker, approaching the window.

"Dolly, Dolly, Dolly! there she is." And so it happened.

Dolly had learned the address of the goldsmith, and she soon found the street, and was searching for the name, upon

the dinner, when Carrie discovered her. The meeting was a happy—and yet a mournful one! For, though she had found the stranger, the poor woman was in the predicament of the unlucky knight who drew the elephant in the lottery. What could she now do with them?

Dolly waited till after the dinner-hour. When Mr. Meeker returned at that time, she frankly explained to him the precise condition of matters, and asked his advice. It was out of her power to afford the little ones further aid. The mother was a lunatic. The father was worse, and had not been seen or heard of for a month. When they left the goldsmith's house, the town must provide for them.

It was clear to Mr. Meeker that he could not afford to assume the protection of the two children permanently, but he was willing to do all that he thought he *ought* to do. And, after due consultation, it was arranged that Toney should remain with him for the present, and that Dolly should take charge of Carrie, who was the youngest, and whom she did not hesitate to think she could manage, and provide for—at least until some better opportunity should turn up for her advantage.

And without creating any scene with Toney, Dolly Curtain quietly drew Carrie aside, after dinner, and departed, with many thanks to the kind people who sheltered them over night, taking Carrie with her, once more, to her lonely and cheerless abode.

A few weeks passed away, and Toney had been sent to school again by his benefactor. Carrie fretted and cried for mamma and for brother, for a while; but the warm sunshine soon came again, and the bees were abroad, and then the

grass peeped up in the warm nooks and crannies around the edges of the houses and the side-walks, and she could sit upon the old door-steps and watch the passers-by, while poor Dolly plied her needle above-stairs, and earned the means to take care of herself and her little *protégée*.

And, finally, Old Davy came again. And she ran to him, and sprang blithely into the old man's arms, as if he were "all the world" to her!

And Davy embraced his "cherab," and sat down by her, and told her fresh tales of what he had seen since they met, and talked of all the pretty things they had ever spoken of before, and they were very, *very* happy.

One day, late in the spring, Tony suddenly disappeared from the residence of his benefactor, and did not return. Search was duly made, but without success—he could not be found. And though the distress caused to the hearts of the goldsmith and his wife was serious—for they had become deeply attached to him—they could learn nothing whatever in regard to him, and they had no means of determining whether he was dead or alive.

The boy was studiously inquired for in all directions—he was duly advertised—but all without avail. The runaway was not forthcoming again, nor did Dolly ever see or hear from him, in any way, from the hour she left him in Mr. Meeker's charge.

As the blossoms and the buds burst from the trees, and the warm south winds came back over the green fields again, little Carrie was more frequently in the streets, and saw more of her ancient friend, Davy. Fortune seemed to smile on the good old man again, as the spring-time passed by.

Then, every day, he would find his darling little girl, who flew to meet him at every visit, with as much earnestness as ever maiden did to greet her lover! They would wander off to the bright green lawn that graced some narrow lot, or quiet church-yard, and linger for hours in happy intercourse—the old man relating tales of by-gone days, and Carrie singing to him and prattling with him, until hunger drove her back to her protectress again.

Suddenly poor Dolly Curtain took sick with a fever, and Carrie was taken away from her. A week passed away, and Mr. Goodson stood beside *her* bed, administering to the unfortunate but kindly woman the last consolations of religion, during a moment of fitful consciousness, the first that had been permitted her for four days.

Dolly was dying!

"Is there any one here?" she asked, in a low voice, looking up with a calm, but death-like expression.

Her poor neighbor stood by, and said:

"Here is Mr. Goodson, Dolly."

"Is Carrie—Carrie—here?"

The little one had been absent all day long, but her attendant assured her that "she will soon return."

"Take care of Carrie, won't you, Sarah?" she said, faintly. "I'm very bad—bad, *here*, Mr. Goodson!" and she placed her bony hand upon her heart, as she gasped for breath.

"God is great," murmured the missionary. "His loving-kindness endureth forever! Look unto Him in thy hour of trouble, for he will not forsake thee." And kneeling beside the failing woman, he breathed an earnest prayer that her departing soul might find its rest with the angels.

Carrie Ellison returned at sunset, and was taken by the poor woman into Dolly's room, where her late friend lay calm and cold in death!

"W'y don't she speak to me?" asked the little innocent.

"She can't," said the woman.

"W'en she wakes up, she will."

"She won't wake up no more."

"Never?" asked Carrie.

"*Never!*" responded Sarah, solemnly.

The child leaned over and kissed the marble-like forehead of her protectress, and saying—"Poor Dolly!" burst into tears.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PAUPER'S GRAVE.

Bury her there—no matter where!
None by her death are bereft;
Stopping to pray! Shovel away!
We still have enough of 'em left.

EASTMAN.

DOLLY CURTAIN was buried in the ancient grounds at Copp's Hill. The woman who hid out her remains, and who had the care of her during her few days' final illness, appointed herself administratrix of Dolly's affairs, as soon as the breath left the poor creature's body.

"She said—'*Give my things to the poor*—'" remarked Sarah to herself, as she closed Dolly's eyes. The sentence was unfinished upon Dolly's lips, however, for she intended to have said—"Give my things to the poor *little girl Carrie*." But Death cut short the remark, in the midst of it, and Sarah profited by that same. "For," she argued, "to carry out Dolly's desire, *the poor* must have her effects. I'll see to it. But if I find any baddy poorer 'n I am, w'y then—"

"Bless me!" she ejaculated, "here's a nice lumberzeen gownd, I declare, good 's new, and lots o' flannels, too."

And as she tumbled over dead Dolly's old chest of draw-

ers, she discovered a great many common but good articles of clothing, that pleased her much.

"She was allers poorer as Job's cat, but she's left good clo'es behind her, I'm sure," continued Sarah. "But she don't want 'em *now*, surely, an' I do. I hope she's better off. I'raus she's in a warmer place 'n this. Who knows?" added the ignorant woman, at last.

And with this remark, she disposed of every thing she could lay hands on, before the articles could be seen by any one else.

"She was very destitute, I suppose," remarked Mr. Goodson, when he came to officiate at the funeral.

"Oh, dre'dful!" said the woman; "hadn't n'thin' but the clo'es she died in, and a few old duds, 'round here."

And Sarah opened the drawers of the old bureau to convince the man of her assertion. They were empty!

"What has become of the little girl, Carrie, whom she took under her care?"

"I do' no," said Sarah. "She's gone away with an old beggar she calls Davy. I hope he'll keep her. *I* can't, any how."

On the following afternoon, the rag-picker was wandering among the grave-stones in the ancient burial-yard, and Carrie was trotting slowly at his side, beneath the warm sunshine.

The gentle south wind was blowing across the Hill, and Davy was more contemplative and somber than was his wont. The place, the circumstances that surrounded him at the moment, Dolly's death—which he had recently heard of—and his solicitude for his darling Carrie, together, operated to render him thoughtful and melancholy.

A newly-dug grave arrested his attention.

"Who is this for?" humbly asked Davy.

The professional man turned round, and not being the leastly gab of his interrogator, made no reply. Davy supposed he did not hear, and so he said again:

"Who's it for?"

"For some body 'at's dead, I s'peze," replied the digger, crustily, as he hove up the gravel.

"Who *is* dead?" said Davy.

"The one in the coffin, likely," responded the man, and nodding his head in the direction of the gate, on his left. The eye of the rag-picker turned that way to behold two men in the act of bringing up what he found to be the corpse intended for the grave near him.

It was a plain pine box, with a dull leaden plate upon the top, upon which was gouged the words—"DOLLY CURTAIN, *Died June 7, 18—. Age, 40 years.*"

"It ain't long enough by a fut," said one of the Irishmen, who had been employed by the city to dump the body in the hole.

"Didn't he say it was a *woman*?" queried the grave-digger, angrily. "And havn't I made it five feet two, strong? Dam'em! Who's agoin' to dig a six foot hole for four-and-six? *I ain't.*"

"Cut the end uv it away, man—ferment ye," suggested the other Hibernian, "an' don't be botherin' us wid yer growl'n. It's ha' past three, sure, an' we have three more o' thim same to dump afore aivnin'."

The grave-digger seized his spade, knocked away a few inches more of earth, and growled out:

"Now try her."

As the two men seized the coffin once more, to hurry it into the hole, the old man approached, holding Carrie by the hand, and said :

"Stop, men ! One word for the departed !"

His solemn but commanding manner, his venerable face and form—notwithstanding his rude attire—as he now stood uncovered at the edge of the grave, with his long gray hair streaming in the wind, arrested the movements of the hardened grave-digger, even, who said :

"What now ?"

The poor, honest-hearted old rag-picker gazed sadly at the rude coffin, and meekly offered up to Heaven a parting supplication for the spirit of the dead.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HOMELESS BIRD.

Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
Is always pure, e'en while it errs,
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still!

MOORE.

RETURNING slowly from the graveyard, the rattle and his young friend had scarcely crossed a couple of streets when they were startled by the appearance of a wild, fierce-looking man. He was approaching them with as much rapidity as his inebriate state would allow, and was evidently intent on securing Carrie.

As soon as she fairly made him out, she sprang away up the walk as fast as her little feet could carry her, dodging the street passengers as she went, but hurrying on like a startled fawn, while her pursuer followed, muttering as he staggered up the street, "Stop! stop, you eh, you young witch, stop! See 'f I don't fix you, when I get at you, now. See 'f I don't."

But Carrie heeded not his threatening words. Away she flew, and turned the first corner quickly, then the next, and the next, as fast as possible, fretting and gasping for breath, until she suddenly saw the figure of old Davy, who had with great difficulty overtaken her. Rushing wildly up to him, she clung to his knees, and shrieked—

"He's comin'—he's comin'! Quick, Davy, Davy—don't let him have poor Carrie!"

"Who is it, love? *Who?*"

"In here—in here, quick!" whispered the child, catching the skirt of old Davy's coat, and dragging him down into a dark archway, ready. "Here—*quick!* He can't see us here," she said, as she turned into the doorway. "*Sh!*"

And a moment or two afterwards, the man passed by, still chattering as he went, "If I don't fix you, my name isn't Henry Ellison. See if I don't, young miss!"

It was Carrie's father! He had missed her for several days previously, during which time he had been fearfully intoxicated, and was now only partially recovered from his previous week's indulgence. He saw at the first glance that Carrie intended to slay him, and, in his anger and vengeance, he would have beaten her ruthlessly, could he have put his crazy gripe upon her delicate form.

But he staggered by, murmuring and cursing the little runaway as he went, and threatening her with his vengeance when he should overtake her.

Davy watched the reeling form of the miserable man, until he got far out of reach of them, and turning to Carrie, he said—

"Come, deary! He's gone. He shan't harm you. Do you know who it is?"

"Yes, yes," whispered Carrie, "*I* know. He whips me, *he* does, and—and—plagues mamma."

"Who is it, Carrie?"

"Hush! Is he gone?" she continued, creeping stealthily to the doorway, and peeping cautiously out, "is he gone?"

"Yes, he won't find you."

"It's papa—*papa*," whispered Carrie in the old man's ear; "my papa."

"Come!" said the old man, "let us go from here; he may return this way."

And Carrie quickly took the extended hand of Davy, and trotted away by his side, soon forgetting, in his society, her late desperate fright.

"We won't stay about here any longer, Carrie, where they abuse, and threaten, and fright you. We'll go off, away among the hills and green fields, and where they can not follow and distress us. Won't we, deary?"

"Yes, yes—that will be so nice," responded Carrie, gratefully, "so nice! Come, let us go *now*, Davy!"

And while the aged rag-picker smiled upon the innocent but indigent little creature beside him, who entertained no thought for the future, who was never wearied in following his footsteps, and who sang and chirped as she went, reckless of wet, and cold, and suffering, he blessed her, blessed her with all his soul, and solemnly pledged himself to protect, and guard, and guide her—God willing—while he was spared to carry out his good intentions.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LUNATIC MOTHER.

Her happiness seemed fled—for aye!
And all was dark desponding—
Save in the opening gates of day,
And the dear home beyond them.

L. K. S. P. D.

THANKS to the judicious and tender treatment extended to Annie Brittan, after her arrival at the Insane Asylum, she began slowly to exhibit improvement.

Over four months passed by from the hour when she was placed in confinement, and her bodily sickness had yielded to the experiments to which she was subjected. But her mental powers were shocked, past all present relief; and in the semi-annual report of the officers of the institution where she was confined, appeared the following item:

"Annie Lillson; married woman; distorted brain; symptoms threatening; restoration doubtful."

She was alone, in a well-ventilated but contracted room, and though her madness was intense, yet she was a calm and manageable patient, save when a glimmer of "the good old days" seemed to possess her.

Then she would mourn, and cry out, and approach the

bars that were placed across the door of her room, and thrust forth her hands, and struggle to escape, as she murmured:

"I did it! He is innocent. The baby died—died—and he was far away. Pray let him come again. Don't hurt him! Father! don't—don't hurt him. He loves us—loves us dearly. And Carrie will come, too. Little Carrie—little, darling, chirping, Carrie. 'Sh!—he's sleeping now! And he'll come back—and we'll be happy—happy—happy, always happy. Won't we, Toney, dear?"

And then a relapse would follow, and Annie would sink down against the bars again, and weep, and pray for Henry—her lost and loved husband—for hours together.

But she would not converse of him. The government of the association were always attentive and kind to her, but her mind had been fearfully shattered, and she remained in that lonely mad-house, a close prisoner, for years afterward!

The rag-picker seemed to have aroused him from a long and dreary sleep! He took Carrie away, and Sarah never saw her afterward, at least to recognize her. But this was a fortunate circumstance, as it proved, for the selfish woman had determined not to receive the little fugitive again, into her family, at any rate.

Day procured lodgings for himself and the child that night, and on the following day he left his old haunts forever, taking Carrie with him.

The old man saw that the child had no home, no relatives, no friends on earth, save himself. And he resolved in his heart, that if his life were prolonged, he would thenceforth protect and provide for the wanderer.

He had scraped together a few dollars, and he procured

but he was a poor, old, lame man—poor, but a
 good man—and sure to find a home for his *protégé*
 when he lived with singularly earnest devotion.

Carrie was as happy as a lark when he told her how she
 would live with him, and be his daughter and comfort.

“An’ not go home no more?” asked Carrie.

“Not a word,” said Davy: “but I will find a home for you.
 And you shall see the green hills, and hear the birds sing,
 and be happy, always—always—with Davy.”

Carrie had lived happily in her little house at this
 moment, for she was a happy girl and merry every day.

“Davy,” she said, “I am happy, but I am not! Truly,
 thou wert easily contented!”

“Thou wert easily contented,” said Davy, “but I am not! Hope and
 faith are my wings. I am a poor, old, lame man, but I am
 a good man, and I will find a home for you, and I will
 be your father, and I will be your comfort, and I will be
 your home, and I will be your life, and I will be your
 thought not less of the morrow than she!”

“Thou wert easily contented,” said Davy, “but I am not! Hope and
 faith are my wings. I am a poor, old, lame man, but I am
 a good man, and I will find a home for you, and I will
 be your father, and I will be your comfort, and I will be
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 be your father, and I will be your comfort, and I will be
 your home, and I will be your life, and I will be your
 thought not less of the morrow than she!”

While the writer is now tracing these lines, the dreary winds of autumn are sighing mournfully around the dwellings of the poor, and the chilling air of raw October is forcing its shivering breath through the crevices left unrepaid by the negligent and crafty landlord, who never neglects to call for his weekly or monthly rent, before the breakfast hour on the morning it falls due!

"That hole in the roof, sir," says poor Maggie Sheen, "with ye've bin goin' to stop, so long—" and she hands over to Grapple the monthly stipend she has saved, in good hard silver, from her toil. "It's verra bad, sir, so it is, for the children. Won't ye plaze come in, and be lookin' at it? The rain pours in on the bed."

"Some other time—not now, Maggie. Let's see, is this right?" responds the landlord. "One cent short; never mind—recollect it next month." *And he does not forget it!*

When it rains and snows, he can not fix the breach in the old roof. When the weather is pleasant, they do not want it done, he argues. And so the children may shake with the cold, and the storms may drive in upon the bed—he does not feel it! Have these people got *beds*, too? *Some of them have!*

Oh! ye, whom Heaven has blessed with competency, and who know nothing of the gripe of Want or the stings of Poverty—ye, upon whom the sun of Fortune constantly smiles—who have *enough!*—spare from the store that God has vouchsafed to you, and *give to the destitute and needy*; remembering, that he who thus giveth to the *poor*, lendeth to the LORD!

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANTHONY BRITTAN'S WARD.

That's my sweet *Julie*! Why, upon this face,
Blushes such daybreak, one might swear the Morning
Were come to visit Tithon. * * *

—————Thy father loved me well;
And thou shalt have a dowry, to buy thy mate.

RICHELIEU.

THE father of Annie Ellson sat in his easy-chair, perusing a letter he had recently received from England. The seal upon the envelop was black, and the paper upon which the epistle was written was also edged "in mourning." Yet the intelligence it communicated was not altogether unwelcome to the obdurate parent, though it told him of the death of a distant relative, whom he had once valued.

The point most interesting to him, however, was the announcement it contained, to the effect that his deceased friend had left behind him a motherless daughter, whom the dying father had consigned to Brittan's future charge, and who would soon arrive (in charge of an acquaintance) in America, bringing with her a letter of credit from the Rothschild's, upon a substantial banking-house in New York, for the amount of the fortune her parent left her at his decease—about four thousand pounds sterling.

Julie Manning, then, the little daughter of Brittan's old

cluding Julie's patrimony, he had over ten thousand dollars at his present disposal, with which he was busily in negotiations to start for the South.

There was another consideration which powerfully influenced him in his present determination. He had believed that he was childless, and he had devoted his whole heart and soul upon which he could bestow his affections.

Anthony Brittan's *affections*!

Yet, what of father and son?—Anthony Brittan still possessed in his heart—the strength of the old man, and every letter from him in the past few months had seemed to have been addressed to her young son. He could look upon Julie Manning; whom he regarded with a new display of cordial gratulation, and to whom he volunteered the most fulsome promises.

Julie was a child—ardent, clinging, nervous in her own heart, and zealous in her devoted obedience to the dying injunctions of her dearly loved father. He had informed her in detail of his plans, before he was called away; and, relying upon Brittan's continued friendship, felt safe in committing the little one to his care, while he enjoined it upon Julie to spare no exertions to render herself welcome to her guardian, and to prove herself a faithful and dutiful ward.

She promised her dying parent all he desired, and did not fail, in the future, to redeem that pledge to its fullest extent.

Julie knew nothing of dangers in the country to which she had been thus consigned by her father, but she entertained a vague idea that the new home she had come to lay somewhere in the "land of freedom."

On this delicate point Brittan said nothing, however, in her hearing. When he was ready to leave he left, and took Julie with him.

The gentle stranger enjoyed the excitement and variety of the journey. The cities she passed through were fair and busy; the rivers over which she was borne were magnificent in her childish eyes; the people whom she met were frank and cordial and civil; and all was spring and sunshine to her delighted vision.

Brittan was attentive, indulgent, fatherly in his treatment toward her. She visited all the places of public amusement, and heard "Hail Columbia," and the "Flag of the Free," sung by thousands of happy intelligent liberty-loving men and women.

Finally they reached Kentucky, where Brittan had arranged to meet Taskem in person, to conclude certain business arrangements he had in view; and there she ascertained that these hymns were not so well known among the people!

Julie Manning was less than ten years old. The future ought to have been bright for her, for she had been carefully nurtured, hitherto, and she was a being loving, and worthy to be loved and rendered happy.

But Julie had much to learn, yet. In the now seeming clear horizon of her earthly hopes there was a cloud beyond, but she could not, did not see it!

She resigned herself confidently and implicitly to the guardian of her father's choice, and submitted dutifully to his guidance and direction.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PEACEFUL MESSENGER.

Speak *gently* to the erring!
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.

ANONYMOUS.

MR. MEEKER, the kindly-disposed goldsmith, had been on the *qui vive* constantly, since Toney's truancy, in the hope that he should hear of his whereabouts. But the boy kept out of sight mysteriously, and his friend could learn nothing of him.

At length one day he chanced to meet with a person who had heard of Ellson's family, and who directed him to Sarah for further information. He found the former neighbor of Dolly Curtain, who remembered such matters connected with the unfortunate family as served to answer Mr. Meeker's present purpose, though this woman knew nothing about Toney's affair with him.

"And you tell me that Dolly's dead, ma'am?" said Mr. Meeker, with deep feeling.

"Yes, sir—dead an' gone—more's the pity for the little gal. She was a *nice* little darlin', I'm sure; an' I'd a kep' her ef I could!"

"She is absent, also?"

"Gone off with a miserable old beggarman, that nobody know'd much of, but who came round through the street every day, here, and teased her, and finally coaxed her off. We'd a sent the perleece constable arter him, ef we'd a know'd where to sent him. But we did n't, an' so they got away entirely, and hain't bin seen sence."

"That is very unfortunate for the child."

"'Tis 'ndeed. That's what my neer says. I! didn't want no good for her; that's plain. What 'ud such a horrible creature like want with *her*, I'd like to know. No, no—you may be sure it's no good."

"And the mother?" queried Mr. Meeker.

"Oh, she's in the 'sylum. Ravin' mad crazy, they say. She wa'n't no better than other folk, but she carried her head poofy high, till she bro't down altogether; and then they packed her off to the 'sylum—the best place for sich kind of folk, I'm thinkin'."

"And the *father*," continued Mr. Meeker, "what of him?"

"Who—Ellson?"

"Yes," said the goldsmith.

"Well; ef I'd a hed that man," said Sarah, spunkily, "I'd a took every inch o' skin off av him, but I'd a made him larn better fashions."

"What became of him?"

"What come of him! The Lord knows, *I* don't. He wa'n't fit for nobuddy to care about, anyhow. He got so bad at last, 'at he did n't come home at all. An' I don't no what come of him. I s'poze he's in the jail, or the poor'us'. He'd ought to be, surtin'."

"He was an unfortunate man, I hear."

"Unfortunate!" exclaimed Sarah, warming up at the timelessness of Mr. Mecker's words. "Why, he was the drunkfullest drunkard you *ever* see. He'd drink w'en he did n't want it, nor need it, no more'n that poor old man."

"Surely he didn't *need* to drink as that poor old man?" ventured Mr. Mecker.

"Well, I don't say *that*, sir. Some times he's a *little*, I think, occasionally."

"For what purpose, pray?" inquired the goldsmith.

"Well, it's a good thing w'en you feel bad, sometimes, and need in' else 'll go to the right spot. But to be eternally swillin' it, as *he* did—"

"I never know where it's run, at all, did any good in my life," replied Mr. Mecker, firmly. "I am a total abstinence man, at all times and in all circumstances, and I know I'm better off for it, decidedly."

"But, once in awhile," said Sarah.

"*Never!*" exclaimed the goldsmith, vigorously.

"But you're a good Christian, arn't you?"

"I humbly trust that my life is not reprehensible, ma'am."

"Very good. Don't St. Peter himself say, in the Romans, that you can take a little liquor for the stomach's-ache?" asked the woman, triumphantly. "But that's neither here nor there, sir. They tried every thing with that man, an' he *wouldn't* drink, an' abuse his wife an' children; an' if I'd a had him, I'd a sent him av it, on my name, into Sally Bunn, that's all!"

"Poor man," said Mr. Mecker, tenderly; "I pity him, and I pray God he may be restored to his family yet."

"Restored!" ejaculated Sarah, while her eyes enlarged with wonder; "restore Henry Ellson! Well, that is a good 'un, to be sure. No, sir! he's clean gone—look, line, and sinker."

"Haply not, Sarah. God is merciful and all-powerful to save. Did you ever think of this?"

"Well, Mr. Meeker—if you'd a seen what I've seen with that man, you'd talk otherways 'n that, sur'n. They did every thing for him—"

"Who did all this?"

"W'y, his fren's—*her* fren's. I've seen 'em coax, an' shake, an' beat him half to death; an' they put him in pris'n a dozen times; an' old Reed us't to come down here, an' threat'n him, an' lam him—"

"I don't wonder the poor fellow was unruly, then," exclaimed Mr. Meeker, very much to Sarah's astonishment.

"W'y, they tried him *all* ways—by promisin', an' urgin', dissuashin, persuashin—"

"Did they ever try moral suasion?" asked the goldsmith, interrupting her.

"Moral suasion?" inquired Sarah, "I don't no what that is, exactly; but I tell you that they tried *every thing*. They could n't save him, an' he's gone to the dogs, I've no doubt, afore this time."

Having thus capped the climax of her heated zeal regarding Ellson's case, the woman stopped for breath.

"I have never seen the unfortunate man," said Mr. Meeker, rising to go, "but such is my faith in the power of persuasion and gentle treatment in such cases, that I do not doubt he could be saved, if rightly managed."

"You should see Harry Ellson in one uv his tantrums.

You'd change your mind, I reck'n! An angel from heaven could n't manage him—'t any rate, his *wife* was n't able to, an' they said she was as near bein' an angel as most uv 'em that you see now-adays."

"And you say you don't know, ma'am, where Ellson is at this time?"

"No. I hain't heerd a word on him for more 'n six weeks. I think, though, he 's over to west-end," said Sarah.

"West end?" asked Mr. Meeker, not appreciating this remark.

"Limbo," continued Sarah. "Leverett street—since the old lock-up 's tore down."

"I am much obliged to you for your information, Mrs. Barnes," concluded Meeker. "I shall endeavor to hunt him up, and see what *I* can do. I would much like to hear of Carrie and Toley, too. And I will get my wife to visit Mrs. Ellson."

"She 's ravin' crazy, sir!"

"Perhaps not. We shall see," said Mr. Meeker, mildly.

"I hope you 'll hev a good time with 'em, sir," said Sarah, in a low tone, as the goldsmith departed at length.

And turning to a little cupboard, as the outer door closed behind her visitor, she drew forth a black bottle, which she placed to her mouth, for the purpose of extracting from it a drop of that consoling draft recommended by her friend *St. Peter*, who advised the use of "a *liddle*, for the stomach's ache!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WANDERERS.

Life is an infant, on affection's knee;
A youth, now, full of hope and transient glee;
In manhood's peerless noon, now bright—anon,
A time-worn ruin, silvered o'er with years.

EDWARD MOXON.

THE boy Toney had been carried away from the hospitable guardianship of the good Mr. Macker, and after sundry laps and mislays, he found himself over a hundred miles distant from home, in the interior of his native State.

An honest farmer, who had heard him, upon his way, as he wandered about, asked the little fellow asked the stranger to allow him to ride along with him in his wagon. During the route toward his dwelling, which lay a mile down the valley, Toney told him his story, and the yeoman took a fancy to him.

"Go with me," said the farmer, "and if you like, I'll take you and make a man of you."

Toney was ready for any thing, now, and this chance, he thought, would suit him. So he said:

"I don't want to go back to Boston, if you please, sir, and I'll be a good boy if you'll let me live with you."

Thus a bargain was struck, at once, and the farmer wanted

just such a lad to "bring up," for help was scarce with him, and the boy pleased his eye, exactly. Toney was growing more and more the arrangement seemed a good one. No one, however, had come, when he left Mr. McDaniel's house, but a number of the rabble of the farm.

The farm was a good farm upon the bank of the Connecticut, well stocked with horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry—and, indeed, every thing that went to make up a fine establishment of its class; and Toney at once became contented and happy in his new home, where his labor was not unskilful, and he had enough to eat and to wear, without the asking.

He was but a mere lad, yet, however, not ten years old. His employer soon ascertained that he was ingenious and well-inclined. He sent him to the district school, during the school seasons, and when at home he was occupied about the house and farm, from time to time, until he came to be a stout, well-developed boy, who got to be quite useful and handy on the place.

Toney finally took to studying, assiduously, whenever he had opportunity, and he improved his mind and stored his brain with agricultural and chemical knowledge, which in after years proved of great advantage to him. He arose early, worked faithfully when he was at labor, looked sharp after his employer's interests, and finally came to be an excellent judge of the merits or faults of live stock, while his information upon all matters pertaining to horticulture, agriculture, etc., was practical and substantial.

Here Toney remained for a long period, developing in mind and body, constantly acquiring a better and more thor-

ough knowledge of the practical uses and benefits of agricultural employment, and never seeking for a change of position. He was contented, healthful, and happy, and his pecuniary prospects, eventually, were quite satisfactory, and quite commensurate with his modest ambition.

He sometimes thought of his mother, whom he supposed, at last, to be dead; and he wondered, too, at times, if his unlucky father yet existed. His employer's name was *Mettler*, and Toney, from being at first called "*Mettler's boy*," answered to the cognomen, and finally adopted it altogether, for preference. His friends were all dead, he believed, old Mr. Mettler was kind to him, and he changed his last name, and was known only as Toney Mettler, thenceforward.

He spoke of Carrie often. But in time all these early recollections passed away, and he applied himself to his calling with energy, as time passed pleasantly by with him amid his new duties.

In the mean time the rag-picker was far away from the scenes of his earlier days, and Carrie—as true, as confiding, as gentle as ever—still followed upon the aged wanderer's footsteps.

This twain had seen rough usage and harsh treatment for many a weary month after they left Boston. But Davy had been faithful to his self-imposed task, and his darling charge had been the constant and unchanging companion of his poverty, his joys, and his sorrows.

Sickness had laid its heavy hand upon old Davy since his departure, and once he had very closely approached the door of Death. But Carrie was continuously at his side. She cooled his fevered brow, and nursed him, and watched with

him; and finally, as he grew better, she read to him and sung for him, so softly and so sweetly, that he soon recovered, and they went on their way rejoicing.

Carrie studied, and old Davy had studied too. He riddled up the mechanical knowledge he had acquired in his early school-days, but which had lain dormant in his brain for many, many years. And he turned his attention to art and mechanism, and mathematical calculations, and the appliances of machinery, and at length, even in the autumn of his life, he became conversant with the details of a most useful practical invention. And all for—what?

The child had become the idol of his existence. She was the only true friend he had ever known. Every pulse of his existence beat for *her*. And for her weal, in the present and the future, he relinquished his long-followed occupation, and studied and labored, when his pretty Carrie slept, to support and educate and provide for the continuous happiness of the delicate vine that had so curiously become entwined about his aged heart.

Old Britton landed at Greenville, in the State of Kentucky, in the vicinity of which he purchased a somewhat extensive plantation, and by the aid of his friend Taskem, who came up from Memphis to meet him, he was enabled to rearrange the estate, and to make such additions to the complement of household and field-hands as he desired for his present purposes. Having managed matters pretty much to his liking, for a commencement, he sat himself down to the *enjoyments* of his entirely new sphere of life, about the details of which he absolutely knew nothing whatever.

His nature fitted him admirably for a task-master, how-

ever, had he been guided by experience, or that delectable occupation. But, for the desire of a "position" he had no possible guide, and he was bound to the fate.

He was not only ignorant, but inexperienced and very weak. His money had been exhausted (through Tom's agency) in shares and investments, and he was left alone against the annoyances and the difficulties of a new position, and faced the consequences of his rashness, and a fatal pecuniary mistake.

Thus a few years passed away, without any change in the progress of any of the events in our drama—and pursuing the course that Fate seemed to have marked out for them—quietly, but surely crushing the poor wretches, and those connected with them, the future that awaited them.

Mrs. Ellen joined in the happy regimen of the Asylum which she had expected for so long a period. She had had many lucid intervals during the last two years, and more lately, the physicians had been exceedingly wrought by the better manifestations of her case. The name of the home was at last extended to her, and she was cheerfully working in mind and body.

Her husband, after three years more of destitution and misery, had suddenly disappeared from them, and it was currently believed that he had committed suicide.

The family had been separated; the father who had temporarily deserted the children, and the mother who was separated from them, were either dead or had left the city; the circle was broken, and none knew whether the other had gone, or whether the grave or the waters had closed upon their remains.

Yet each had just begun to live!

CHAPTER XXX.

ANNIE ELLSON'S DREAM.

The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been—and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh;
————— for, in itself, *a thought*,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour!
LORD BYRON.

The relaxation of discipline, adopted in the case of Annie Ellson, was attended with the happiest results. After a few weeks she was even permitted to range over the grounds of the Asylum, without being subjected to the ordinary surveillance.

The girl sunbathed and her, and the breathing of the songsters, and the hum of the bees, brought back to her recollection the happy hours of "long time ago," when she was as free and joyful as the birds and bees that flitted about her now, as she wandered among the clumps of trees in the Asylum gardens.

A creeping ivy, which covered the walls of such looks as he fancied exceedingly; and the sound of music was sweeter than otherwise her music, to which she had been wont to turn for consolation, often, in other days, and which now proved to her a source of never-failing comfort. Her eyes fell

upon the Father's soul-soothing invitation—"Come unto *me*, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." And, "I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her."

And thus consulting His word and His promises, she became subdued and calm, and resigned with a holy resignation to the Divine will, until she blessed the Lord always, "And desired of Him that her ways might be directed, and that all her paths and counsels might prosper. For the Lord giveth all good things, and he humbleth whom he will—as he will."

And then the patient murmured a prayer, and slept. And **Annie dreamed again.**

The long-time lunatic mother fancied that she stood upon a bright green lawn, by the side of a sheet of placid water, and beyond her she saw the clear white streak of a narrow waterfall, as it gushed out from the apex of a high mass of rocks, and shot down the craggy sides of the hill like a line of snow.

On her right lay broad fields of grain and waving corn, and further on she beheld a sprightly village, dotted with houses and white buildings, with here and there a church-spire tapering up heavenward. The sun shone bright and warm on the scene before her, and the lambs were gamboling on the greensward; the birds were chanting their sonnets in the rich grove upon her left, and the sparkling trout leaped from the fair bosom of the lake in front; and all was calm, serene, and heavenly around her.

And then soft music was heard within the leafy shelter of the wood, and shortly afterward the melody increased, and the atmosphere seemed filled with angelic strains of harmony. And suddenly this died away into a softened symphony, and then a sweet familiar voice was heard above the exquisite accompaniment—in a plaintive tone:

Darling mother! come and bless us;
We have wandered many a day!
With thy soft sweet smile refresh us,
For we've roamed a weary way!
Come! and cheer us,
Mother dear!

Since the hour when we were parted,
Winters, summers, oft have flown;
God has lent us friends, true-hearted—
But our *mother*—she was gone!
Come! and bless us,
Mother dear!

Autumn's winds have oft been blowing,
Oft the lark has left the lea;
Now the Spring-tide's softly flowing,
And we fondly look for thee!
Come! and join us,
Mother dear!

It was the voice of Carrie! her own sweet child, whom she had taught to sing from her cradle. And the fond mother sprang forward to clasp the loved one to her heart, after their long separation, but the singer was not in sight, and a soft chorus succeeded.

The mother, almost frantic with joy, advanced with more cautious steps, and near the edge of the grove she encountered the figure of a rugged-faced boy—a youth of seventeen—bear-

ing in his arms a shock of ripened corn, who greeted her with gushing joy, as he exclaimed, "Mother! dear mother, behold your son!"

She started to embrace him, but the form had vanished. She turned again, and cried, "My children! T. ney—Carrie! Whither?" and a rustling near her arrested her notice again, in another quarter. She looked, and, at her feet, in suppliant attitude, she now beheld her husband. Henry—the long-lost but penitent and returning partner of her future!

"Annie, forgive!" he cried, as she fell weeping upon his manly bosom—and suddenly *awoke*, to realize that all had been but "fancy's picture!"

The morning sun was shining clearly in at her narrow window, and, in this final joyful struggle, God had kindly removed from her brain the last trace of mortal derangement, and she saw with new eyes; she heard with new ears; and she offered up her grateful thanks to him who had thus given her a fresh lease of life.

She rose cheerfully, attired herself with unusual precision and care, and, soon after the breakfast hour, she sent for the resident attending physician.

"Good morning, doctor," said Annie, composedly and pleasantly, "how do I look to-day?"

"Remarkably improved, madam," said the physician, with a smile. "Let me see," he added, taking her hand in her own, and carefully consulting her pulse.

"Your late treatment, and out-of-doors exercise, have certainly relieved you. Your pulse is good, and I am happy to see you so much better."

"Doctor," said Annie, "I feel that I am entirely recovered;

and I am now as well as I ever was in my life, though not yet so strong as I could wish to feel."

"You are surely better."

"I am *well*, doctor—well, I assure you. My mind is clear, my whole system is rejuvenated, and I *know* I am at this moment entirely recovered."

"I hope you may so find it," said the Doctor, kindly; "but we must not be precipitate, you know."

"You see I am calm, doctor. Question me. I will reply to you, and you shall judge me. It is unnecessary that you should inquire *where I am*, or how long I may have been here. I see it all. I pray you, communicate with your associates, and permit me to depart from this place at an early moment. Will you do so?"

The doctor looked in her eye, and could detect no shade of deceit or hallucination there, and said:

"Yes, madam, I will do so with pleasure."

"When shall I see you again?"

"Within the hour, Mrs. Elson," he answered.

And five minutes afterward the Doctor was with the Superintendent, relating to him the details of this remarkable and palpably favorable change.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE STRANGE RESTORATION.

Thou, God, wilt hear! Thy pangs are meant
To *heal* the spirit—not *destroy*.

STERLING.

MRS. MEEKER had called upon Annie once or twice, at the Asylum, and she found herself there, for the third time, on the afternoon of her restoration to mental health.

Her kind-hearted husband had taken so great an interest in this poor family, that she felt it a pleasant duty, at Mr. Meeker's request, to visit the wife and mother, whom she had found improving so rapidly after her first interview with her.

Annie related to her sympathetic friend the particulars of her dream, which Mrs. Meeker pronounced curious. "But," she added, "I am greatly gratified to see that you are so well to-day."

"It is the hand of God, Mrs. Meeker," said Annie, reverently. "My recovery has been gradual, and for weeks I have been rapidly gaining. But my dream was *such* a happy one! Oh! if I could but feel that this is the truthful forerunner of my future, to some extent, how happy should I be."

"Haply it may be so," said her friend.

"And so I think. For this I have long prayed in faith and

earnestness. Would that God, in his mercy, might again unite us," she exclaimed, with all her heart.

The pious Mrs. Meeker fervently responded "Amen."

"I have long been convinced," continued Annie, "that kindred spirits, separated by death or misfortune, *do* approach each other, at times when the bodily elements are least anticipating it. In our dreams, how often do we see the forms of those we love, who may have been torn from us by adversity, or who have even passed from us to the other life? How often do we seem to speak with them, and communicate with them thus, as clearly and as vividly as if we stood beside them here, in our earthly persons? Have you ever thought of this, Mrs. Meeker?"

"You are right. In our sleep this is common, I know."

"Why, then, may not they be with us when we are waking? Why are not the 'spirits of the blest, made perfect,' constantly hovering about us, though we can not see them? So it seems to me," continued Annie, "and I entertain no doubts that our absent earthly friends and relatives, who may sympathize with us, as often thus meet us at *their* sides, and see and talk with *our* spirits, as I surely did with those of my husband and little ones last night. Do you know or hear of *them*, Mrs. Meeker?" queried the mother at this juncture. "Do you hear of or see my poor husband or the children?" she repeated, with deep earnestness.

"I can only answer in reference to your husband, Mrs. Ellison. Of the children we know nothing definite now."

"And *he* is well, is he not?" inquired Annie. "And he is—that is—he—he does not give you trouble, does he?" she added, quickly, but nervously.

"No. Upon this point I have your word," replied her friend.

"Thank God! Thank God, oh, my soul!" exclaimed Annie fervently. "He is *well*, you say, too?"

"Yes, yes. But you must be calm, or we shall not be allowed to speak with you here, you know."

"Oh! I am calm, and I will be calm. Don't, I beseech you, Mrs. Meeker—do not withhold from me any intelligence regarding Henry that I may be permitted to know. Tell me that *he* is well and happy, and that he has abandoned the only habit of his childhood. Tell me that he has recovered, and that I may see—oh Henry, perhaps—yes, some time here—no! now! no! now! I'll wait, patiently, and calmly, and resign myself, and will never speak aloud!" she uttered her words, her voice to a whisper.

"He has greatly improved in his condition of health," replied Mrs. Meeker.

"And will *he* come to see me? Will they permit him to come out—and—speak to me—any more, do you think? Oh! say yes, say that!" Tell them how much I am with you—the Mrs. Meeker. You see, my friend, I am *well* now, and I will be so—oh Henry! Oh! I see!"

"By and by, then."

"Well—well—Tell me now? No! do not. Wait! Tell me when I am alone, and I will tell you all I see now presently! And I will count the hours, minutes, seconds, shall pass ere I may clasp him to my heart. Oh! my kindest of friends, could you but know how fondly we have loved, how deeply he has been wronged, and how kind he was until—until his heart was broken by his misfortune, you

could then imagine what this cruel separation costs us. I beseech you bring him here. Am I *not* well? Say, am I not calm and rational?"

"Well, then, I will communicate with your physicians, and you can undoubtedly see him soon."

"Does he know I am here?"

"No, no," replied Mrs. Mecker. "We have never told him this."

"Does he ask for Annie, then?"

"Yes; he has sought you diligently of late, but you have been too ill to see him as yet. You are now getting much better, and he will soon come, I am sure."

"Bless him! God bless and prosper him!" said the joyful wife, with her whole heart.

And very soon after this Mrs. Mecker departed from the Asylum, after repeated promises to the wife that Henry should visit her within a few days.

Upon consulting with the officers of the institution, who seemed to be satisfied that the woman was very much improved, and that there could be no apprehensions as to the result, after a proper delay, it was agreed that Mr. Ellson should be admitted to an interview with his wife, in presence of one of the doctors, on the third day following.

And Mrs. Mecker left with a lightened heart and a joyful countenance, for this decision rendered her very happy.

Mrs. Ellson had now been a charity-occupant of this Asylum for over seven long years! But she had no idea at all of this fact.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DEBTOR IN PRISON.

It might be months, or years, or days—
I kept no count—I took no note;
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free;
I asked not why, and reck'd not where!

PRISONER OF CHILON.

A FEW days prior to the scene just recorded, a man whose means were limited, but whose heart was large enough to contain a brother's sympathy for all the world who were in distress, found his way to the debtor's department of the Boston jail.

This man was Mr. Meeker, the goldsmith, who had sought out the object of his present solicitude, after long inquiry; and who had learned that day, that Henry Ellson lay incarcerated within the stone walls of a dreary prison, upon an unsatisfied execution obtained in court against him for an old debt, which he was utterly unable to pay.

The poor inebriate had descended to the very lowest ebb of adversity (by his own recklessness and folly, it is true), and he had drunk to the very dregs of bitter misery. But repentance came. He found himself on the verge of insanity, and his worn out, frightfully-taxed constitution could bear up no

longer, when his good angel stood by him, even amid the almost hopelessness of his crushing poverty and destitution, and bade him "Arise, and be saved!"

He obeyed the solemn but encouraging summons; and, though his acquired appetite for indulgence well-nigh devoured him, yet he was firm, unflinching—resolved to reform or die in the effort. Yet scarcely had he found himself upon his feet (after learning, as he soon did, that his family had been scattered), ere a lynx-eyed and rapacious creditor, who held an old judgment against him, thrust the demand imperatively in his face, and threatened him with imprisonment if it were not liquidated forthwith.

It was utterly out of Ellson's power to meet the claim, and the merciless wretch threw him into jail, where Meeker found him.

The "good Samaritan" who thus chanced upon Ellson, informed him that he came to consult with, and to aid him, if possible; and, after cautiously sounding him upon his views and his hopes, he frankly informed him that he knew something of his family and his domestic troubles; and then asked him if he did not desire to meet his wife and children.

At this friendly mention of the names of those he had once loved with all a father's and an affectionate husband's devotion, the tears rushed to Ellson's eyes, and he exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, do you know of *them*? Do you know my Annie and her little ones? Do they yet live? And shall I ever again be permitted to—to—see—and to beg their forgiveness?"

The broken and contrite spirit of the sufferer gratified his friend for the moment, for his humble manner was pregnant with promise.

"I *do* know them," said Mr. Meeker, "and I know that your wife is still *living* and *living*. But she has suffered fearfully since you saw her last."

"Yes, yes—it must be so!" exclaimed Henry. "And I did it. I was the cause of all her woe, as well as my own ruin. I am guilty—guilty—my God! *How* guilty have I been," he continued, amid his anguish.

"Look up," responded Mr. Meeker, reverently; "there is a Power that rules our fate, rough-*how* it as we will. The good God who controls us, and guides us, and who chastises with a loving hand, turns no deaf ear to the supplications of the penitent prodigal. Seek strength of Him, and your steps will be made to walk in the path that leads to LIFE!"

"I can not pray," murmured Ellison; "I dare not ask forgiveness! His Holy law has been grievously outraged, and I have sinned beyond the hope of pardon! My wife—my poor deserted, suffering, heart-crushed Annie, and her babes! Oh! see them—see them for me. Tell her I should *kill* dead at her feet to meet her now! I can't—I can not look her in the face—no, no, no!" shrieked the repentant, covering his forehead in his hands, as he wept like a child.

His friend attempted to comfort him with soothing words, but he cried aloud in his agony.

"Don't speak thus to me, sir—I can't bear it—I can't—I can't! For years and years, sir, I have been the butt of ribaldry, the scoff and scorn of my fellows. And I have never heard *such* words as these from mortal lips—save *hers*! Oh, Mr. Meeker! she was the kindest, the truest, the best of wives! God's goodness never vouchsafed a gentler being, to soothe and smooth the sorrows of an erring husband. But I

killed her—murdered her, by torments inconceivable. And she bore it all, and never turned upon me—never, never, *never!* I am cursed for this! I feel it, and I would not escape. It is my doom, my righteous, righted doom, and I deserve it. Ay! *This?* A thousand times worse than this, sir, for such monstrous treachery and brutality!”

“You have sinned, but you have suffered for your shortcomings,” added Mr. Meeker, mildly. “The lesson thus taught you, you may well profit by, if you will.”

“And do you—do you think, sir,” asked the poor man meekly, “do you think God can forgive such a wretch? Will He not—*has* He not already turned me over to the fangs of the dark Fiend, for all this sin?”

“Be comforted, Ellison. Trust in God. For ‘His mercy is great toward us, and His loving-kindness and truth endureth forever!’” responded Mr. Meeker, solemnly and tenderly.

“Oh! this is gentle and golly advice,” said Ellison, humbly. “But, Mr. Meeker, *I* can not adopt it. *I* am too great a wretch to—to—turn back. The shining door is closed against me, and I, the miserable being who, for twelve long years, have rioted in iniquity, can not now be saved! My wife and children have been ruined, my home destroyed, my name disgraced, and beggary and wretchedness *must* be their portion, and mine!”

“She does not complain,” began his friend.

“Ah! there it is again? Don’t—don’t mention *that*, for the love of God!” he cried, in deep agony, “for that is the gall of my bitterness. She *never* complained! She was all gentleness and kindness, and purity and love; and never word of reproach fell from my darling Annie’s lips, though I crushed

her amid her meek and angel-like resignation. But her father cursed us—cursed her, and me, and our babes. A father's curse, sir, but without reason. It followed us—drove her mad, and me to destruction! And yet, for all this," he continued, more quietly, at last, "she can never know, sir, how fondly I loved her, when Satan did not possess me."

"Yet she *does* know this, Ellson; and never did woman more truthfully and trustfully appreciate man's love, than does Annie yours."

Ellson was silent for a moment; and then, amid his freshening grief, he almost whispered:

"Do you think so, my friend?"

"I *know* so, Ellson."

"And do you think—it—would—would be—*possible* that Annie—my wife—would consent—*could* consent to permit me, once—only once—to—to see—that is, to speak to her, and—and—only one word, *one* word? No—no—no! I couldn't—I couldn't! One glance of those soft, gentle eyes, would blast me forever—forever!"

But his friend comforted him, and assured him that his case was not yet so desperate as he fancied. And, after an hour's further conversation, Mr. Meeker calmed the sufferer's troubled spirit, and brought him to a rightful consciousness of his situation.

"But this debt, Mr. Meeker, the claim for which I am now confined here. It is impossible for me to meet it, you see. It is a just one—I owe it, and if I live to earn the means to discharge it, I will do so to the last farthing. Yet, *here*, sir—where I have now been confined for months, because of my utter inability to cancel it—here, I can do nothing, and my

creditor is obdurate. If I could be released—if he would kindly suffer me to go out of this place, I would willingly toil to earn the money to pay him, principal and interest. I have done wrong, sir, grievously—and, I fear, almost irretrievably wrong—but I can not but think that *this* law is a mistake. How can I pay the debt while I am thus confined and crippled?”

“You are right, Ellson, on this point. Your creditor stands clearly in his own light. I say you have erred, and because you are *unable* to pay, simply, is not a sufficient reason why you should thus be deprived of your liberty, and the opportunity, if you will, to gain the means to live and to discharge this debt. This law is a palpable and oppressive mistake, as you have said.”

And truer word was never spoken.

The requisitions of the statutes in reference to the *poor debtor*, at that period, were indisputably a foul blot upon the generally fair pages of the Massachusetts legal code. They presumed *all* men to be rogues and cheats; and the moneyless unfortunate was placed on a footing only with the knave and the robber. Verily, the honest poor man is the exception, not *the rule*! And better, far better, that a hundred villains escape the penalty of their unrighteous offenses, than that the first innocent, though poverty-stricken denizen, should be subjected to the first hour of imprisonment, simply *for debt*! Since that period, our debtor's law has been improved; but, to-day, the unhappy poor man may be temporarily thrust into prison, if his poverty compels him to owe what he can not pay.

Blot out—forever blot out this infamous rule, oh! ye wise and humane law-makers of our enlightened day! Erase from

the pages of your statute-book, ye legislators of Massachusetts, every vestige of this stigma of the barbaric age. And believe that while the **very worst** use you can put a man to, is to hang him, so the *next* worst (under any circumstances), is to **IMPRISON HIM FOR DEBT!**

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A JOYFUL MEETING.

I'll tell thee a part
Of the thoughts that start
To being, when thou art nigh;
And thy beauty, more bright
Than the stars' soft light,
Shall seem as a west from the sky.

SHELLEY.

"Do you think it'll *do*, doctor?" inquired the straight-laced matron of the Asylum, appealing to the resident physician, in reference to the finally proposed meeting between Ellson and his late lunatic wife. "Do you think it'll answer yet?"

"I apprehend no inconvenience, or ill results, now," responded the doctor, kindly. "Mrs. Ellson seems to be in good spirits, and though I deem her case a most remarkable one, yet I think her mind is strong again, and I know that her pulse has got to be very regular, for I have consulted it often within a few days."

"But you know how they go off, under such circumstances. These *lovers*, and specially love-sick *wimmen*, is hard cases you know."

The matron was a "maiden lady" of five-and-fifty. She had never been married, and had been educated as a *profes-*

sional nurse. She was *au fait* in her calling, however, and possessed all the "requisites" of a woman of *merit*! This is the kind of female employed by some of the great establishments, the directors preferring "not *sanitized* women," decidedly, to those whom God has blessed with a *golly* allowance of genuine woman's sympathy.

And so the matron insisted that if *she* had the management of the case, *she* shouldn't suffer any such thing, at present; for, didn't *she* want the woman to get thoroughly well, first? Where was the use of hersein' her husband, or he assein' *her*? There'd be a *some*, of *course* there would! Such a billin' and cooin' would follow the meetin' as was rare in the 'Sylum, to be sure!

The matron not being of a very loveable turn of mind had never been troubled either with husband or lover, and consequently, she knew nothing whatever of these matters practically.

The doctor said:

"I see no harm in it, Mrs. Bray. I have given a permit to Mr. Meeker to bring his friend here, to-morrow, and I shall be present with them, at the interview. I *hope* that Mrs. Ellson will soon be able to leave the Asylum, too, and I have no doubt of it, either, now."

"Then you'll see her back ag'in in less'n a month, ten times wuss'n ever!" said Mrs. Bray, stoutly. "*I* have no doubt o' *that*, eyther!"

"Perhaps not," said the doctor, rising, and leaving Mrs. Bray to think the matter over at her leisure.

The next day, the doctor having kindly and considerately prepared Annie for the happiness that awaited her, the wife

arose from a refreshing night's sleep, and really thought that she had never felt better in her life than on this happy morning.

In the mean time, Mr. Meeker had communicated with the hitherto unreasonable creditor of Ellson, and after some considerable *pro-ing* and *con-ing*, the man concluded to allow his poor debtor to leave the prison, with the express understanding that he should "go to work, at once, and pay him up, or he would put him back again, that was all"—a process which he might have accomplished, by the way, if it afforded any particular gratification to him, but which would not have helped the discharging of his debt, very suddenly, nevertheless.

Through the continued kindness of Mr. Meeker, as soon as Henry Ellson left his late confinement, he was provided with a comfortable new suit, throughout, and after visiting the barber's, he appeared quite another sort of being. In his plain black dress, he wore the air of a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman (as he always had been while he was himself), and full of hope and joy, he at last took his friend's arm, and they walked slowly away toward the *dwelling* of his long-lost wife, whom Mr. Meeker informed him was in waiting to receive him.

Ellson had not yet been informed where Annie dwelt, though Mr. Meeker had faithfully detailed to the husband the particulars of her late and her present condition. When they halted at last before the gate that opened into the Asylum yard, where Annie was still detained, he started, looked into Mr. Meeker's face, and said with deep feeling :

"She is n't *here*, surely?"

"Yes, Ellson—Annie *is* here. She has been an inmate of

this institution for several years, and was brought hither a maniac when you first missed her—a long period since. It was the best place known for her, and here she has enjoyed the best possible care, accompanied by skillful, and, fortunately, successful treatment. Her case was thought to be a dubious one, however, at first, owing to her sickness and thorough prostration. She has now rallied, and is pronounced by the physicians to be well once more. Thank God, then, Mr. Ellson, and the liberality of those whom He has in His mercy influenced to found and support such a place—a timely and hopeful refuge for the unhappy and indigent insane.”

“You are right, my friend; I see the benefit of all this wise provision.”

“Now, then, Ellson, you will soon meet your wife, whose mind has been prepared for this interview. Be calm and firm, and do not commit any act that shall excite her nerves. And may Heaven bless and guard you both in this trying but joyful hour!” exclaimed Mr. Meeker, as they entered the building together.

Annie was sitting alone at a center-table in the inner reception-room, when the door opened softly, and her friend and kind physician came in.

“Mr. Ellson is below, Annie,” he said. He will be up directly. Do you feel very calm and collected in your mind, to-day?”

“Never better, I assure you, dear doctor.”

“And you won’t be noisy and get excited, will you?”

“Nothing of the kind, doctor. I am very strong again, and have schooled myself for this happy meeting. You see I am calm and rational—eh?”

"That is right, and I am rejoiced at your good fortune. Mr. Ellson is a fine-looking man, and is anxious to see you. I will return with him directly," said the doctor. And descending to the apartment below, he gave Ellson a few words of advice suitable to the affair of the moment, and, with Mr. Mecker and Ellson, he ascended the stairs, opened the door, and presented to the wife her loved and long-absent husband.

"*Henry!*" she screamed, with all the fervor of her soul. And the repentant sprang forward and clasped her to his throbbing heart.

"*Annie!*" responded the husband, as the big tears coursed freely down his manly cheeks. "Forgive me, Annie! forgive the author of all your bitter woe!"

And while the husband and wife were fast locked in each other's arms, there were no dry eyes in that apartment.

"God be praised for all his tender-mercies!" involuntarily exclaimed Mr. Mecker, wiping the tear-drops from his own face.

"*Amen!*" responded the good doctor, with an earnestness that showed how cordially he sympathized with the happy pair before him. And a deep silence—

"——— a silence fraught with
Joy, too big for human utterance,"

succeeded, as Annie clung to her Henry's neck, while he continued still to press her fondly, again and again, to his over-charged heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DAYLIGHT BREAKING.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad—
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet, I scarce can tell thee why,
I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

IN her brightest days, saving that an unusual paleness pervaded her features, Annie Ellison never appeared better, or more beautiful, than she did when Henry was thus presented to her.

She was very simply attired, but her pure white skin, her blush-tinted cheeks, her well-arranged dress, and her happy expression, quickly called back to the mind of Henry the joyous days of their early love; and the re-union was the more ecstatic from the perfect frankness of Annie, and her utter forgetfulness, seemingly, of herself, anxious as she was, at the very outset, to remove from the suspicions of Henry every trace possible that she ever recollected his error.

She comported herself with extraordinary dignity and propriety throughout the trying scene; and, notwithstanding the stifled fears of both the doctor and Mr. Meeker (who were witnesses of the meeting), after the first gush of passion had

escaped her lips, though she wept hot tears of glowing joy, she was as calm and composed as if her husband had but just returned to her side after a journey. And when the ebullitions of their mutual rapture had subsided, the doctor, in order to aid them out of this dilemma a little, suddenly exclaimed, in the fullness of his heart—

“Bravo! bravely accomplished, my dear Mrs. Ellson—bravely done! Let me congratulate you,” he added, advancing, and seizing the hands of husband and wife. “You are safe, Annie, and I rejoice again that you have borne this scene so well. God is good; and however assiduous may be *our* efforts for the restoration of those who are unfortunately placed under our care, to His power and beneficence are we indebted for the realization of success.”

“And to Him be all the glory!” added Mr. Meeker, impressively, as he cordially pressed the extended hands of his new-made friends.

The ordeal was a serious one, but the Rubicon was safely passed, and the joy of all the friends was complete.

“And now, Ellson,” said Mr. Meeker, “I presume our friend, the doctor, has prepared the discharge of Annie, agreeably with my suggestions to him a week since.”

To which query the doctor replied in the affirmative.

“If you are inclined, then, we will all return to my house, where Mrs. Meeker awaits us. There we can arrange for the future, at our leisure.”

Within the succeeding half hour a carriage stood in readiness at the door of the institution, to convey the happy party from its confines to light and joy and freedom.

As soon as the necessary preliminaries could be arranged,

they entered the vehicle. "To Front street," said Mr. Meeker to the driver. And the trio of friends departed for the hospitable home of the goldsmith, where Providence seemed to have thus mysteriously placed upon the track of the unlucky and down-trodden Ellson.

Mrs. Meeker received them with unaffected satisfaction and delight; and the partner of *her* joys was extremely happy, inasmuch as he felt that he had discharged his duty, and his undertaking seemed to have been crowned with success.

A neatly furnished room was appropriated to the exclusive use of the new comers, and every thing that their noble benefactors could do to render their situation quiet and pleasant and acceptable to Annie and Henry, was freely and liberally carried out.

Annie did not forget her little ones in the midst of her happiness by any means. She soon plied Mrs. Meeker and her husband with a thousand pressing queries regarding the children, their probable fate, and present whereabouts; and all the information it was possible for them to render they cheerfully gave.

Mrs. Ellson deeply regretted to learn of Dolly's death, for she felt that she had been under deep obligations to her at a time when she had no means to assist herself. But nothing could be heard of Toney or Carrie. Their continued absence affected Annie sensibly.

Henry Ellson immediately set to work to find some occupation suited to his abilities. He had no one to take him by the hand save Mr. Meeker, and he saw at a glance that himself and his wife must of necessity soon become a burden upon his generosity.

With the goldsmith's aid and influence, however, he shortly had a goodly prospect. And, making the most of his opportunity, he applied himself with assiduity and earnestness to redeem the reputation and time he had so recklessly lost; while, by his efforts, he might also be enabled to earn a subsistence, pay up the pecuniary obligations that embarrassed him, and at the same time remunerate his faithful friend Meeker for the losses and trouble to which he had been subjected in his labor of love toward himself and his.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE THEODOLITE MAKER.

This life, and all that it contains, to him
Is but a tissue of illuminous dreams,
Fill'd with book-wisdom.

HENRY TAYLOR.

OLD DAVY devoted himself, with determined diligence, to the new occupation that had taken possession of his mind; and, after close application and perseverance, at the end of two or three years, he had mastered the mechanical intricacies that encompassed the peculiar profession he had chosen, and which had originally been suggested to him by one of those trivial circumstances that occasionally occur in life, but which oftentimes lead to a development of faculties or ideas that otherwise might rest dormant and forever unimproved.

For a long time after he left the scene of his early associations in Boston, attended by his charming little Carrie, he had followed his prior calling; and in the new field into which he introduced himself, the rag-picker quickly found that he should not suffer from competition, for he was almost alone in his trade.

This fact greatly encouraged him; and by slow degrees, with Carrie's assistance, he gathered together what was to him a valuable assortment of materials with which to begin

life again. He hired a small shop upon the river street of the city where he sojourned, and depositing his rags and junk, and scraps of iron therein, he soon opened a small traffic, in his way, which at length increased to a paying business once more, for his expenses were very trifling.

Here he sat, as of old, from day to day, and after awhile found that others had embraced his original avocation, who from time to time came to him to dispose of their little wares. He bought and sold, and bargained and bartered, and found himself the master of a few dollars, surplus funds, at last.

Carrie had been at school as constantly as possible, during this period, but all her leisure was passed in the society of Davy, who continued to love her as warmly as ever, and who did every thing in his power to render her happy.

One day, among the contents of a bag of iron and brass scraps that he purchased casually, he discovered the remnants of a small instrument of curious construction, such as he had never before met with; and, instead of throwing it aside with the rest, he cleansed it, and sat down to examine it. But at that time he could make nothing of its construction or uses.

He thought it over, and finally took it to a skillful mechanic near his junk-shop, of whom he made inquiries regarding its character and probable use. This young man was an accomplished artisan, in his way. He had served his apprenticeship with a *theodolite* maker, and was now in business upon his own account, and doing excellently well.

Old Davy's manner toward this person had always been neighborly and respectful, and when he called upon him, the artisan informed him at once, that the remnant he held in his hand was a portion of one of the very instruments he was

then making for the surveying department of a new railway, about to be laid out across the State they were in.

This interested Davy, and he sat down to inquire further into the matter, the uses of the theodolite, and the profit to be acquired upon their manufacture. The replies he received were satisfactory, and he returned to his little shop again.

Here, at his leisure, he went to work to unravel the mechanical mysteries that seemed to envelop this curious little instrument; and he procured such works upon art and mathematics as subsequently proved valuable to him in his experiments. From time to time he visited his young friend again, who quickly saw what old Davy was doing, and who encouraged him, and assisted him, and taught him many things that were necessary for him to know, in order to acquit himself creditably in the art to which he had thus suddenly taken a fancy.

And so, at the expiration of three years of study and application, he had mastered the rudiments of his novel profession.

His days were passed in experimenting, or in perfecting his machines, and his evenings—with the charming Carrie at his side—were occupied with constant study of the intricacies of art and mechanism, as applied to the purposes of the compass and the telescope.

With all his ripened energies, and the natural determination of his character, old Davy continued to labor and investigate and practice the results of his scientific acquisitions for four or five years longer; and, in the mean time, the business of the younger mechanic had become greatly extended, and he had given the old man several of his surplus orders for instruments, which had been constructed with curiously accurate

precision and nicety, until at last the youthful tutor was constrained magnanimously to acknowledge, that his aged "apprentice," as he called him, was his decided master in the art!

And this extraordinary excellence had been attained by Davy in the midst of trying difficulties and excessive poverty. Yet he was naturally a mechanic; and even in his declining years, he suddenly found that there was something for him to toil and study *for*. The child whom God had placed in his charge was growing to be a woman. Her charms and her faculties were daily developing, and her wants were increasing. For *her* he labored, for *her* happiness and weal he burned the midnight lamp, and for *her* present and future good did Davy cheerfully and continuously submit to privations, hard toil, and personal sacrifices, that he might be enabled to rear and educate his lovely *protégée* prosperously, virtuously, and in the fear of the good God who had given him this jewel to gladden him in his old age.

Carrie Ellison continued to improve in beauty, and Davy had long since been able to provide her with an excellent home. He had furnished her with accomplished instructors, too, and she proved an apt scholar. And finally, she had attained her fifteenth birth-day, and, with well-developed faculties and constantly improving graces—as happy as she well could be—the former straggling homeless child, now surrounded with comforts, approached to glorious womanhood.

Davy gazed upon his beautiful charge with all a father's pride, although he had never been a father. He watched her budding charms with a commendably proud consciousness that he had been instrumental, in the hands of Providence, in bringing about the result before him.

And when he reflected how faithful, how submissive, how humble, how constant Carrie had ever been—amid destitution and want, and misfortune, which even *he* had at times been scarcely able to bear—he marvelled at her and at himself that she thus stood before him in all the honesty and innocence and loveliness of woman's purity!

He looked and wondered, but remembered his Master's promise—"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water, only—verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

And Davy was contented, prosperous, happy

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NAPPO DUROC.

'T is something—in a dearth of fame—
Though link'd among a fettered race,
To feel, at least, a patriot's shame,
E'en as I sing, suffuse my face!

BYRON.

ONE of the most striking peculiarities that meets the observation of the traveler or the sojourner in our Southern borders, is the unaffected and universal *hospitality* of the residents there upon all occasions.

The writer having passed many a month among the people of several of our slave-holding States, and having enjoyed the pleasures and the generous treatment extended to strangers, with an open hand, among the inhabitants (where the *laws* of the land, unfortunately, deprive a portion of God's people of the equity accorded to them by every principle of *right* and *justice*), feels in duty bound to speak in terms of personal gratitude of the men whose impulses are so frank and cordial, and kindly, toward "the stranger within their gates." Would to God that this noble evidence that their hearts are *not* altogether of flint, might be exhibited more in detail; and that they could be brought to realize the solemn truth in Holy Writ, that "Of *one* blood has God made all the nations, to dwell on all the face of the earth!"

In the State of Kentucky the traveler will rarely find a

dwelling closed by night or day. The liberality of her people is justly proverbial, and the wanderer within her borders can not fail to be graciously impressed with the uniform civility and cordial treatment of which he is made the recipient, constantly, as he journeys from place to place.

To this State, with all his prejudices, his animosities, his errors, and his obduracy of heart, did Anthony Brittan repair, upon quitting New England, to die out the remainder of his days in the gratification of his miserably-developed disposition to tyrannize over his supposed inferiors.

Julie Manning, his beautiful ward, was with him there, and as far as it was possible for him to love any thing, he loved and petted his orphan charge. And as Julie grew prettier and more deserving of his love, he grew to esteem her (in his way) better and better, until this erratic man called her his "little one," his "darling," and finally his "*daughter*."

Julie improved as she advanced in years. She was kind and faithful to her protector, and strove to render his new home a happy one continually. But she soon got to be discontented with her own position, and the associations that surrounded her, for she had been born in a free land; in her early education she had been taught to "fear God and to love her brother;" and she was ill at ease among the serfs that constituted her guardian's household.

Brittan had invested her patrimony in slaves. He had gone as *far* South as he thought it prudent to go, for his own reasons. In Kentucky, the heauteous "system" was not carried to its fullest extent, and Brittan could not possibly get over his predilections in favor of residing (himself) in as close contiguity as convenient to free States and free laws!

Brittan was a cautious paragon, but without he was heartless, ignorant, selfish, and naturally *a tyrant*. Taskern came to see him often, and procured "hands" for him, whenever he wanted them. Much of the time of this miserable huckster in human beings was passed at Brittan's estate, and the twain became very intimate, finally. One day the Tennessee man came upon Brittan suddenly, and rather unexpectedly.

"How are yer?" he exclaimed, as he entered the house, at Grenville. "I've got him, at last."

"Have you?" responded Brittan, well pleased with the announcement, for he had commissioned Taskern to purchase *Nappo*, if possible, the latter having sold Brittan's old servant immediately upon his return with him to Memphis, subsequently to the recovery of this piece of "property" in Boston.

"So you 've found him?" said Brittan, "eh?"

"Yes. It took a heap o' money to buy him back, though," replied Taskern, as usual, preparing Brittan's mind a little, previously to swindling him in the price; a trick which the huckster performed regularly whenever he furnished Brittan with an additional hand.

"Well, Taskern, as I've always told you, I cared nothing about that. I *want* that boy, and I'm willing to pay for him; that's all. How much?—eh?"

"Well, he's smarter 'n lightning, that Nappo. I sold him when I got back from that cussed Puritan hole, Boston, for eight hunder'd dollars. But he could do every thing—any thing, as it turned out, an' his new master soon found this out, yer see. W'en I wanted him ag'in, he wouldn't sell. I've been a tryin' fer 'im these two year 'n more. 'T last, he got a little lame, an' his owner gin him up."

“Good! At how much?”

“I thought yer *wanted* him, enny how, an’ though I can git more for ’im, I shall put him to yer at jist his cost and freight up river, yere; seventeen hundred and forty dollars,” said Taskem, without wincing.

He had bought Nappo back, at auction, in Natchez, five weeks before, for three hundred and fifteen dollars! But this was only one out of many similar “good bargains” that Taskem had “accommodated” Brittan with, after he reached Kentucky!

Nappo had lived too long in Massachusetts to submit tamely to the yoke and scourge together, upon his return to bondage, and he had proved a most unprofitable servant to the parties to whom he had been sold in the last few years. Taskem kept his eye on him, however, in the hope that he would *improve*, so that he could make something handsome by his subsequent purchase of him. But the boy grew worse, instead of better, and at length Taskem snapped him up at a venture, with a view of disposing of him to his old master, Brittan.

But Nappo hated both Taskem and Brittan with a supreme hatred. He was sufficiently intelligent to see, at the outset, that they had connived together to force him back into slavery, for he felt certain that if his former master in Massachusetts had been so disposed, he could easily have saved him. He had secretly sworn that he would be avenged upon the slave-hunter at some time or other; but Taskem did not know or care for this. As to Brittan, he had forgotten the part he had taken in the matter originally. But Nappo, though he might *forgive*, did not *forget* his injuries.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BRITTAN'S KENTUCKY HOME.

The law by which God governs the universe is a law of *progress*. * * *
Slavery is *sectional*; liberty is NATIONAL!—ROBERT RANTOUL, JR.

NAPPO, with the memory of his wrongs keenly upon him, became desperate, fractious, unruly, and difficult to manage. He created disturbance and mutiny among his slave associates wherever he went. He was whipped, and starved, and bruised, and maltreated; but all this made him worse and worse, until his reputation came to be such that nobody would buy him to retain him in their service.

Taskem took care not to allude to all this in Brittan's presence, however, though he was well advised of it.

"*Lame*, did you say?" queried Brittan.

"Yes, slightly—none to hurt, though, I reckon," said Taskem, deceitfully.

"How came it? Is it permanent?"

"Nuthin' o' the kind. Yer see, w'ile yer had the boy up in the Bay State, yer let him run to his own head; an' w'en he came back, he did n't know edzactly w'at he'd got to do. So they larrup'd him a little—jess for exercise like, an' his own good, yer see—nuthin' more—an' he soon comes to his senses. But he tried his old trick o' runnin' away, a year ago,

and fell off the levee on to the edge of a sunk flat-boat, an' hurt his ankle. It'll soon be all right ag'in, how'ever, an' yer can manage him better'n any body else, 'cause yer know him through and through, yer see," continued Taskem, stopping to take breath.

"Oh, as to the managing part," said Brittan, laughingly, "I'll take care o' *that*. He's as afraid of me as if I were the devil him self. I'll see to all that. And if he's obsequious with *me*, I'll break every bone in his infernal black skin, do you mind?" concluded Brittan, indignantly.

"So yer can," said Taskem. "There's no law ag'in that, *yer*. Yer couldn't do that, yer see, in the country where yer came from, eh? Not by no means. But yer ken do it 'ere, an' no questions asked. And that's one o' the beauties of the "system," too—arn't it? All it wants is *pluck*—that's all! Some of our proprietors is mealy-mouthed, and indulgent, and scared at a ugly nigger. Gi' *me* the men as can stand up to his rights—the rights that the law gives us, an' no lean'king! Such a man as *Lewis*, fer instance, ef occasion calls for it."

"Lewis?" said Brittan, "who 's he?"

"W'y, Jefferson's nephew."

"I don't remember," said Brittan, again.

"Wal, he lived yere in Kaintucky, an' he hed a nigger that smashed a mug or vase, or somethin' o' that sort; an' so Lewis took an' locked up all his niggers in one room, at night, an' told 'em—'Now,' sez he, 'boys, look yer! Tom's bin a smashin' glassware, an' I'm goin' to make a 'sample' uv him fer the benefit uv the rest uv yer, ef yer ain't keerful.'"

An' Lewis jess took and tied Tom to a block, in the middle

o' the floor, an' chopped him to death with a ax—a *sharp* ax, I s'poze it was—an' throw'd the pieces uv 'im into the fire, afore the other niggers' eyes!"

"Wlew!" exclaimed Brittan. "Well, that was rather too savage. I could n't do *that*!"

"Could n't? W'y, p'raps you won't *lev* to do it," said Taskem, mechanically. "But I tell yer there's nuthin like *pluck*—nuth'n."

"Where is Nappo, now?" queried the Englishman.

"In the jail, close by."

"In jail?—what for?"

"Oh, nuth'n. That's where we allers put 'em, yer know, when we get 'em so fur north as this. That is, *I* allers do, fer safe keepin'."

"Well, I will give you your price for Nappo."

"All right, Brittan. I'll lev him 'ere to-night," said Taskem; and he retired to get the property, which was rather troublesome to him, and which he was anxious to get rid of.

Nappo's lameness was the result of a broken limb. A former master, in Louisiana, had had him seized up for some trifling offense, and had set another stout negro to flaying him for his misdemeanor. Nappo broke away, and afterward crushed the jaw of the slave who had whipped him. During the *mélée* he had been thrown down a flight of stairs, where he broke his leg. *This* owner immediately afterward got rid of him. He was very soon sold again, however, and again and again. No one could manage him. And lastly, Taskem purchased him at "public vendue," and Brittan became his *fortunate* owner, at seventeen hundred round dollars.

This—this in our boasted "land of freedom!" The Lewis

affair, hinted at by Taskem, is a matter of history. And there exists in America, men—that is to say, beings—human beings, whom God has blessed with common intelligence—who justify their fellow-men in thus oppressing and crushing out the hopes, the very lives, of their darker-skinned brothers.

In certain places a resort is had, with perfect impunity, to the vilest and extremest tortures to “break in” the refractory unfortunates that fall beneath the ban of the slaveholder. And the free North and Northern men exclaim, regarding slavery, “It is the law—we will *acquiesce*.” While the cringing, fawning, lying sycophants, who live by the bread of politics, back up this sentiment (for office) and tell us that *this* is the criterion by which we may judge of their “national” *democracy*!

God be praised that the day for the belief in such cant and hypocrisy, such injustice and ignoble deceit, such base and flagitious sentiments, is rapidly passing away, and that the AMERICAN PEOPLE, as a great and powerful *nation*, are setting their faces like a flint against this accursed system of brutality, and its defenders.

Let the Church of Christ arise in its might and power to maintain and support the action of the great mass that is moving in opposition to this curse of our fair land! Let the ministers of the Holy Gospel stand up like the prophets of old, and “cry aloud, and spare not,” until our country shall, in *reality*, BE FREE—until, throughout all this land, in deed as truly as in words, “Liberty shall be *national*!”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A QUESTIONABLE INVESTMENT.

Oh! *who* so base as not to feel
The pride of freedom once enjoyed—
Though hostile gold, or hostile steel,
Have long that bliss destroyed?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"Knock him down!" shouted a stranger.

"Wot's the use? He'll pick himself up faster 'n ten men could knock him down, dam 'im!" cried another individual, roughly, in reply. "Don't *mark* him, though. I don't want him hurt, yer see, 'cause I've sold him, and the proprietor's pertick'lar. There! that'll do better. *Choke* him. That'll do. They can't see the marks o' that, down so low. That's it. Now hold hard, and I'll put these ruffles on his wrists."

Between the two men, and struggling fiercely, *not* to get away, but apparently to get at the second speaker, could be seen a large brawny-armed negro, who halted along as he struggled, and showed a lameness in one of his legs. It was our old acquaintance Nappo, whom Taskem had released from the jail, and whom he had provoked, in some way, as the slave came out of his prison-house.

"Now, come along!" bellowed Taskem, threateningly. "Wot the devil do yer suppose *I* care about w'ether yer like

him or no? I've sold yer to him, an' I hope he'll make y' a infernal black head in fer yer, after yer out *my* hands. There's all the good I wish fer yer, yer wicked devil's ing."

Naggo did not utter a word. The Irishmen were upon him—a sort of white men having come to Taskem's aid—and he was silent, and moved away at last between his two rough keepers.

Naggo had learned some other matters, while he was living in free Massachusetts, which he had not forgotten, and which he had experienced the full force of after his return to Tennessee; and among these was the fact, that under no circumstances, however greatly a negro may have been outraged, or maimed, or brutalized, he can not (nor can any slave for him), be a witness in any court of justice in any action against his white master.

Therefore, while he might be beaten and cuffed and strangled by Taskem, he knew that there was no redress for him legally; and, as he had no command over his passions, he turned upon the slave-catcher with the intention of carrying out his prior promise to be "even wid him, some day or 'nudder."

As is usually the case, however, poor Naggo came off "second best." He was rudely handled, hand-cuffed, and driven along toward the residence of Brittan, whom he despised beyond measure for his duplicity and treachery toward him on a former occasion.

"I've handed him to the overseer in the yard," said Taskem, when he entered Brittan's house at length, immediately upon arriving there; "an' I told him what he might calculate on ef he didn't go strait. He's got an idea into his head that he'd rather work on a sugar plantation than come

up yere 'mong the terbacker. But he'll come round all right, and yer'll find him a tip-top hand, I've no manner o' doubt. Yes, thank'ee; that's right," continued Taskem, counting the money.

"An' yer say yer've got 'nuff ov 'em, now?"

"Yes," said Brittan, "for the present."

"There's a gal down 't St. Louis 'at I can get—a nice one, as washes well, does up mus-lins, braids, works 'troidery an' hair, and is smart and strong, ef the young lady here would like such a one," added Taskem, insinuatingly, alluding to Brittan's ward.

It was a good suggestion (for Taskem)! And Brittan told him, when he came up the river again, he might fetch her along. The slave-hunter departed that evening, leaving Nappo behind him.

Brittan sent for Nappo to come to him. After some delay the poor fellow entered the house, and stood in presence of his tyrant-master, whom he had not seen for many a year. Nappo had grown to be a stout man, and he was now nearly five-and-thirty years of age.

"Well, Nappo," said Brittan, with a hypocritical attempt at being civil, "how do you like your new situation, eh?"

Nappo made no answer.

"Arn't you glad to get back with your old master, Nappo?"

"No!" said the slave, sulkily.

"No?" continued Brittan. "Why I'm astonished! Did n't I always treat you well?"

"No!" said Nappo, firmly.

"*When* did n't I treat you well?"

"Never!" persisted Nappo.

"Why, so help me God, you're the ugliest, blackest, miserablest devil it was ever my misfortune to come across in the whole course o' my life! What d' you mean, Nappo?"

"I mean, Massa Brittan," said Nappo, raising his head and his hand at the same moment, "I mean dat when you *could* hab saved Nappo you *did n't*; dass all. An' for dat—f'r *dat*, Massa Brittan, God a'mighty nedd'r'll forgib' yer, an' I won't nudder, ef he do, *any* how—dass a fack!"

"Why you ungrateful black-a-moor," exclaimed Brittan, warming up as he spoke, "did n't I keep you thirteen years in my house, and pay you—pay you wages?"

"Yis, an' I arnt my money."

"Shut up your mouth! I fed and clothed you; and I've *bought* you, now, to treat you well, if you deserve it. If you don't, I'll *make* you do it, that's all—remember. I'll flog you within an inch of your life. I'll pay you off for all your old tricks on me, you black thief! I'll have you scored and thrashed till you 'come to your milk,' if you show any sulks to me! And I'll let you know that you can't come none of your insolence and dam nigger nonsense *here*, do you mind!"

"Yer *can* whip me, sah. De law lets you do dat, and dere's no 'pealing *here*."

"*Appeal*? I'll peel the skin off your back!"

"So you can, sah."

"And put you in—in—pickle, afterward!"

"Wal, an' I won't holler, nudder—see 'f I do, sah. I may die, but ef I *don't*, de man dat strikes de blows muss look out for hisself, dass all!" said Nappo, calmly.

Brittan looked at the stalwart negro, who stood fully six-foot-two in his shoes, and he saw that he was a very different

sort of "animal" to what he had been, and what he expected to find him. And he began to wish that he had his seventeen hundred and forty dollars back again in his pocket, and that Nappo was seventeen hundred and forty miles distant from him at the least!

However, it would not answer for Anthony Brittan—the lordly, aristocratic, bull-headed proprietor of a Kentucky plantation, and nearly fifty negroes, to show the white feather.

So he said, as firmly as he could—for he really did not like the glistening in Nappo's eye—"Go to work, then, Nappo. Beck 'll direct you. And nobody 'll abuse you if you're civil."

"I don't cal'late dey will," said Nappo, retiring, and evidently determined in his own heart upon some desperate move at an early opportunity!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CATASTROPHE.

What ruin glares! What carnage swims!
Wretches, who, wading—half in fire
From the toss'd brands that round them fly—
'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire
MOORE.

ABOUT a year after Toney Ellison (or rather Mettler) had begun to take the lead on Mr. Mettler's farm, his benefactor suddenly took sick, and died in a very few days thereafter. The property was soon disposed of, on account of the quarrels of the heirs, and Toney found himself out of employment, with scarcely fifty dollars of money in the world.

Though he had repeated and generous offers to remain in the vicinity, he declined them all, having determined to proceed to the Western country and establish himself somewhere, where he could do better, pecuniarily, in the end, as he believed. And so, without much delay, he put his resolve into execution, and arrived at Wheeling, Virginia, *en route* to Ohio or Illinois.

Here he remained a few days, and sought the readiest and most economical mode of conveyance upon his contemplated journey. Competition among the steam companies, at that period, was rife, and every stranger who approached the land-

ing at the levee was importuned by the "runner" in the employ of the different lines, to proceed by his favorite boat.

Taney looked about him, admired the different superb river structures that he saw, and at length directed his baggage—a single trunk only—to be carried on board the boat he finally selected from among half a score, then ready ready to start.

He chose a berth in the splendid steamer *Champion*, then about to proceed upon her second trip only, from Wheeling to New-Orleans, and "way-stations." The warmer season had nearly closed, and the weather in that region was getting sharp and crispy in October. The *Champion* was bound to Cincinnati first, thence to Louisville, and so down the Mississippi, stopping, as is the custom, at these large cities to add to her freight and passenger-list.

She was a very beautiful boat, of the latest model, and of the better class of high-pressure "palaces," which are, at the present day, so common upon the waters of the great West. Upon leaving Wheeling, the river was unusually high, and a large complement of passengers joined her from the East, anticipating a good run and a pleasant trip down the Ohio and Mississippi.

Among the second-class passengers there were some three hundred emigrants, chiefly Germans, on board, who were bound to the farming grounds and prairies of Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, many of whom comprised respectable families, possessing no inconsiderable amount of ready gold, and furniture and tools of an excellent description.

It chanced, at the hour the *Champion* sailed from her starting-place, that two other fine boats, of a similar class, but which had been in the trade some few years the longer, came

out from their moorings at the levee, and shot down the river in company with the Champion. They were rivals of each other, the Crescent and the Dart, and both were in opposition to the line to which the Champion belonged. The owners of the former steamers had given their masters and pilots directions to "head off" the new candidate for public favor at every possible point, and in every way in their power, and the consequence was what might have been expected—the Champion's commander resolved to hold his own, and beat his opponents in the downward trip, or, to use his own expression, "he would never see New Orleans again!"

At Marietta, the first halting-place of the boats, the Champion was first to make port and get away. At Burlington, the Dart was in sight, and the Crescent was close by, as the Champion again wheeled away in gallant style, still leading her excited followers. The thick black smoke that gushed continuously from the tall chimneys of one or other of the rivals, showed plainly to those who were accustomed to travel upon the western rivers, that the engineers and firemen were emphatically busy on board, for, night and day, every hour and every moment of time from the outset, there had been no cessation in their crowding on steam, each, like his rival, firmly resolved to win the race.

It is a singularly strange feeling, the sensation that takes possession of the passengers, at such times, on board these too often destruction-bent craft. We have traveled the entire length and breadth of these rivers, in all kinds of conveyances, from the sluggish and tide-moving flat-boat to the twenty-mile-an-hour steamer, and have seen all sorts of "accidents" there, from the smash-up at the levee, by cool premed-

itated collision, to the sinking by stages, and the explosion of boilers, and we never yet met the body of passengers on those waters who, ten minutes after any such catastrophe, were not ready to draw their purses for a subscription-plate to the captain, or who would not (or, at least, many of them, amid the excitement) hold down the safety-valve, at the risk of being blown into eternity, rather than a rival should pass them on the water, or "wood up" and get away one minute in advance of the boat they chanced to be on board of. We repeat, it is *strange*, yet this is truth to the letter.

The Champion arrived in safety at the Queen City, Cincinnati, and half an hour afterward the other two boats came puffing up to the levee there, almost side by side. The new steamer was justly the favorite in the race, thus far (if there were any merit in the competition at all), and the passengers and crew were intensely excited as they thus proceeded on, at a break-neck rate, toward the Mississippi River.

Some were for continuing straight forward without halting at this regular stopping-place, since they now had got eight or ten miles the start of their rivals, but the captain was obliged to halt here.

The three boats got off together again, however, in a brief space of time, and without much loss of steam, though the terrible laboring of the machinery on board the Champion showed with certainty that she was taxed to the last tension of her capacity.

Amid the cheering of the rival agents and the numerous friends of the three boats, who crowded the edge of the river, or stood upon the decks of the steamers that lay at the levee, away went the competitors, side and side for a mile or two,

But the Champion soon showed her two companions her rudder-post, shooting ahead sharply at a short lead in the stream below Cincinnati, leaving the Crescent and Dart emphatically behind in her frothy wake, as she boomed on over the glassy surface of the Ohio, at an eighteen-knot rate, while the dingy stream that rushed from her smoke-pipes gave certain evidence that the price of *rosin* was of but trifling consequence in the estimation of the Champion's managers!

As the boat approached the first small town on the river's margin, below Cincinnati, the captain stepped to the engine-room.

"Give her all she'll bear, Crawford," he said, in a voice of excitement; "give it to 'em to the last moment. They're driving us like devils, but our reputation is at stake, and we must n't be beaten."

Then rushing to the firemen, he yelled, "Pitch it in, boys, pitch it in!" And an increased action was quickly afterward discernible in the evolutions of the wheels.

The desperate commander hastened to the lever of the safety-valve, that had latterly been trembling up and down, and grasping the arm firmly, he resolved that no steam should be suffered to escape until he was out of sight and sound of the Crescent and the Dart!

Away danced the splendid new steamer, and on came her pursuers, thundering down stream at a fearful rate. There were six hundred souls on board the former—emigrants, merchants, farmers, gentlemen, ladies, and children, four fifths of whom were upon the decks straining their eyes with gazing on the boats behind, and riotous with the thrilling excitement of this anxious occasion.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The weather had moderated, and a fine warm day had been enjoyed on land. As they stood off the town, and were just abreast of its most thickly settled portion, while a hundred people at least ran to the river to witness their progress as the rivals passed by, a tremor shook the foremost steamer for an instant, the pilot gave her nose shoreward a trifle, that her admirers might have a better view of her performance, and in the next instant a terrible crash succeeded, the decks and sides flew widely upward, five hundred men and women mounted into the air, and shattered fragments of iron, and wood, and flight, and the Champion rolled in shoreward—a mass of burning, smoky, crumbling ruins!

The shouts that rent the air, the frightful screams of the wounded and the dying, the terrible scene of devastation and ruin that filled the water in every direction, once seen, could never be forgotten.

CHAPTER XL.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

In storm, and flood, and all decays of time,
In hunger, plagues, and man-devouring war;
In lazy dreams, that clog each task sublime
In loveless doubts of Truth's unsetting star;
In all—TRY Spirit will not cease to brood,
With vital strength, unfolding all *to good!*

STERLING.

OF the five hundred (and more) persons who took passage upon this ill-fated boat, less than three hundred were found, and many of these were so burned and scalded, and bruised, that they died soon afterward, on shore.*

Young Toney chanced to be standing upon the promenade deck, beside the wheel-house, when the terrific explosion occurred; and though as a second-class passenger he had no right to be there (by the rules of the boat), yet, to this clearly Providential circumstance he owed his preservation; for not one of the circle with whom he associated on board, during the passage down, and but very few of the other emigrants, reached the shore alive.

* In the case of the steamer *Moselle*, that burst its boiler on the Ohio, a short time after the above narrated accident, some *three hundred* souls were dashed into eternity, at a moment's warning, through the recklessness of those who managed, and who perished with her, at the time!

When Toney struck the water, a moment after the crash came, he heard a frightful shriek near him, and almost instantaneously he found himself locked in the frantic embrace of a young female, who besought him to save her. He was a good swimmer, fortunately, as well as a stout, robust fellow, and he quickly passed one arm about the girl's waist, and made for the shore.

Had he been never so well inclined to release himself, the task would have been too difficult to accomplish, for the frightened young lady clung to Toney with an almost certain death-grasp, amid her terror and peril; and he swam and struggled shoreward with all his might, lest in the midst of her alarm and distress they should sink together!

The sight from the shore was a terrible one, truly! The surface of the river, for a quarter of a mile or more, was covered with the dead, wounded and dying! Bales of merchandize on fire, boxes of goods staved, barrels and casks, broken furniture, fragments of the wreck, and portions of human bodies, floated in all directions—the sad remains of the *Champion*, her passengers, crew, and freight!

Poor Toney having reached the landing in safety with his fair burden, immediately rushed to the rescue of other unfortunates, and succeeded in saving a score of sufferers. When all was over, he stood upon the Kentucky shore, houseless, almost penniless, and alone, a thousand miles from what he called his home, with no living soul that he knew to turn to for counsel, or for means with which to go forward, or to return!

"There he is! That's him—this is he, sir!" rang out the voice of a young woman, rushing toward Toney at this moment, while the boy was mourning of his loss and his troubled

prospect, and, turning about to ascertain what this exclamation meant, he encountered and quickly recognized the girl he had borne from the water, who was clinging to the arm of a strange gentleman, who, like himself and the young lady, was still dripping in his wet clothing, and had evidently been saved from the wreck of the *Champion*.

This gentleman called himself Anthony Brittan, a man of substantial means, and said to be a prominent planter and *agriculturist* in the State of Kentucky, who was on his way home from Cincinnati, in company with his ward.

The stranger advanced quickly to the young man's side, and thanked him, in good round Kentucky English, for the service he had rendered him in saving his daughter's life. Toney appreciated the gentleman's remarks, and replied:

"It wasn't so much what I did, sir, as what the young lady accomplished herself. I couldn't very well help saving her, if I saved myself, for she fortunately clung to my neck so strongly that I couldn't have got away, if I would! I am happy, indeed, though, to have aided her. *I* have lost every thing but life," he added; and then, in his humble way, he told his own story to old Brittan (whose name he had long since forgotten, and whom he had no idea he had ever seen before in his life), and he sympathized with the boy, on account of the friendly earnestness that Julie, his ward, evinced in his behalf, more than for the service he had so nobly performed, or for the destitute condition in which he found him, which the selfish man considered no possible affair of his!

However, he took Toney along with himself and "daughter" to the nearest hotel, where the young man subsequently explained himself more fully, and where Brittan learned, for

the first time, that he had been brought up on a Connecticut river farm.

The grasping Brittan ascertained, upon further conversation with him, that the youth was intelligent and well informed upon general subjects, and he finally invited him to go home with him, where he promised him employment, if he desired it. It was a most acceptable proposition to Toney, who accepted the offer unhesitatingly.

The other two boats—the Crescent and the Dart—came down upon the scene of the wreck, and such was the headway they were under that they did not halt until they were nearly a mile below the town. Both boats let off steam instantaneously, however, and returned to the spot where the ruins and the passengers of their late rival were floating in the water. They afforded all the aid in their power, and finally went on again, earnestly vying with each other—ere they were out of sight of this awful scene—in making the port of St. Louis first!

On the evening succeeding the disaster, Brittan turned his steps homeward. Toney accompanied him for the purpose of taking charge of the agricultural portion of his estate, to which a considerable share of Brittan's attention had latterly been turned. The young man soon found—although he had serious difficulties to contend with among the slaves on the place—that the prospect before him was promising.

Old Brittan had never seen this boy but once, and then, it will be remembered, only for a moment, in company with Dolly, who took the two children to his house. He did not afford the woman the opportunity then to pronounce their names, and he never knew or cared what they were, so that

CHAPTER LXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

THE intelligence of Anthony Brittan's death was some time ere it reached the Ellsons, but it did not for that reason fail to make a serious impression on the little circle at E——. Enclosed in the doctor's letter announcing the event, was one from the misguided man himself. It was as follows:

"Long ere you receive this I shall be no more. Ten o'clock I die. It is now midnight, and I write this letter with a dim perception of duty. My life has been a miracle. Those who could have rendered it happy and peaceful were by some strange fatality the objects of my continued wrath. I have estranged myself from all who should love me. I know it now, and feel it deeply, deeply. My life has been one of violence, my death will be the same. I have no alternative. Beggary and worse than that, disgrace, stare me in the face.

"Farewell! I have wronged you all—deeply, wickedly, wronged you! Think of the heavy penalty I pay for my transgressions, and forgive—**FORGIVE**

ANTHONY BRITTAN."

The Ellsons were greatly shocked, particularly Aullie and Julie, and it was some time ere they recovered their usual

gayety. Time, the great healer of all sorrows, assuaged their grief at last, and the memory of Anthony Brittan dwelled with them in fondness and love. Young, generous natures, are forgetful of injuries.

Tommy, with his beautiful wife, lived happily in the house he had erected at "Silverpool." The character of the soil, and his admirable cultivation of it, won for his farm quite a local reputation. In a few years, however, there was something more than the crops to attend to. A cluster of youngsters nestled round his knee, and clothed the father in a holier love.

Mr. Ellson was doing remarkably well at his new place, and every one with whom he had business was pleased with him and his management. The tranquil joy of Annie at being again re-united to those she loved so dearly, gladdened her declining years with the rich glow of an autumnal sunset. She now knew indeed what was happiness. The Ellsons frequently heard from Mr. and Mrs. Meeker, who constantly corresponded with them after they left Boston, and who continued to live on quietly, prosperously, and happily, and never omitted the opportunity to do all the good they could, in their humble way.

Katty and Nappo were safe, in Canada, beyond the reach, now, of arrest. They made excellent servants, and had no difficulty, even in a free country (where the slave-owner can not conceive how the poor "niggers" can live!) in procuring a plentiful subsistence, and even in laying by something (as *these two fugitives did*), "for a rainy day."

Davy never recalled the scenes he had passed through (not forgotten, however), in which Henry Ellson figured, years

before, to such disadvantage. He kept his own counsels, and was rejoiced to observe that the once unfortunate man had totally reformed, and that he was now, again, a kind and faithful and loving, as well as a repentant husband.

Time passed on. Charlie Wells grew more suspicious every day. He was a handsome young man (with whiskers too). At length he threw off all disguise, and boldly offered Carrie his hand, which she kindly accepted, provided Davy would consent to the marriage. Charlie was in a good business, at last, by means of his father's aid, and he was not refused when he respectfully appealed to old Davy for his consent to take Carrie away.

"How old are you, Charlie?" asked Davy.

"Past twenty-one, sir."

"How long past, Charlie?"

"Almost a fortnight," said Charlie, humbly.

"Well—well," said the old man, "you're old enough, I suppose, and Carrie loves you almost as well as I love her. I shall not refuse you, but I shall insist upon applying one condition to your marriage."

"What is that, sir?"

"I have said, Charlie, that I would not give up this property while I am living: and I won't. But this estate is Carrie's—all of it—nevertheless. I've made out the deed, and my will is ready for record. But I can't vacate my little house—at present. Now, you may go to work on the hill, yonder, and you shall erect such a cottage as pleases your fancy and Carrie's tastes, and I will pay for it. It shall be yours and hers. And when it is finished I will furnish it for you, for Providence has blessed me with ample means, and it

is all Carrie's—all her's, Charlie—all, when I've done, you see."

"You are *very* kind, my dear sir," said Charlie, gratefully. "I had no expectations like this, I assure you!"

"I don't believe you had; and if I thought, for a moment, that you sought my Carrie's hand with any mercenary motives, I should long since have forbidden you to approach her. No, Charlie, I am satisfied that you love her *for herself*; and she is worthy of you. I know, also, that she loves you, and therefore I consent to your union. Build your house, then; and, when all is ready, take her!—and may Heaven bless you!"

It was a hard thing for Old Davy to give Carrie up, but he would not put himself between her and happiness; and so he said:

"I shall see you often, Carr!—very often; always, every day. You will be happy with Charlie, for he is a good boy, and I shall always be near you, in the little cot, here. Take him, and God bless you!"

Toney took charge of the boy Butli, and put him in training for a farmer; and the little fugitive did not disappoint him, but proved himself in every way worthy of the favor of his benefactor, who never permitted him, after he came to "Silverpool," to call him "massa" again.

The cottage was finished and furnished with incredible rapidity, and another party came off now, at Ellen's dwelling, in the village. It was the wedding-party of Charles Wells and Carrie Ellison, who were united in marriage at the residence of her parents, and who immediately afterward took

possession of their pretty place on the hill-side, which Carrie christened the "*Cacale House*."

"Bless them! God bless them!" exclaimed good old Davy, with all the earnestness of his fatherly heart, as they finally departed for their cottage home. "God bless my darling Carrie, and may she never hereafter know a pang of sorrow!"

THE END.

he suspected nothing in the name or the person of *Toney Mettler*!

Our pseudo planter was agreeably astonished to find, very soon after Mettler's arrival at Greenville, that the young man had been excellently well educated as an agriculturalist (as most good "Yankee" farmers are, by the way), for he saw that his new foreman took hold of the work in which he had been in previous years so thoroughly skillful, right earnestly, and there was no part of the business that came within his province that he did not fully understand, much better than any one whom Brittan had yet met with in the profession.

The live stock of the farm quickly exhibited ample improvement under his care. The crops were judiciously and economically cultivated by him. His success and his industry were astonishing. The harvests were gathered skillfully, and the farming portion of Brittan's estate got soon to be noted for its peculiarly thrifty and fine appearance in comparison with others in the county. And when winter came, Toney sought out the best markets, far and near, and obtained for the produce of his labors and excellent management the **very highest prices invariably.**

And thus two years passed away from the time when young Mettler (as Toney continued to call himself) was so singularly thrown into the family and the employment of Anthony Brittan, his unknown grandfather!

CHAPTER XLI.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Thou dost speak masterly,
Young though thou art!

* * * * *
What *kind* of man is he?
Why, of *man-kind*.

SHAKESPEARE.

"WELL, now, yer don't mean to tell me *that*, Mettler, do yer. Yer don't mean to say that they ain't the best kind o' labor in the world ef they 're managed right, do yer?"

"You and I won't agree, Mr. Taskem," replied Toney, who had been conversing with the slave-hunter, in reference to the prospects of Brittan's Kentucky estate, for an hour. "You and I can never look at this subject with the same eyes. What I know, I *know*," continued Toney, firmly, "by practical experience; and I mean to say that I wouldn't accept the services of any three of Brittan's hands—these poor, groveling, cowered, unambitious, forsaken wretches—for one respectable Yankee freeman, for *my* uses, here."

"Cowered? forsaken? groveling?" said Taskem, repeating Toney's words. "W'y, Brittan's got a dozen niggers yere 'at cost him a thousand dollars apiece; an' they 're the best in the State o' Kaintucky. *I* sold 'em to him, an' don't I know what a good nigger is? There 's Nappo—"

"Very true—Nappo is an exception. Nappo is a good hand."

"He's the meanest nigger in the place, an' the *worst* one I ever seen in my life," insisted Taskem. "Ef I could hav afforded to keep him, it would ha' done me good to br' hed him where I'd a make him lucky to it," repeated Taskem, with a rub-oach. "Nod oly can live with the cuss, no Low."

"I have found no difficulty whatever with him," insisted Toney, mildly. "He comes and goes at my bidding, cheerfully always, and would lay down his life for me at this moment, if such a thing were necessary, I have not a doubt. *He* has known the blessings of freedom, temporarily, poor fellow; and as to his present usefulness here—I declare to you in all candor, that I could n't get along at all without Nappo. No man works more diligently, more faithfully—early and late—than he; and I deem him the very best man, by all comparison, that Brittan has here to-day!"

"*Men!*" said Taskem, mally; "what the devil do you call these cattle *men*, for? That's wot's ruined the scamp; and it's wot'll ruin all the rest on 'em, ef yer don't mind!"

"Situatid as I am here, Mr. Taskem," continued Toney, calmly, "I do not go out of my way to offer to any body any of my settled opinions, of course; nor would I do ought to peril the interests of my employer; but I find that kind treatment answers *my* purposes, and if I can alleviate the hardships of the poor fellows in any way, I do so, sir. And, while I feel right *here*, Mr. Taskem," added Toney, laying his hand upon his heart, "I *know* that they do better for Brittan, and love me more than if I treated them as if they were merely brutes."

"Brutes? W'y, what else be they but cattle? Animals—

two-legged *animals*," insisted Taskem, harshly. "I never found a nigger yet that kind treatment would break in—*never!*"

"Did you ever try it upon any of them?" asked Toney, in his mildest manner.

"Try it? Why, hain't I bin 'mongst niggers for more'n forty year? Hain't I had all kinds, an' don't I know what a nigger is? Mebby I don't! Mebby, Mr. Mettler, yer can teach *us*—Ralph Taskem—how to manage niggers. But, what I *don't* know of 'em ain't worth knowin', I reck'n. Yer *can't* get along without forcin' 'em, I tell yer. An' ef yer continue to coax and fool with 'em this way, yer'll spile every nigger on the place, an' ruin Brittan, sure 's I now tell yer so."

"When Mr. Brittan thinks so, he will undoubtedly apprise me of it," said Toney. "In the mean time I shall continue to treat all God's creatures kindly, and I shall never forget, notwithstanding the position I now occupy, that slave-labor is unprofitable and unnecessary, and that the institution itself is a curse, and a foul blot upon our nation's fame, Mr. Taskem."

"Hallo—hallo! Mettler, this won't do!" said Taskem, bristling up. "By Jove, sir, ef this is the way yer talk, yer'll find it hard work to live *here*, do yer mind. It won't do, Mettler!"

"It *must* do, sir, whenever you broach this subject to *me*. I do not express these opinions where the men—the poor slaves can hear me. But before such men as you are—a free white man, who can come and go as he will, and to whom God has given intellect and understanding—whenever the appropriate opportunity offers, I shall not omit to express my honest sentiments, be sure of it."

"But, Mettler, it's *treason*!"

"Make the most of it, then," retorted the young man, quickly. "I know where *I* stand, sir; and if you don't wish to hear the truth spoken, don't assail me. *You* now know my opinion on this subject. And as Nappo is coming, yonder, I have, at present, nothing to add," said Toney, moving away.

"Mornin', Massa Mettler," said Nappo, cheerfully, as he hurried up to Toney, with a heavy mule-harness that he had been repairing; "mornin', sah."

"Good morning, Nappo. How is the foot?" said Toney.

"Better, Massa; e'en-a-mose well."

Nappo had been troubled with lameness in the ankle, lately, from over-exertion upon his old broken limb.

"Well, wash it twice or three times a day with the liniment I gave you, Nappo; and don't work too hard, nor run around too much until it gets strong again. You'll soon come on again, if you take care of it."

"Tank you, massa. I'se gwine ober to de cabin a little wile, ef you did n't want me jess now."

"Yes, go—go, Nappo, and take care of your lame foot. I shall want you, by and by."

Nappo had got to love Mettler as if he were a brother, or a dear good friend; and he was the first white man he had ever yet met with, south of the line of freedom, who had treated him well. But Nappo only knew him as his "master," under Brittan, and he served him with hearty good will, at all times, and in all possible ways.

Julie Manning had grown to be as beautiful a girl as Kentucky could then boast of, and in her sphere she was deeply beloved by those who surrounded her.

Young Mettler was a handsome, round-faced, fair-skinned youth, of gentle address and manners, and Brittan took him into his family, immediately upon his arrival at Greenville. From the hour that he came there, Julie secretly loved him! And though this result might be deemed singular, it was nevertheless true. And Julie contrived, after a while, to let Toney know that she favored him, though she took care that Brittan should not be apprised of her feelings, by any means.

At first the youth was dull of comprehension regarding the beauty's intents and disposition toward him. But, as he grew older, and became better acquainted with the habits and the feelings of Julie, and saw how earnestly and seriously she contrived to interest him, and to render his new home happy, he began to permit the light to enter into his hitherto dull brain, and to discover that the fair "daughter" of his employer—whose life he had accidentally saved—was sincerely devoted to him!

And then he responded to her hopes. And secretly gave her love for love, with all the fervor of a fresh and honest and confiding heart.

After another year or two, during which time they were constantly together, the happy pair had come to a most excellent good understanding—though no one had reason to suspect what was transpiring, so shrewdly and so silently had all the little plans of the lovers been managed, from the very beginning.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE RECOGNITION.

We two were pretty babes. The time has been
We two did love each other's company;
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.

CHARLES LAMB

THE traveler who chances to find himself in the vicinity of E——, a pretty and thriving town located in one of the south-westerly counties of the State of New York, as he lingers along upon the side road running parallel with the main avenue leading to the village, may halt a moment to admire one of the most picturesque and lovely spots in the country.

At a sharp angle by the roadside may be seen oozing from a crevice between two high rocks a thread of silvery water, that dashes down the craggy and moss-grown steep, from an elevation of full sixty feet, forming one of the prettiest and liveliest cascades ever met with—such an one as Doughty would have thrown into the middle distance of one of his delightful landscapes with splendid effect, and which the lover of nature could not pass by without lingering to admire.

At the base of the bluff over which this brooklet gushes, there runs out to the eastward a long narrow strip of level lawn, bright and green, through which the stream meanders slowly, enlarging as it goes, and furnishing the water to carry

a small mill in the vale beyond. Clumps of trees ornament the vicinity, rocks, covered with vines, line the road, and altogether the place has an air of romance not at all common in that region.

A few rods distant from the spot where the sparkling waters fall at the foot of the sharp promontory, there stood, some years ago, a diminutive one-story building, which might have been taken for a shop, or, possibly, a dwelling, though it was very small, and was built of wood.

It stood endwise to the road, and seemingly was too limited in dimensions to be intended as a habitation for human beings in that country; but one does not know in how small a space he can live until one is compelled to try experiments in this way!

A young man was on his way from the shire-town to the village spoken of, one morning, and as he came out suddenly upon this lovely spot, he reined up his horse for a moment to admire it. He moved on slowly down the ravine road, wondering what the little building could possibly be intended for, when a head emerged from out the low front window, and he observed that the outer door was open.

This head, as it subsequently proved, belonged to a man of pleasant and affable manners, who appeared to be some sixty-five or seventy years old. As the traveler arrived opposite his window, he raised his eyes, nodded, and said—

“How d’ ye do?”

The youth halted, for he was not in haste, and responded—
“A charming little place you have here.”

The old man laid down some tools he had been busily occupied with at work, and came to the open door-way.

“Won’t you stop?” he said, smilingly.

The young man had nothing to stop for particularly, though he was in no hurry to go on, but he was interested in the scene, and he replied, “Thank you;” and very soon had hitched his pony by the low gate.

He was surprised, upon entering the little building, to find it so spacious. The front door opened at once into the workshop of this man, and it occupied the whole size of the building facing the road. He proved to be an Englishman, and his occupation was that of a *theodolite* maker. His implements and materials were of the very nicest quality, and he had several partially-finished instruments about his room, which, from their exquisite workmanship and nice composition, showed at the first glance that the old man was an adept in his vocation.

His extensive assortment of choice tools, too, so neatly arranged and carefully bestowed around his benches, gave evidence that he prided himself on his skill; and, Yankee-like, the first thought that suggested itself to the stranger’s mind, under the circumstances, was, where the old man obtained the capital to carry on this plainly expensive trade—for he knew that these instruments, when well finished, were very valuable, and costly in their manufacture.

He asked sundry questions, that might have been considered impertinent, perhaps, had he not found his entertainer to be voluntarily communicative, but to which the good-natured old fellow gave him prompt answers continually, though he kept sharp at work all the while. He suggested, at length, that this profession was not a common occupation in this country. And the artisan said—

"No; though you have some very good workmen in this line in your cities."

"Do they compete with you much?" he asked.

"Not at all. I have a constantly ready sale for all I can make."

"Your materials are expensive?"

"Yes. And you wonder where a poor man like me, isolated here, and altogether unknown, finds the means to carry on such a trade—*eh?*" said the artisan, looking up at his guest, pleasantly.

He acknowledged his curiosity on this point, and the old man immediately added—

"Sit, sir—sit; and I will tell you something, perhaps, that shall entertain you, if you are not in haste—*eh?*"

The youth (whom the old man had not a suspicion *he knew*) accepted the artisan's offer, and the latter went into a little room at the back of the shop, from whence he quickly returned again, bearing a waiter in his hands, upon which were a clean stone jug of cold well-water, a generous dish of white biscuit, and a round of Dutch cheese. Pointing to the fare, he said—

"I am an Englishman by birth, but I have been in this country now more 'n forty year. I have n't been always what you see me now, and this place I bought only a few years since. When I came here, I paid down for three-and-twenty acres here—running below the brook and falls yonder, forty-six pounds sterling, that is to say, rising two hundred dollars. It was my whole fort'n, except my tools, then. There was no railroads when I came out here. Now, the cars run by, within sight and sound of my window—over fifty trains daily, sir!"

"Something of a change," suggested the young man.

"Yes; but I don't enter the cars often. I don't like them," continued the old man. "I came here and pitched my tent, a considerable time since, here I've remained, always at work as you see, and here I shall die at last, probably."

"And here you dwell, all alone, I suppose, and enjoy life as well as we do who are in constant communication with the busier world?" queried the stranger.

"Alone!" exclaimed the old man; "oh, no! I'm not alone. I've no family but my little daughter; but I've always companions in plenty—the birds, the bees, my little dog, and old puss, yonder; and though I don't get rich, I'm always happy now, and we get enough for our comforts and needs. I didn't ask your name, sir," said the old man, at this moment, halting suddenly in the midst of his story.

"Mettler, sir—Toney Mettler."

"Metler, *Mettler*?" repeated the artisan. "*Toney* Mettler, did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

The old man was puzzled. He was *sure* he had seen this young person before, but he did not know this name. But he continued.

"I say I was not always what you now see me. I moved in an humbler sphere for a long time after I came to this country. But by study, and labor, and God's blessing, I obtained the information I now possess, and the means to carry on my little trade. I had wandered about the earth for years and years, and had no children, no family to care for or to care for me, and, at last, I took a little foundling from the streets, and left my unsuccessful home to try a new one.

"I came *here*, at length, as I have told you. I purchased this spot with the bulk of what money I had left, and here I sat down to earn my living, and support and educate my little one (who has now grown up to be a woman, almost), and here we are happy and contented."

"Who is that?" exclaimed the young stranger, suddenly rising, as the merry voice of a female was heard near the door.

"That's her—that's my bird. That's my little singer. She always sings—always sings, ever since I knew her. But for her sweet voice I should long ago have sunk beneath the misfortunes that surrounded us. But *she* never desponded—never stopped singing. When the clouds were darkest she sang the loudest. But here she is—my darling *Carrie*, sir!"

And, at the word, *Carrie* Ellen sprang eagerly in at old Davy's little shop door!

Without a word of explanation, as old Davy approached to greet his little charge, who had just returned from the village, the stranger caught her in his arms, and, kissing her again and again, he exclaimed—

"Carrie—dear Carrie—don't you remember me?"

The guest was her *brother*, Toney, who was on his way to the village of E——, upon business. The old man has already been introduced to the reader.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?

OLD SONG.

Old Davy did not interfere as the brother and sister recognized each other, almost at the same moment, though they had been separated for so many years, and each had grown up almost to maturity.

Toney was quite a man, and *little* Carrie was now a young lady grown!

"But how is your name *Mettler*, Toney?" asked Davy, at last.

Toney explained to them why and when he had adopted this name, and how he supposed that he should never again see or hear from any one at home that would care for him. His master proved kind to him, and he had no choice. They had called him "*Mettler's* boy" at first, and so they readily came to call him *Mettler*, and he adopted it, without caring so much what name he went by so that it was always kept unsullied and honorable.

And great indeed was the joy of the brother and sister thus to meet under such happy circumstances. Toney plied

old Davy and Carrie with a thousand questions as to the past, and he thus learned of all the troubles and privations they had undergone to arrive at their present evident prosperity and happy condition.

The brother then related his experience from the time the children had been separated at Mr. Meeker's house, omitting to rehearse no portion of his past follies and follies, and bringing his history down to that hour. He had business with a factor at the town of E——, whither he was then bound, and as soon as this was concluded he promised to return to them and confer with them at length in regard to the future.

After two hours' absence at the village, Toney came back again and seated himself with his early friends, to talk of "auld lang syne."

"And you say, Toney, that you did n't know Davy, here?" asked Carrie, astonished.

"No, I did not. He is changed—his hair is whiter—his features have altered (though I see him *now* clearly enough, and well remember his looks), and his garb is greatly improved. I knew him only as the old rag-picker, you remember, and it isn't strange, I think, Davy, that I should not have recognized you at first, eh?"

"Not at all, Toney. But I knew *you*, I thought, from the first moment you fairly entered the house. And when you mentioned *Toney's* name, though I knew no Mettler, I was sure of you."

"A farmer, hey?" said Carrie, pleasantly. "But how long have you dwelt in Kentucky?" she continued.

"Several years, Carrie."

"That's where the poor slaves live, isn't it? You don't live with them, do you?"

"Yes; I have been on a plantation there since I first entered the State."

"*You?*" exclaimed Carrie, in surprise.

"Yes, sister, even *I*."

"What! where they choke and drown and burn up the poor negroes?"

"Well, not quite so bad as that."

"They cut them to pieces, though, don't they? And beat them, and chain big logs to their feet so they can't go away, and starve them, and all that, don't they? I've read and heard so, I'm sure, a hundred times."

"Well, I have never witnessed any such cruelty."

"Then you were n't among 'em much."

"Yes, I have been with them constantly for several years. There are many exceptions to the rule of kind treatment toward them, but they are not so brutal where I have dwelt," said Toney.

"Well, I wouldn't live where there was a slave for all the world!" said Carrie, innocently. "It's a cruel thing, any way, and I hope you'll leave that business, right away. Won't you, Toney? Won't you come and live with us—me and Davy? Say, won't you?"

The subject was dropped, and the two children talked of other matters—of mother and father, and their former home; but neither of them knew any thing in reference to their parents.

Carrie knew and remembered of Dolly's death, but her recollections of much else were indistinct.

Davy permitted them to do all the talking, but he was greatly delighted to see them both so happy. After a lengthy interview, Toney informed his newly-found friends that he should be obliged to return to Greenville, but now that he knew of their whereabouts, he should come back again very soon, and fix upon a residence nearer to them—where they could be often together—for he had long since become weary of his present situation.

Toney had saved several hundred dollars from his earnings in the past few years, for his pay had been prompt and generous in Brittan's employ, and he determined now to leave Kentucky at an early day.

And finally he started again for Greenville, with the promise to Davy and Carrie that he would resume his own proper name forthwith, and return to see them within a few weeks at furthest.

With a bounding heart he journeyed back to Kentucky, where he had temporarily left his charming Julie, deeply thankful for the lucky chance that had thus brought him upon the track of his long lost sister.

After fifteen days' absence from his post he arrived again at Brittan's house.

CHAPTER XLIV.

NAPPO AND TONEY.

For I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath;
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more!
Men should *be* what they *seem*.

OTHELLO.

"WELL, it 's my 'pinion, that the sooner yer git red of him the better it 'll be fer the place, and fer the hands. The niggers is got so sassy 'at it ain't safe for a man to be yere. I sware to yer, Britt'n, I think jess what I say, now. As to Nappo, I donno *what* yer 'll do with him. *I* don't want him. Mettler 's spi'lt him fer *my* market."

"You 're right, Taskem. I've seen all this for a good while," replied Brittan. "I didn't want to send Mettler off, for I saw long ago that he was discontented with his position, and I hoped he would go voluntarily. He 's a good man, the farm looks finely, and I've no doubt I shall miss him in that way—for I never saw his equal in America. But—"

"Fudge! Beck 's worth a heap o' sech fellers. I know what Beck *is*. I didn't recommend him to yer as I did, 'thout knowin' him, clean through. Give *him* charge yere, and the niggers 'll dance to a new tune. Let Mettler go. He 'll spile every nigger yer've got, an' I wouldn't give a picayune fer *some* uv 'em, as it is!" said Taskem, angrily.

In this vein the two friends had been conversing for an hour. Mettler was away, and he was expected back to Greenville that day. Brittan was alarmed. Taskem had contrived so to insinuate himself into his good graces, that the slave-driver's opinion—beside his real influence of ought save his heartless vacillation—had long since come to be law to the Englishman. And Taskem held him, necessarily, within his power, for good or ill, in a pecuniary view.

He had stocked his estate with unsalable and inferior negroes; some of them utterly worthless (even as *slaves*), and Brittan had paid him the most exorbitant prices for this "property," which for years had been depreciating in marketable value, on his hands, because he knew nothing whatever of the business he had so recklessly engaged in, and had suddenly found that the enterprise was proving disastrous to him in every way!

His entire means, including Julie's patrimony, were invested in his plantation. The tobacco he had raised for the previous four years, scarcely netted him one half its prime cost. Taskem had forced upon him two or three dozen slaves who had been raised upon rice and sugar plantations, who knew nothing whatever of cultivating and curing tobacco, and who were too old and too lazy to learn any thing new, notwithstanding the goadings and scourgings and beatings administered by the overseer *Beck*, whom Taskem had also provided him with; and who was an unprincipled, miserable ruffian, at best, possessing no qualifications for the place he undertook to fill on Brittan's estate.

The cattle and swine and horses (under Toney's charge), were in excellent condition, and the corn-fields that spread far

away upon the south-westerly portion of the estate, and which had always been the pride of Mettler, showed what could be effected by skillful cultivation, even in that country. But the outgoes of Brittan were enormous. He lived extravagantly and loosely, and the chances were clearly against him.

His receipts did not come up to the expenditures of his establishment by a very considerable amount, annually, and he very soon became involved by means of his carelessness, his love of hunting and horse-racing (where he was seldom a winner), his wine-drinking and carousing, at home and abroad, and the general recklessness that finally characterized his entire course of life, in the midst of which he "took no thought for the morrow," but left every thing in the hands of those whom he employed.

To the last moment Toney held out, however, and toiled with all his might to earn and save in *his* department of the estate. But the task was too great. The profits of his enterprise and labors and management only went to sustain, for a time, the drawbacks and sacrifices upon the other portions of the plantation; and he became heartily sick and weary of the work before him. But for his Julie he would long before have retired; and when he finally hinted to her his intentions in secret, which he eventually resolved upon, firmly, her distress was very great—for life would be but a dreary blank to her, amid the associations with which she found herself surrounded, if her lover left the place he occupied. But, though Toney had determined upon leaving Greenville, he had not the slightest idea of leaving Julie behind him—as we shall see anon!

Toney arrived again at Greenville. Brittan received him

with marked coldness, but he did not seem to notice this, though he felt sure that Tasken had been at work again with his employer during his late absence. Nappo informed him that the slave-hunter had been up, "to bring a yaller gal for Missy Julie."

"Glad you cum back, Massa Mettler," said Nappo, gratefully, as he saw Toney. "Dre'ful glad you cum again. Hope you no go 'way no more."

Toney said, "You've been a good boy, Nappo, have n't you, since I left?"

"Oh yes, massa, I good boy now. I good to *him*, 'cause I know you come ag'in, an' I wouldn't be long wil him;" said Nappo, alluding to Beck.

"Does n't he treat you all well?" asked Toney.

"Wh-e-w!" responded Nappo; and then a low, bitter chuckle—half grin and half scorn—escaped him, in answer to what he deemed so absurd a query.

"Dat *Tasken*, massa," said Nappo, at length.

They were alone together in the great stable, and Nappo seemed desirous to talk to Toney, who always listened to him when he had leisure.

"Dat *Tasken*, Massa Mettler, does you know him?"

"I have seen him here, only."

"Does n't you *know* him?" asked Nappo again.

"No, not particularly. Why, Nappo?"

"Well, *Tasken* 's big villain, sartin. De debble 'll hab de grincing ob his bones one day, I *think*, Massa Mettler."

"He is no friend of yours, I know, Nappo. But you must not harbor any such evil feelings against any one. That is wrong and useless. Don't you remember that we are bidden

to love our enemies, to do good to them that hate us, and pray for those who persecute us?"

"*Lub 'em? Lub h'm—Task'em?*" exclaimed Nappo in astonishment.

"We should love every body, Nappo, and be kind to every one, and never suffer our wrongs, though never so grievous, to impel us to commit the sin of even hoping for revenge for them."

Nappo was thoughtful, and finally said:

"Dat de way you allers does, Massa Mettler?"

"I should endeavor so to do."

"*Allers, massa?*" insisted Nappo.

"Yes, always. At least, such would be my duty and the requirements in God's laws. When you were in New England you often heard of this doctrine, did n't you, Nappo?"

"I *heer* good deal, Massa Mettler, dat go fuss in 'ere, and den out 'ere!" said Nappo, placing his finger dexterously first to one ear and then to the other. "But I *sae* good deal, too, massa, and I *feel* good deal more dan boff togedder; an' ef dat Task'em don't go whar dey whip 'em an' whale 'em an' mash dar toof for 'em, one dese fine nights, den I don't b'leeb nuff'n ner nobuddy—dass a fact—an' Massa Britt'n, too!"

Nappo had quoted Scripture as nearly as the poor fellow could remember the passage relating to the "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"You're hard on them, Nappo, and you must strive to overcome these bitter feelings," replied Toney.

"Hard on 'em! Wot dey do fer *me*? Was n't it hard on me dat dem two men sh'ud trap me an' sen' me 'way to Alabama fer nuth'n, on'y 'cause Task'em swear in de court dat I steal his mudder's air-rings? An' could n't Massa Britt'n

hab sabel me from de slave-hunter ef he bin min' to? An' he *did* *not*! He *help* Taskem all de time; an' he wuss 'n Taskem, dan sate, too, 'cause he kill his own darter in Bosson, and murder her to duff and starve her arterwards—poor Missy Annie," concluded Nappo.

"*Who* did you say?" exclaimed Toney, suddenly catching at the negro's final words.

"Massa Britt'n—*dat*'s what I say."

"Yes, but his daughter, Nappo. What is that you said about *her*?"

"I say Missy *Annie*. Dat's my young missus—his darter in Bosson. De bess missy I eber seen, an' the beautifullest. He starve her to death, and kill her, for sart'n, same 's he allers sware he would. An' den he run 'way from Mass'shusetts, an' come down 'ere wid Taskem. An' de place 'ere gwine to de debble, now, an' I'm glad ob it."

A new light now broke in upon Toney's brain. He remembered his mother's maiden name, but he had forgotten (if he ever knew) what was his father's name. He had never seen Nappo at home, and knew nothing of his early history until the negro now touched upon it thus casually.

He took him away, far down in the corn-fields directly, half a mile from the house. And there he questioned him thoroughly regarding Brittan's former career. And when he got through with him he was satisfied, for the first time, that Anthony Brittan was his *own grandfather*!

"You are certain of all this, Nappo? You are not making up this story to deceive me, are you?"

"No, Massa Mettler! I don't lie to *you*. I be no 'casion to lie to you. I tell you de troof, 'fore God. Dat Massa

Britt'n 's de biggest vill'n ob de two, and Taskem 's bad 'muff, de Lord knows."

"How long did you live with Master Brittan in Boston, Nappo?"

"Ober thirteen year, sah, an' I know him all ober. Missy Annie run 'way 'cause her fader would n't let her see de gentleman she like. So she jess call de carriage one night, w'en de massa was gone a fitt'n, an' run off wid young Massa Ellison, an' marry him! an' sarb de ole cuss jess right, too—hollo! Massa Mettler, wot debble de matter wid yer?" exclaimed Nappo, as he observed that Toney's face suddenly blanched, and his whole frame quivered as if some terrible sensation had shocked him. "Wot 's de matter, massa? Sick—eh?"

Toney rallied in a moment, and replied:

"Nothing, Nappo, nothing at present. I'm better now. Go to your work. And, Nappo—"

"Yis, sah."

"Don't mention this subject again to any living being, will you?"

"No, sah—no."

Nappo was surprised, but he knew nothing of the real effect which his narrative had thus produced. He went about his work slowly and thoughtfully, and left Toney standing amazed, confounded, fearfully confused, in the midst of his bitter thoughts!

He had long since made himself acquainted with his Julie's history, and he knew that she was but the adopted child of old Brittan. As soon as Nappo mentioned the name of Mas-

sa *Ellison* (as he called Toney's father), he saw at a glance how he was surely related to Brittan.

Nappo knew sufficient of the affair between Miss Annie and her husband to link the matter connectively together, so that Toney had no sort of doubt of his position, and he set about concluding his arrangements for quitting Brittan's service at the earliest practicable moment.

Thus while Brittan was contriving, under Tasken's secret advice, to bring about a rupture in some way that would lead to Toney's voluntary retirement, Toney himself, all unconscious of Brittan's disposition in the matter, was completing his own arrangements for leaving Greenville forever.

CHAPTER XLV.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

Grant us, oh God! but health and heart,
And strength to keep desire at bay;
And ours *must* be the better part,
Whatever else besets our way.

MILNES

It was a hard thing for Henry Elson to commence once more at the foot of the ladder!

When Mr. Meeker said to him, after he returned to that excellent man's house with his wife, "Elson, you will find that you must stoop a little for a while," the humbled penitent replied, "My dear friend, I owe you every thing—every thing. Rest assured that I am ready and willing to accept any employment whatever, any where, that may turn up. Place me where I can earn a subsistence for myself and wife, and I promise you I shall not flinch from duty, now!"

And he was as good as his word. Through the aid of Mr. Meeker he shortly obtained a situation as under-clerk in an extensive wholesale house on one of the wharfs, and for his services he was to receive the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. This was called *liberal* on the part of his employers.

He had a wife to support, too! He was an honest man, as

well, and could n't steal to save himself from starvation. But "two hundred and fifty dollars was a great deal of money, more than a hod-carrier or a sweep could earn in a year, and *they* always had wives, and children, too, to support. *They* lived—and why could n't Ellison, to be sure?" said his master.

He could. And he *did*!

Elison worked like a slave—morning, noon, and night. And Annie labored, too; labored hard all the time, and cheerfully, with her needle. She went to the clothing establishments, and procured garments to make up, as she had done a hundred times before (for Henry had no leisure to call for and return her work), and she received her pennies for cheap shirts, or her shillings for cheap vests, and earned, sometimes, almost two dollars in a single week! Here was a fortune for a poor woman. Nearly two dollars a week—all for *one* person!

"Good God!" exclaimed her employers, "what *can* these people do with all their money! There's a woman, now, we're paying two dollars regularly every week to, and sometimes more than that; and the young girl with the blue ribbon, that's just gone out, she earns over *three* dollars a week, some weeks. And yet they complain that we don't pay 'em enough—the ungrateful cubs!"

But Annie did n't complain. She had nothing to complain about now! She took her work, and went and came, and pocketed the miserable stipend allowed her without a murmur. Her husband had reformed. Henry no longer touched the poisonous bowl. This was sufficient for her! And she thanked God, and labored joyfully.

And Henry never faltered or murmured, either. Why

should he? Wasn't he in the enjoyment of two hundred and fifty dollars a year! Which was over sixty dollars every quarter, and upwards of twenty dollars, in clean money, for every month's service! Almost *five dollars a week*, for toiling, and running, and sweating, and fretting, from early morning to midnight, during six whole days. It was excellent pay, thought his employers; and he ought to be very thankful that he could get such a place, with so liberal a compensation.

And so he *was*. He, too, thanked the kind Father who thus provided him with the means to live by—for he was faithful, and very humble now, and *could* have got along on something less, no doubt.

And still poor Annie plied her needle vigorously. And though her fingers had become tender and delicate, from long disuse, yet she never ceased to "stitch, stitch, stitch!" And when one shirt was finished, there was another lying upon the little low stool, all ready to go on with again. Why should she stop? What had she to *stop* for? They were waiting for them at the store. And when she had completed all that great bundle, she could just carry them back, and get another just like it, at the same price! Plenty of work—nobody need starve who was willing to labor. And Annie *was* willing! It was—

"Band, and gusset, and seam—
Seam, and gusset, and band;
'Till the heart grew sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand!"

But in her case, no one knew how the tender wife toiled on, and none ever heard one moan escape her—for she knew what she toiled for, and her Father in Heaven sustained her!

They had taken two rooms in a small house, at the extreme end of Front street, near the water—the best they could get—for nine shillings a week. The house was located over two miles from Ellison's place of business, and he was obliged to walk there and back four times daily, to obtain his meals and to accomplish his store duties.

Eight miles a day! What of that? Didn't he get seventy cents for it? Suppose he did have to run round the city, from morning till night, carrying bills and parcels and collecting accounts. It was good exercise for him. Somebody must do it—why not he? That was what he was paid for doing.

And the poor man did it, gladly!

What if the young men in the store did laugh at his short-waisted coat, and his shorter-legged pants? He might have once been a "gentleman," too. And *perhaps* he would be again. He kept straight on—*on!*—nor turned to the right or the left; and, by harsh economy and frugality, he finally began to see daylight once more.

He was naturally pleasant in his intercourse with every one, and, when Ellison was kind to him, few men appeared to better advantage in society. His fault was known, however, and he was employed (ostensibly) out of charity. But he submitted, without retort invariably, to abuse or contumely, and struggled forward, relying upon God's grace to support him amid the ordeal through which he was passing, and from which he hoped to emerge in triumph at last.

Annie watched the course of Henry with a watchful eye, and she saw how diligently he labored, and how ardently he strove to stand up amid his poverty and toil; and though she

needed relaxation much more than he did, she never tarried to think of herself.

"Don't hurry so, Henry—take time to *eat*," and "Now, Henry, go to bed, and leave the papers and books till to-morrow," she would say, as Ellen came home late at night, gulped down his evening meal, and worried away at the petty accounts given him to look after, at his *leisure*!

But there was "no rest for the sole of *his* foot." From Monday morning till Saturday night, from month to month, and from year to year, his present prospect was the same: run, run, run—write, write, write—work, work, work!

With head and hands awearied and sore,
Amid anguish, and doubting, and fear,
He did all this—and what was it for?
Why, *two hundred and fifty a year!*

CHAPTER XLVI.

A DEBT OF HONOR SETTLED.

If I can catch him ~~on~~ upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

SUYLEOK.

ANNIE never yielded, and her health held out amazingly. Perhaps, during the long years that she had passed within the confines of the Asylum, she had gained, or laid up, a store of strength against this trying day. Of that none knew save Him who in His mercy "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and "giveth strength to the feeble who put their trust in Him."

His lynx-eyed creditor saw that he was alive one day, and had on a clean shirt! It was a cheap one, to be sure, but he had a wife at home, who had nothing else to do but to take care of his clothes, and thus he accounted for Ellson's changed appearance, suddenly. He wanted his money. Any man who can wear a clean shirt, can pay his debts, of course.

"Ellson," he said, "I've been lenient, and I can't wait any longer on you. You must pay that old bill."

"I'm doing my best, just now," said Ellson, "to live and keep free from new debts; and I find it hard work, too."

"Well, I must have it, nevertheless, or—"

"I will do what I can for you in a little time. My salary is but two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and my expenses are—"

"The devil! Two hundred and fifty dollars?" exclaimed his creditor. "Why, what on earth can you do with so much money?"

"My rent," said Ellson, "is seventy-five dollars a year; fuel costs me twenty-five; my bills for lights, and grocer, and baker, and, occasionally, the butcher, come to three dollars a week, and that's a hundred and fifty more; this eats up my salary. Then I must have *some* clothing, and my wife needs a few garments once in a while. I don't have a large amount left, Mr. Grabum, out of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, you see. But I will see. My salary falls due—a quarter's pay—on Saturday. I will then give you half your old bill, and the balance I will discharge as soon as I can, by any possibility—and get bread to eat, meantime."

"You say it's due Saturday next?"

"Yes, sir."

The two men parted. It was then Thursday afternoon. Ellson had a few little bills that had been running along for the current quarter, with his grocer and others (who had given him credit upon the strength of Mr. Meeker's recommendation), and which he had thus far paid up promptly, as often as he got his salary. At the end of the week he intended to liquidate all these little accounts, as usual, and to begin anew again on Monday.

On Friday morning, his quarter's salary of sixty-two and a half dollars was *trusted* in his employer's hands, at the suit of Mr. Grabum, the creditor whom he had met the day pre-

viously, and who had thus taken "Time by the forelock" to secure his unsatisfactory judgment. The debt and costs amounted to over fifty dollars; and this unfeeling wretch—who could well have waited a few days longer, or have done without the demand altogether, without injury—seized Ellison's money, and left him to manage his "new bills" as best he might.

It chanced that Annie had saved something from her individual earnings, however; and, with a little scrimping and extra economy during the succeeding few weeks, they got along—though thus thrown back—silly, for a while.

But energy, perseverance, and a reliance on Providence, will accomplish more in adversity than most of us are aware of, who have never been put to the trial. Henry was sad for a few hours, but his wife cheered him up, and he soon got the better of his ill feeling at this really heartless operation.

"I'm glad he's got his money, at any rate," said Ellison, at length. "That affair is off my mind at all events. It was his just due, I know, but he might have been a little more merciful. I pray that Graham may never find himself as poor as I am to-night. If he should, he'll know how sweet it is to be thus treated, if he is unluckily in debt at the same time!"

"It is just as well, Henry. The debt is cancelled and out of the way. Now we'll begin *agoin*," said Annie, cheerfully.

Annie kissed his "good angel," as he called Annie, now, and the affair of the judgment was soon forgotten. The old debt had been paid in full, and the Ellison's struggled on again hopefully but wearily, for over two long years.

They had never yet been able to ascertain what had become of their children, though they continued to seek diligently and

constantly for them, or for some one who might possibly have heard of them. But Dolly was dead, Sarah Barts had disappeared, Annie's father had gone South (she so learned), and nothing was heard of or from them.

In the mean while Toney was at Greenville, getting ready to leave that place, and Carrie was happy and contented in the society of old Davy, who had settled down permanently at the spot where Toney had lately chanced to fall upon him, near the village of E——.

The affairs of Brittan were daily growing worse and worse. His losses had been larger than he had any idea of, and his gambling horse-racing obligations had devoured several thousands of dollars of his ready funds.

Taskem kept a watchful eye upon what was transpiring, and spent much of his time, latterly, at Brittan's house, where he had recently arrived with a brace of slaves, fresh from Missouri; and where he was engaged, just at present, in a somewhat important negotiation with old Brittan.

Nappo and Toney had had several secret interviews together, since the first information had been dropped in reference to Brittan's early history, and an explosion was in prospect at the Greenville plantation—and not far distant!

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE TWO QUADROONS.

"Oh! they were fair, and beautiful
To look upon—that loving, humble twain.
I saw them—sisters—when the bloom of health
And beauty graced their cheeks; and, trust me,
They were passing fair."

"I don't want but one of 'em, you see, Taskem. One of 'em I can do very well with," said Brittan.

"Miss Julie 'd like the other, then, I presume," replied the slave-trader, significantly. "I've bought both ov 'em, an' I made no doubt yer'd jump at 'em, soon's you seen 'em. They're the two pertiest yaller gals I've come across this five year, an' I can put 'em to yer cheap, 'cause the owner had to sell out. The two'll cost yer little risin' four thousand dollars, and they 're wath that to look at. One on 'em 's got a child six year old, too, an' that 's throw'd in. She 's a leetle high strung, but Beck'll manage *her*, an' the young 'un."

"And the boy?"

"Yes; he's a rosy-checked little feller, bright's a new button, and as white—well, as white as any buddy. The mother's on'y quarter-blood, yer sec."

"Where are they now?"

"In quod. I'll fetch 'em," said Taskem. And an hour afterward the slave-catcher produced the two women and the child at Brittan's residence.

They were quadroons, and slaves. The owner of them had been what is termed a *house* master. That is, he had but a few slaves, and these two he had brought up from infancy. They came originally from Louisiana. The master lived in Missouri, and, as they were remarkably handsome girls, he permitted them to grow up under his own eye. *For his own reasons!* When Nora (the eldest) came to be sixteen years old she gave birth to the boy she now had with her. The child would scarcely be suspected of having a drop of negro blood in his veins, so fair was his skin, and so perfect were his handsomely-formed features. Who the father of the child was did not transpire, and nobody seemed to care for this *trifling* circumstance. *Nora knew who his father was,* and that was sufficient for *her!* The youngest of the girls was about eighteen, and a beautiful creature she was, too. These three—Nora, Katty, and Buff (the boy)—were the best that remained in the finally bankrupt Missourian's possession. Taskem bought them together, and brought them to Greenville to sell to Brittan.

The moment that the old Englishman set his eyes on them, he called Taskem into a side room, and, notwithstanding his years and experience, he said:

"Taskem, you're a good judge—a capital judge. How much did you say?"

"Forty-three hunder'd dollars."

"For the *three*?"

"Yes."

"But, I—a—that is—that is—the boy. That brat I don't want, you see, no how. His mother's a beauty. *I want her.* I s'poze it's his mother?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, I want *her*, but the brat must go away. I'll pay you—I'll give you your price—forty-three hundred—but you'll take the boy away, won't you? And sell him—*sell* him, Taskem, and account to me some other time. That's it. But he mustn't stay here at all; he's too white—too white—a damn sight, you see! I won't do. And besides, I don't want no incumbrances with her, you see. Un'stand?"

"Edzackly. *I* onderstand, old boy. I see—I see—"

"Well, then, you'll take him off with you?"

"Yes."

"And I'm to give you forty-three hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"And you sell the boy, and—"

"Yes, edzackly—'s all right. I see."

"Very well. I have n't the money just now. I've got to raise a five thousand mortgage on the place to get through the season with 'till the crops come in again, and I'll make it eight thousand, you see, so's you can have the 'ready' in a few weeks. Give me a bill o' sale of 'em at forty-three hundred, you know, and they're mine."

"All right," said Taskem; "yere it is, an' yer can give me yer note on demand, yer see, an' that 'll fix it all correct 'tween us."

This being concluded the papers were duly passed, and the two men returned to the room where the women and the boy had been left—Taskem to give them what he was pleased in

his facetiousness to term "a friendly lecture at parting," and Brittan to take possession of his land—no "property."

"Now, *chaps*," said the amiable Mr. Ralph Taskem, of Tennessee, "I've brought y'r to y'r new home land, in Kentucky, and this is y'r new master, Mr. Brittan, who treats all his niggers first rate, allers, if they behave well, and doesn't give him no sarce, nor put on no airs. He's a mild man, an' a good un, when he hasn't no reason to be other-ways; an' I've told him all about y'r, an' what y'r kin both do. Y'r'll be kep' in the house, yers, he says, an' he won't put no hard labor onto nyther ov yer, ef yers quiet, an' don't give him no trouble. Ef yer *do*, he an' Beck'll see 'at yer come to y'r milk agin, straitways, do y'r mind. Yer know *Beck*, Nora, don't yer?"

The girl did not reply, but tossed her head and smiled at her sister, who stood close to her side.

"I thought yer'd 'member Beck," continued Taskem, with a leer toward Brittan; "*he* knows both on yer, like a book. So, steady now! an' there'll be no trouble."

With this friendly advice, which seemed to have had about as much weight with the two girls as if it had been addressed to the old oaken chimney-piece, Mr. Ralph Taskem bowed himself out—as the side door opened, and Miss Julie entered the apartment, without knowing who was there.

The two quadroons were very prettily attired, for their late owner had indulged them in their passion for dress to a certain extent. So neatly were their habits arranged, that, as they stood with their bonnets in their hands, Julie mistook them for some of her guardian's lady-friends; and blushing as she advanced, she said—

"Your pardon, ladies—I was not aware—"

"*Ladies!*" said Brittan, quickly dispelling this illusion. "These are—these are *Nora* and *Katty*—I've just got 'em, Julie."

"Oh! what a darling boy, too!" continued Julie, running toward the pretty curly-headed son of Nora, and stooping to kiss him, all unsuspectingly. "Why, what's your name?"

"Buff," said the boy, quickly.

"Whose boy are you?"

"He's *mine*, miss," replied Nora, pleasantly.

"*Yours!* You his mother?"

"Yes, miss."

Julie was astounded!

Brittan came to her aid at once. "Yes," said he, "they're all mine—yours—*ours*, that is. I bought one for you, and the other to—to wait upon *me*, me, you see, Julie—in the house, here."

"Bought them? And this child, too? Why, he is n't—*they* are not slaves, are they?"

"Oh, yes. They can wash, and cook, and do muslins, and—and, a great many things 'bout house. And we want them here very much—eh, Julie?"

His ward could make no reply. She saw what she did not want to see—what she blushed to think of! She saw, at a glance, that these two beautiful but unfortunate girls had been purchased by her guardian, undoubtedly, for a vile and wicked purpose, because *she knew* that no more house-servants were wanted or needed!

And Brittan was over sixty years old, too! But there was

no good obtained by opposing his whims or his plans, as Julie very well knew. And so she said—

“I suppose we *do* want them. They shall attend upon me, and I’ll make them very useful to me—eh, girls? Would you like me for a mistress?”

“Oh, yes, yes!” said both the quadroons at once. “Yes, missy—that would be nice,” said Nora.

“One of ’em—*Ketty’s* for you, Julie,” said the old man, “and Nora will wait upon *me*.”

“Yes. Well, I’ll take them both *now*, and show ’em about the house,” said Julie, in her own way. “Come, girls—come, Buff!” and away they went, leaving Brittan to make his calculations as to his future prospects with Nora, whose face and form he liked the best.

Beck, the overseer, was in the stable when they came, but he did not see Taskem, and was not apprised of their arrival.

As Nora and Katty were following Julie around the house, examining the premises, and listening to their new young mistress’ advice, Buff strolled out at the back door, and ventured into the stable. He was nicely dressed up, too, and Beck seeing him, mistook him for a son of some gentleman who might be on a temporary visit to Brittan, perhaps.

“Hollo, my fine fellow!” he said, approaching the youngster. “How do?”

“Pooty well,” said the boy.

“And where do you come from—eh?”

“I don’t no,” said the boy.

“Don’t know? What’s your name?”

“Buff. Mother’s in de house.”

“And who’s mother?”

"Who? Why, *Nora*. There she is!" shouted the little fellow, merrily, and running toward his mother, who, with Katty and their mistress, walked to the lawn, and sat down under the shade of the big old oaks at the side of the house.

Beck eyed the new-comers for some time, but he could not make out who or what they were. So he went into the kitchen, where old Aunt Florry (the cook) was busy, and asked—

"Who are them on the green, yonder?"

"I don'no, seh," said the cook. "I seed 'em wid misses, jiss now—don'no who dey is. Yaller gals, reck'n, dough."

"Yaller girls? W'en d' they come?"

"Don'no—reck'n in forenoon."

Beck could ascertain nothing from the dull old black cook, and so he returned to his business, eyeing the two strangers impudently as he passed along to the stable again.

Taskem returned to Brittan's, after two hours' absence, and they sat down over a bottle of sherry, to discuss the matter of his new purchases.

"How 'd you like 'em?"

"Beautiful! They're nice girls. It's all right, Taskem," continued Brittan, rubbing his hands—"all fixed. Julie takes Katty, and Nora serves me—tends *me*, you see."

"Yes; I see."

"Just as I wanted it. They're outside, now—on the green. Beautiful! I've been lookin' at 'em through the blind, here. Devilish nice, that Nora? Plump as a duck. Now, about the *boy*?"

"Well, I don't know edzackly 'bout him," said Taskem. "Yer see, these nigger wenches sometimes takes on like devils

ef you take away their young uns; that is, *some* on 'em do. Now I *have* seen 'em 'at would n't say a word when you robbed 'em of their children, no more'n a crow wadd ef yer stole her eggs out the nest. But *some* on 'em git fiery, and riley, and obstreperous. Nora's one o' them kind; an' 'nless yer git the boy away quiet like, when she don't know it, she might make a little noise, an' yer coold n't manage her so well to do what yer want arterward, I reck'n. She's a devil, when she's started, is Nora, an' she thinks a heap o' that young 'un."

This did n't please Brittan, at all.

"I won't have the brat left here," he said, "any way. Take him off with you, when you leave. Sell him for whatever you can get—but *carry him away*, you understand. I don't want him left where she can find him, either."

"Very well," said Taskem. "I'll manage him. Leave it be. I'll fix him. Beck 'll help."

And after they had drank up their wine, Taskem went out to confer with his old friend, the overseer—Lewy Beck.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE TABLES TURNING.

"There is a point at which
Forbearance ceases to be a virtue."

"Didn't *know* 'em?" said Taskem to his old chum Beck, as the latter expressed his surprise that the two women were Nora and Katty, whom he had seen a thousand times before, in Missouri, "didn't know 'em? Well, that is a good 'un."

"Well, Radf, I hain't seen the gals fer five year'n more, yer know. An' that mighty fine riggin' they'd on tuk me down, yer see. I didn't go very close to 'em, an' the *boy* I didn't 'member, o' course; he's grown up since. I sware, ef I didn't take that brat to be one of old Brittan's friends' young ones, I'm a liar! When he come inter the stable, yere, I begun to coax and play with him, 'sposin' he belonged to some visitor; an' he's so white and fair it's hard tellin', arn't it? An' arter all he's nuthin' but a damn little nigger!"

"Ha, ha!" roared Taskem, who *could* laugh, occasionally, at what he deemed *such* a joke; "ha, ha! Beck. I'd like to 'a seen yer hugg'n and kiss'n 'im, though!"

"*Bah!*" cried Beck, throwing from his filthy mouth a huge quid of tobacco, as if his stomach were turned at the bare

recollection that he had placed his rough beard in contact with Buff's fair cheek! "Well, ef he stops *yere*," continued the brute overseer, "an' I can get a shry at 'im, I'll pay him off; dam'd ef I don't, though!"

"Pay him? fer w'ot?" said Taskem, grinning again.

"Fer—fer—his 'nf'nal *suace*! He didn't tell me he was a nasty dam pic'ninny."

"But he won't stop *yere*," said Taskem, at last.

"No?" queried the overseer.

"No. Brittan swears he won't hev 'im about, no way. He wants Nora. The old man's smashed with *Lee*, sartin'; just as I s'posed he'd be, *yer* see. That's wot I got her fer. She's to be a *house-sarvant*, he! he! *Yer* know w'ot purty yaller house-sarvants is, eh?" said Taskem, sticking his tongue into his cheek, significantly.

"But, how's the boy goin' away?"

"I'm to fix that fer 'em."

"Won't she tear like the devil, though?"

"Nobody keeres fer that, *yer* know. Ef she goes to gittin' on her high hoss, I tell Brit'n ter turn her out to *yer* keer; an' ef *yer* can't fix her flint for 'er, it 'ud be a pity, eh? The boy 'll go, sure. I ken git three lande'rd for 'im, any day, in Memphis; and that 'll be a'most clear gain, *yer* see."

Lewis, or *Leary* Beck, as the overseer was familiarly called, had been bred to his business; and he was a coarse, rough-mannered, selfish, brutal being, whom long experience in his wicked calling had rendered entirely callous to all signs of human feelings in his own person. With scourge in hand, from sunrise to dark, he sought no occupation or amusement more to his taste than that of driving the miserable creatures that fell

under his charge up to the very last tension of their strength, in the fields where they toiled; and his requirements were peremptory, harsh, unreasonable and cruel, because he loved to tyrannize over his hands, and preferred the use of the whip, when he could get along much better even without it. His inhumanity was proverbial, and for this reason, chiefly, he was esteemed by Brittan, who quickly sympathized with him, and gave him unlimited power over his slaves.

"Beck knows his business," the Englishman would say. "He knows what niggers need. He'll get the work out of 'em. Beck's a trump."

And so the overseer never heard of appeal to the real master of the place, when he scourged and flayed the hands, with or without a cause.

Julie was greatly pleased with Nora and Katy; and little Buff was so pert, so pretty, and so active, that she took a fancy to him directly.

"Buff shall be *my* boy," she said to Nora, in her artlessness, "and I will teach him to read and write; and he shall ride on Miss Julie's pony; and he'll come to be a great man one o' these days. Won't that be very nice, Buff?"

Buff sidled up to his mother, and said:

"I want to be ma'ter's boy, an' I want to ride missus' pony!"

Julie smiled at this shrewd reply, and said again:

"So you shall, Buff. You *shall* be ma'ter's boy, and you shall ride upon Miss Julie's pony, too."

"Nora pressed her loved one closely to her side, and looked anxiously in his face.

"He's a charming boy," said Julie. "Don't you love him dearly?"

"Yis, missus," replied Nora. "He's my chile, and yet he *isn't*, yer know. I often fear, now that good old master's lin 'bleged to let us go from him, that I'll lose Buff some day; an' then I sh'd die sart'n. I'm 'feered he can't allers be with me. They can take him away from me, an' sell him, yer know, missus, when they 've a mind. But I shall go with him as long 's I ken, any how."

"You need have no fears on that score *here*, Nora. Master Brittan won't separate you, I'm sure."

"Beck's a bad man," said Nora. "He don't like us, me an' Katty. I know'd him—we know'd him to home. He wanted me to live with him one't; an' 'cause I peached on him to master, he's hated me, an' Katty, too, ever sence. He's *here*, so Master Taskem said, an' I'm 'feered he'll seek revenge on us 'n some way."

Katy was silent. *Her* fears were excited, too, when Taskem informed them that the wretch Beck might possibly be brought in contact with Nora and herself; but she listened only to what was said, without offering any exhibition of her suspicions. And to have seen the two quadroon girls, as they reclined there upon the bright lawn—calm and pensive and quiet as two unoffending lambs, no one would have suspected that either of them possessed the first spark of violence or pride of spirit in their seemingly listless compositions.

And yet, as Beck had suggested, (and *he* knew it!) when Nora was aroused she was as wild, as reckless and as ferocious as an untamed tigress! The two girls had been carefully reared (for slaves), and their old master had permitted them both to learn to read. They had been exposed

to no physical personal abuse thus far (if one could judge from their appearance), and they yet had a good deal to learn!

"As to Beck," said Julia, kindly, "you needn't fear *him*; he will have nothing to do with you so long as you remain at the house."

"But—the *boy*, missus. He knows how I lub him, and he'll be hard with me in that way if he can."

"The boy shall remain with us, within doors, Nora. He can be of small use outside, at present. I will see to that."

"Thank yer, missus; thank yer," said Nora, but still doubtfully, for she could not control her fears, somehow, that Buff would be torn away from her through Beck's influence; and as they returned to the house the girls saw him.

"There he is," said Katty, quickly.

"I see him," responded Nora, "an' I reck'n he has n't forgot us cyther. He feels mighty nice yere, I've no doubt, whar he can swing his whip as he pleases!"

"Yer ken go right along, gads," said the brute to himself, glancing at them sulkily, "go right 'long *now*. The brat'll be taken keer of ter-night; an' I'll have them fine close off yer backs afore a month's gone, or I'm somebuddy else besides Lewy Beck, mind yer. I reck'n yer think yer'll hev a good time, now, with the soft-hearted missus yer've got in tow! Ha, ha! Never mind. I allers reck'ned it ud come round right sometime or other. Go right 'long—right 'long!" and a fiendish chuckle succeeded as Beck disappeared within the stable once more.

"Didn't I tell yer not ter let that hoss drink, yer dam

fool! Didn't I tell yer so?" shouted Beck, as he entered the building and saw Nappo watering one of the young animals at the trough.

Nappo had misunderstood Beck's directions, and thought he had told him to water him.

"I tort yer s'ed water de calf, massa," responded Nappo, instantly.

Beck waited for no reply, but as Nappo spoke he seized a billet of wood that lay at hand, and with a powerful blow on the negro's head and shoulders, felled poor Nappo to the stable floor as suddenly as if his victim had been struck down by a thunder-bolt!

"Carn't I beat *noth'n* through yer dam thick ugly skull?" roared Beck, as he followed up his blows again and again with the club he had caught up in his frenzy, and with which he belabored Nappo unmercifully for two or three minutes. "Won't yer *never* learn nuthin', yer lazy misable dam son of a wench! I'll see 'f I carn't teach yer, then." And at him he went again, with the fury of a madman, catching his thong, that he suddenly discovered on the floor where he had left it, and scoring and lashing the prostrate Nappo—who had been stunned by the first blow, and was helpless—until the wretch was absolutely exhausted and fagged out with his fearful and brutal efforts.

The unlucky negro staggered to his feet at last, cut and flayed and shockingly bruised, and bleeding frightfully, when his eye fell upon Teney, who had just arrived from the fields below, and overhearing the scuffle and the groans of Nappo, hurried into the building.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Beck? Good God! Nappo,"

exclaimed Toney, as he saw the terrible condition the favorite servant was in, "what have you been doing?"

"Doin'?" responded Beck, angrily, and quaking with his rage and over exertion; "he's in a lein' just wot I told him *not* ter do. An' I've lammd him fir it. An' I hain't done with 'im yit, nyther. I'll kill him, dan him! afore I'll get through with him, see 'f I don't!"

"You had much better kill him, Mr. Beck, outright, than to mutilate the poor fellow in this awful manner," said Toney, civilly, but with firmness.

"I don't want nun o' *yer* advice, nyther. I know wot I'm about, an' I'll lick him or any o' the rest uv 'em, when I like, how I like, an' as much as I like—*yer* understand, now. An' ef *yer* come yere to interfere with *me*, *yer*'ll git sarved wus'n I sarve them, mind *yer*!"

"Personally, I stand in no fear of such wretches as you are," replied Toney.

"Take care wot *yer* say, now—take care!" said Beck, turning briskly toward Toney, while Nappo still stood on the floor, covered with gashes and blood. "Don't *yer* say too much! I can't *bear* much," continued Beck.

"I say I have no fears of you, personally, Beck. Such loud-barking dogs rarely bite except they attack some poor cur that may be their inferior in strength. You ought to be ashamed of this hour's work to the latest moment of your life, Beck! I will not provoke you intentionally, but I warn you to be cautious how you menace *me*."

"Leave the stable! Leave the building!" screamed Beck amid his ire, and raising his arm again as if he purposed to fall upon Toney in his unsatisfied rage.

"Don't yer tech *him*!" shouted Nappo, forgetting his own position and every thing else for the moment. "Don't yer go tech Massa Toney. Yer may beat Nappo—yer can mash *dis* head in, but yer must n't go ter tech Massa Master!"

And before either Toney or Beck had time to prevent it, Nappo rushed upon the over-er with the fury of a demon, and, gripping him firmly at the throat in his two powerful hands, he hurled him headlong to the great rear door of the stable, and dashed him heavily down the long stone steps out into the muck-heap!

As the form of Beck descended the stairway thus unceremoniously, his head and face came into sudden contact with the edges of the ragged steps, and he was badly injured as well as stunned by his fall.

He lay in the wet filth for a moment, but soon recovered, and rushed up the stairs again.

Toney had closed and fastened the back door and retired at once to the house. Nappo concluded to show "a clean pair of heels" for once, and as soon as Beck fell from his grasp he dashed away for the nearest woods, leaving Toney to arrange the affair in his absence, though not without the latter's advice.

"Run, Nappo, run!" said Toney, quickly. "He'll murder you if you don't. Run! I'll take care of myself. He won't harm me."

"I tink he *will* kill me *dis* time," suggested Nappo.

"Go!" said Toney.

And Nappo did go without further urging.

When Beck got fairly upon his feet and saw the shocking plight he was in—besmeared as he was from crown to feet

with blood and slime and muck, and found the door locked upon him, too—he was desperately enraged.

But his bruises were severe, and he finally cooled off a little, and turned to take care of himself for the present, bitterly swearing to be avenged, however, upon Topsy and Nappo for this spicy affair, in which he had been thus ludicrously worsted.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE OVERSEER'S REVENGE.

"HE 'LL be out ter night, Jake," said Beck, to a huge negro near him, on the evening after the fracas; "he 'll show his mug pretty soon. Mettler 's told him to keep shady, I 've no doubt; and he 'll find work for 'im, so 's I shan't git a sly at him. Keep yer eye open. I 'll go over to the cabin. When he comes bring him along with yer, and don't let him know I 'm 'round, d' ye hear?"

"Yis, massa—I heer."

"Very well. See 't yer fetch 'im."

"Yis, sah."

Nappo had not forgot the flogging he had had in the morning, either; and he knew very well that if Beck got a chance at him, he would be likely to repeat the dose, and "double-up" on it, for the resistance he had then made. But he did not entertain the slightest idea of putting himself in Beck's way. Teney would require all his day services, and they believed they had arranged the rest so that Nappo would not be likely to fall in Beck's way at all for the present. The *future* Nappo "reckoned" would take care of itself. His plans were laid!

But he could not well avoid going down to quarters at night; and, as soon as he reached his cabin, he suddenly found himself secured in the stout arms of the negro *Jake*, who never liked Nappo from the hour he came upon the place, and who was now backed up by Beck himself. Nappo was surprised again, but it was too late to retreat.

"Now, Jake—Luff—up with him!" shouted Beck, as Nappo entered—"up with him!"

And poor Nappo found himself triced up by his wrists to a stout beam, in less time than we can here record the fact.

In the next moment he was stripped to the skin, and the slaves were all summoned into the low dirty room to witness the flogging.

"Now, boys, yer'll see w'ot yer'll git," said Beck, "i'u don't b'have yersel's an' mind yer business. This nigger's bin saasy 's well 's lazy, an' I'm goin' to take some o' the bad blood out uv 'im. Now, give it to him, Jake—do yer mind. An' ef yer don't put it on, clean up ter the handle, I'll give *you* w'ot b'longs to *him*, mind yer!"

"An' as for *you*," he added, shaking his huge fist in Nappo's face, with bitter malice, "as for *you*—it's mighty onfrequent that *I* tells a nigger w'ot I licks him fer. But yer need n't think yer ken play yer possum game with that white-livered son of a wench, Mettler, to *my* detriment. I'm goin' to flog yer now, an' square up 'counts. I've been a achin' fer this chance to pay yer off, fer a good w'ile. Give it to him, Jake, an' lay it *close* ev'ry time, ef yer want to save yer own black hide."

"*Nappo!*" shouted a voice, at the door of the cabin, at this moment.

"*Massa ! Massa Mettler !*" screamed the negro in response, at the top of his lungs.

"I want you, Nappo," continued Mettler, as he put his head into the door and saw the hands all assembled together in one room, and, at the same moment, discovered Nappo tied by the wrists to the post.

"Put it on, Jake !" shouted Beck, enraged at the un-appropos visit of Mettler. And, at the same time, resolved that he would not be balked in his purpose again, he shouted, "give it to him !"

Jake drew up his heavy whip, and it fell with a crashing, ringing force upon Nappo's already bruised shoulders and back, and then it fell again and again, before Toney could possibly reach the spot.

"Hold ! you scoundrel ! Hold—*stop !*" cried Toney.

"Put it on !" screamed Beck.

"Stop !" repeated Toney, fiercely. And springing upon Jake, like a young wolf (as he raised the scourge for the fourth time), with one hand he sent him reeling to the further end of the cabin, while with the other he wrenched the whip from his grasp as he went. In the next moment he had severed the cord that bound Nappo to the beam, and freed him from further present harm, though his back and shoulders were shockingly cut and scored by the blows he had just received.

"Shame ! shame on you, Beck !" said Toney, turning to the inhuman brute, who had been the first and the present offending cause of this trouble. "Shame on your wretchedly vengeful disposition ! Go over to the stable, Nappo," he continued, addressing the poor negro, who was bleeding badly.

but who never suffered a moan or a groan to escape him, notwithstanding the severity of his renewed beating.

"I hain't done with him yit," said Beck, sulkily, but who really feared Toney's influence with his employer. "I hain't got through with him, by a long mark, yit. I'll stick it out of him, or I'll have his heart's blood," continued Beck, spitefully. "I'll git my chance at him, yit—let yer life on 't. An' w'en I *do*, I'll pay him off, *sure!*"

Toney would not quarrel with Beck himself, and so he quietly left the cabin, and followed Nappo over to the stables.

"What had you been doing?" asked Mettler, as soon as he found Nappo, again. "Any new trouble?"

"No, massa, no," said Nappo. "Nof'n new. Beck's dat mad wid me dat he'll nebler gib up—*nebler*. He's allers hated me, an' allers beat me, an' he allers will. I'se bin land to work to-day, an' I was jess gwine to de cabin, wen he coted me; an' Jake he *lab* to lick de poor niggers, Jake do. We muss *bar* it, Massa Mettler—we must bar't 's long as we ken; an' den—"

"Well, I will see how I can help you out of the clutches and the reach of this unmerciful wretch, Nappo," said Toney, with a kind expression of sympathy; and, procuring a clean sponge, he washed and bathed the excoriated back and shoulders of poor Nappo before he left him for the night.

Nappo finally skulked in beneath the corn-lusk heap, in one of the barns, in preference to risking another visit to his cabin, where Beck watched for him till past midnight without success.

The abuse of Nappo by this wretched slave-driver was only a single instance of the cruelty in constant practice upon the

field-hands of Brittan's estate. Back was the art-craft of the plantation, and the proprietor knew and cared nothing about his mode of management, so that he kept the "lazy niggers" at work, and contrived to force the greatest possible amount of labor out of them, sick or well, a custom that every where prevails among the down-trodden creatures who are thus placed at the "tender-mercy" of these abominable task-masters, whose first qualification must be the known and fully established lack of any thing, in their compositions, that is akin to feelings of humanity or reason!

This point is a lamentably notorious *fact*. There are no possible exceptions to this rule. It is true that among the slave *proprietors* there are found men who possess the finer feelings of the man and the gentleman, and instances are met with where these wretches are not permitted to "reign" upon slave-estates; but this is not common. The great mass of proprietors find it more convenient to intrust the care of the plantation to agents, who assume unlimited power in their province, while the owners know little or nothing of the horrible treatment to which their slaves are continually subjected. A feeling of total indifference to the *details* of their affairs is a characteristic of Southern proprietors, and hence the prime cause of the abuses noted.

Kind treatment to slaves, wholesome food, and reasonable shelter for the sufferers is not permitted, as a general rule. I say is not *permitted*. I mean by this to insist that slave labor, as a whole, has long since been found to be unprofitable and ruinous, *if* the operatives are treated as well, cared for as well, sheltered as well, relieved and comforted as well (when really out of working condition), as are the horses and

cattle of a reasonable and thriving Northern farmer, or even of a Southern gentleman! All Southern experience points to this; and the writer once heard a Virginian declare solemnly, that "*if he should spend as much money, proportionately, in housing, and feeding, and looking after his riggers, as he did in the grooming, and sheltering, and the care of his stud of horses, he would find himself against a wall, very shortly!*"

Nappo was the object of Beck's particular hatred, the more especially because Teney favored him. He dared not attempt to abuse Mettler, and so he wreaked the vengeance he harbored against both upon the devoted head of the defenseless slave, whenever he could find the opportunity.

CHAPTER L.

A SECRET INTERVIEW.

She was all gentleness, all gayety ;
And, in the luster of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francisco.

ROBERTA.

JULIE and Toney sat alone together, in a small arbor directly in the rear of the dwelling-house, a pretty and tasteful retreat which Toney had himself built, two years before, and where the lovers had often met to talk and speculate upon the future. Brittan was absent at the race-course, where a favorite horse of his was about to run for a large purse, and upon the result of which the Englishman had a heavy sum of money pending.

"I shall never forget that scene, Julie," said Toney, with deep feeling, "as long as I have breath. I never saw a slave badly punished before in my life, and although I've often heard about it, I knew I couldn't stand quietly by and see one of them thus maltreated upon any consideration whatever. Nappo was shockingly abused, really."

"Isn't it dreadful? And I have talked, and talked to my guardian, and urged him to leave this place, of which I am most heartily sick, I assure you; but he is obdurate, and de-

clares he will live and die here among them, come what may in the mean time."

"Ah, Julie!" exclaimed Toney, "you may as well save your breath on this point. He will never give it up. He *can't* do it."

"Can't? Why not?"

"Well, I will tell you why, and you will appreciate me, though I am sure this will be news to you. Mr. Britan has gone so far that he has not the ability, pecuniarily, to recede. He has mortgaged his estate for almost its full value, Taskem has over-reached him terribly, his slave-purchases have been foolish and unnecessary, his horse-racing and wine-bibbling have cost him a fortune, his tobacco-crops have been poor and too expensive altogether, and he is at this hour upon the very verge of bankruptcy, I have no sort of doubt."

"*What!*"

"It is as I tell you, Julie, precisely. He is now absent at the great races. Upon one or two of the favorite horses he has wagered some twelve thousand dollars. He raised a second and a third mortgage, here, to obtain the money for his portion of the stakes, I know, and he *may* win. If he does not, where will he then be?"

"You astound me!" exclaimed Julie, emphatically.

"I told you it would be news! And now I've another piece of intelligence, which I presume will be quite as new, and I hope more interesting, which I have long desired the opportunity to communicate to you."

"Well, Toney, what next?"

"I am about to leave Greenville, Julie, forever.

"You leave—you, Toney?" replied Julie, looking him

strait in the face. "No, you're not—no, no—Toney! You certainly do not mean any such thing as this," said Julie, confused, and evidently alarmed.

"After what has passed with Beck, here, I have no wish to remain a moment, I assure you, Julie, even if I had not previously made up my mind to go North again. But *now* my decision is irrevocably determined on, and I shall go at an early day. I can not leave at an hour's notice, of course. But, within a month, I intend to join my friends in the State of New York," said Toney.

"New York? But you have always said you had no friends, Toney. How is this?"

"I found them when I was absent, a few weeks since, Julie. I promised my dear sister Carrie—you have often heard me speak of her—that I would very soon return to her. I must redeem my promise; and, besides, I am heart-sick, *heart-sick*, Julie, of this life, here!"

"Not more so than I am, Toney, I know. And why then should you go, and leave me to suffer alone here? Is this the end of all your protestations, Toney? You surely can not have the heart to leave me thus, I think."

"Not for all Kentucky, Julie, and all the world besides!" exclaimed Toney, fervently. "I have no idea of changing my resolve about going, dearest, but I shall *not* leave you behind me."

"And how—how, then?" asked Julie, flushing.

"How then, Julie? Why, I have a few hundred dollars saved from my earnings in the past seven years, and I am a better farmer to-day, a good deal, than I was when I came to Kentucky. I have health, and strength, and some share of talent

in my way. God has implanted in my bosom a love of right, and I have the courage to believe that I can readily obtain a good living wherever my lot may be cast. You will become my wife—we will leave this place *together*—you shall go with me where I go—you shall see my loving, darling sister, who will be rejoiced to meet you; and we shall be far happier than we can be, by any possibility, here, I am sure. Don't *you* think so, Julie?"

"And—and—leave my guardian, Brittan, here?" replied Julie, confusedly.

"What is he to *you*? Oh, Julie, be advised by me, and trust me; *I* will not deceive you."

She fell upon his breast, as she said:

"I am yours, *yours*, Toney; do with me as you will!"

Before this interview was closed, all the requisite preliminaries had been arranged for their flight and marriage. Toney very well knew that Brittan would peremptorily scout any approaches that he should attempt to make toward his ward, if he had been apprised of his feelings in regard to her; and Julie also knew that her guardian would never consent to listen to such a proposal for an instant.

Old Brittan had never suspected, for one moment, that any such feeling existed between the lovers at all. They had exercised the utmost caution, continuously, and their intercourse had always been so carefully managed that her guardian was totally unadvised as to the real state of the case. Brittan had, once in his life, been shocked at a daughter's rashness. He was now destined to be astounded at his ward's temerity!

It was evening. The race was over. Brittan had just returned to his dwelling. He had bet on the wrong horse, and

was thirteen thousand dollars worse off, pecuniarily, than he was twelve hours previously! He was in a wretchedly dejected mood, for he was certain—he thought—that he should win.

But people do not *always* win at horse-races, and especially people who bet and are not acquainted, pretty well, with the gamblers of the South and West!

Taskem had not yet received his four thousand three hundred dollars for the last three slaves he had sold Brittan. He held his note for this amount, and both he and Brittan had been striving for some days to raise an additional mortgage upon the estate, but there was quite as many liens on it as the lenders desired to see; and the money could not be obtained.

Brittan was alarmed.

"Things look squally, here," said Beck to Taskem. But Taskem replied:

"Keep cool, Beck. Britt'n owes me over four thousand dollars, an' I must git it somehow. Say nuth'n. He'll hold out another year, *cosy*, I reck'n. It 'ud be a mighty tight fit fer *me* ef he did n't pay me, though! My pile's in them three niggers. Fer God's sake, keep still," urged Taskem, who had invested his pecuniary *all* in this last venture!

CHAPTER LI.

THE GUARDIAN'S PROPOSAL.

Ho secretly
Put a pirate's colors out at both our sterns,
That we might fight each other in mistake—
That he should share the ruin of us both!

Crowx's *Ambitious Statesman*.

ANTHONY BRITTAN had endeavored to make himself agreeable to Nora, and for three or four days had permitted her to go when and where she would, around the place, without molestation. She had been scrupulously watchful of her boy, however, and never permitted him to get out of her sight, day or night.

She passed the greater portion of her time in the companionship of Katty, who had been regularly installed as the attendant of Julie, and whom Brittan's ward was well pleased with. Julie found the two sisters exceedingly useful in household affairs, and they proved very excellent servants in every way.

All that Nora seemed to care for beyond exhibiting a willingness to perform her daily duty acceptably, was to know that her boy, Buti, was constantly safe, and that he would remain with her; and while she was continually on the *qui vive* to retain him, Taskem had about concluded his arrangements to smuggle him away.

But Nora proved impracticable, and Brittan became more and more sulkily. He sent for his ward suddenly, one afternoon (after he had dined and swallowed a bottle of port), and said :

"Julie, you have seen Mr. Flash once or twice, late. You remember him? We met him at Chvington, too, and at Ashville, last season."

"Yes, sir," said Julie, "I recollect him."

"He will be here next week, or the week after, to pass a few days with us. He is a gentleman of fortune, and—and he—he is pleased—pleased with you—to be says. He is single, and you can gratify me, Julie, exceedingly, by being attentive to him during his sojourn here."

Julie was not more surprised at the matter than at the manner of Brittan's short speech. It had evidently been studied, thought upon, coined and pointed for this occasion! He knew she was proud and high-toned in many of her ideas, and she came honestly by them—her father before her was so—and Julie had herself arrived at "years of discretion." Brittan knew all this, and he had *sold her*—sold his ward, Julie Manning—to Timothy Flash, Esq., at a round consideration, but all in secret! The only bar to the consummation of the bargain between these two precious scoundrels, now, was the delivery of the property to the purchaser! And the compact was brought about in this wise :

Brittan was out of cash. He must have money—ready money—soon, or his affairs must be summarily and disgracefully wound up! In his efforts to obtain a fresh mortgage upon his estate for the purpose of staving off the evil day for a time, he chanced to meet with Mr. Flash (who was a wealthy

but dissolute man), to whom he broached his wishes. Flash had the penans, and, in his usual off-hand manner, replied:

"Brittan, you shall have the amount you want, provided you be inclined to help me in a little affair that will occasion you but slight inconvenience, if any at all, and in which I can't very well succeed without your aid."

"Name it!" says Brittan, smilingly.

"Will you first give me your promise, upon honor, that *if* you can accomplish it, you *will* do so."

"Assuredly, will I," said Brittan, putting his hand on his—*waistcoat!*

"Very good. You can have the fifteen thousand dollars you seek upon your simple note of hand, without security. I am happy in being able to serve you. And in return I want the hand of your ward, Miss Manning, in marriage."

Brittan halted! This was rather *too* business-like even for his notions! He hesitated, and Flash continued:

"I flatter myself, Mr. Brittan, that I am not a very bad-looking man—"

"No, no! On the contrary—"

"Well, no matter about compliments. Is it a bargain? Will you assist me?"

Brittan reflected.

"Yes, yes," he said; "I will."

"Enough," said Flash. "I will make you a visit at your estate, shortly, and you shall propose for me. I'm a devilish poor hand at proposing to the women, I assure you. If we succeed you shall have the amount. Try it. The day we are married I will place the money in your hands."

This was the upshot of the agreement, and Brittan returned

home again to commence the accomplishment of his part of the villainous scheme to unite his innocent ward to a rich but noted libertine and villain.

"I recollect Mr. Flash," said Julie, "and I have always endeavored to be attentive to *all* your friends who came hither to visit us."

"I know it—I know it, puss," said Brittan, attempting to be gracious, "but *this* time I'm particularly anxious you should please Mr. Flash—my friend—who, a—who—is delighted with your charming appearance, Julie, and who *might*, possibly—I say he might go so far as to—to—even—offer you—that is to say, I *think* he might—even make you an offer of—of his—a—hand, Julie!"

Brittan had delivered his speech, and he felt greatly relieved for a moment!

"*Me!* Offer his hand? What *for*, I pray?"

"What for, puss? Why, you can't be so ignorant, so stupid, as all that, can you?"

"I really don't see what *I* have to do with the hand of Mr. Flash," continued Julie, artlessly.

"Well, I mean in marriage, Julie. That's all."

"Oh! is *that* all?" queried Julie, recovering herself. "Is that all?"

"Yes. He's a very nice young man, too, is Flash. A clever fellow, and rich as Croesus. You'll be delighted with him, and he'll make you an excellent husband. You'll remember this, won't you, Julie?" said Brittan, again.

"Oh, surely, *I will remember it*," replied Julie, with emphasis.

"And you'll treat him nicely when he comes, won't you?"

And when you see him you'll put on your softest smiles, eh? little pretty puss—eh? won't you?"

"When I see him I will be attentive to him, of course, since you are so particular in your wishes," said Julie.

"So I thought—so I thought! I knew you'd be agreeable to it. I *know* you would," said old Brittan, vastly pleased with his prospect thus far.

"Leave these things to *me* to manage. I know what women are. I know what pleases the girls, *I* do," he continued. "I know what's best for *my* girls, of course I do. And if I didn't, who should, to be sure? I know what's best for *you*, my Julie. I'm your guardian, ain't I? Your father left you to my care, and your father was my friend—*my friend!* I'd do by you just as I would by my own daughter, just exactly! And I wouldn't abuse the trust reposed in me by a friend—a dying friend—a dead friend—by no manner o' means—*no!* Not *I*. Anthony Brittan's too honorable and high-minded a man for that. And it wouldn't be right, nor *just*, cyther! It wouldn't be acting the part of a *Christian* for a man to accept such a responsible charge. (Brittan did not mention any thing of the twenty thousand dollars belonging to Julie that he had squandered—every dollar of it—in betting at horse-races!) It wouldn't be doing as we'd wish to be done by, under similar circumstances, for me to make any proposition of such a *serious* nature unless I *know* it was for the best, and as I know *this* one to be—eh? would it, Julie? Say, don't you think so, puss?"

There was no reply to Brittan's final loving query! Julie had left the room, some moments before the old man had reached this climax of his speech, and he was alone!

He had not deigned (or dared) to look his ward in the face, when she came into the apartment, and as she observed at once that he had been indulging in his wine, while he was thus gabbling at random, she slipped quietly out from beside his chair, where she had been standing during the early part of the interview, and left her respected and respectable guardian gazing into and talking at—the empty parlor flower-vase!

Brittan turned about in his chair—looked after his ward a moment—concluded, on the whole, that it was all right, and, leaning back against the cushions, he was soon sound asleep.

Julie had found Toney, and quickly related to him what Brittan had just proposed to her.

The lovers consulted together, and the conclusion they arrived at was that the sooner they carried their own scheme into execution, the sooner they would both be relieved from the embarrassments and annoyances of their present positions.

But Anthony Brittan suspected nothing, and he slept as soundly and as unconcernedly as if his couch were of roses and his prospects elysian!

CHAPTER LII.

TWO WRONGS SOMETIMES MAKE ONE RIGHT.

I have had feelings of my cousin's wrongs,
And labored all I could to do him right;
But, in this kind to come, in traveling times,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong—it may not be.
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels, all!

York. RICHARD II.

"WELL, Nappo, I'm going to leave you," said Toney to the negro, one day, soon after his trouble with Beck had passed by, as they were alone at one end of the corn-field.

"Whar' yer gwine, massa?" exclaimed Nappo, his great eyes enlarging as he spoke. "Whar' yer gwine?"

"I am going to leave this State, altogether."

"All togedder? Who gwine wid you, all togedder?"

"I mean, *permanently*. I do not intend to come back, as I have done heretofore when I've been away."

"W'en yer gwine, massa?"

"In a few days, now."

Nappo hung his head, and the hoe lagged in his hands at first, and then he ceased to work entirely, but he did not speak until Toney accosted him:

"I hope, Nappo, you will get along without trouble, after

• I'm gone. Your fate is a harsh one—the fate of your race is hard. But your case, especially, is one that commands sympathy, because you have once tasted the sweets of liberty, and know which is preferable—freedom or bondage! I wish I were able, I would take you with me, Nappo, but I can't. I'm poor, and I—I'm sorry—but I can't do it. You've been faithful to me, and faithful to your master, Britan, under my direction. But you must bear up manfully, and remember that there is a better world than this, a bright hereafter, where we must all meet, one day, to give an account of our doings in this sphere, and where we shall all be upon an equal footing—the master no higher than his slave, if the servant is faithful and just to himself and his neighbor."

"You mean up *dar*?" said Nappo, pointing with his dry, hard hand heavenward.

"Yes, Nappo; we shall all be equal there."

"W'ot—all?"

"Yes, *I* believe so, Nappo."

"W'ot—Massa Brittin, an' Beck, an' *all*? Ekal to me an' yer, and yer? Dey ekal ter *we*?"

"They will repent, I trust, seasonably, and they will be forgiven of their errors."

"I duzz n't want ter go up *dar*," said Nappo, firmly.

"What?" said Toney.

"No. Dis chile rudder not, massa. Dis chile duzz n't keef 'bout gwine up *dar*, ef Massa Beck an' Tasken's *dar*, no how!"

"You must endeavor," continued Toney, "now I'm going away, Nappo, to conciliate your master; and if you go along smoothly with Beck, he'll treat you better, I hope."

"Nebber, nebber, Massa Mettler," continued Nappo, stoutly.

"Dem men nebber 'll forgib Nappo, long 's dey live; an' when you 'se gone, dey 'll 'mash his head for 'im, to pay off all de ole debts, for sartin. War yer gwine, Massa Muller?" asked Nappo, significantly, once more.

"To New York State, Nappo. Why?"

"Well, ef you shuld see a poor nigger up dar, 'n he had 'nt no money, ner no friends, ner nuff'n, an' he shuld be tryin' to git 'way from dese cusses yere, yer woudn't perch on 'im, wud yer, massa—eh?"

"If you ever come where I am, Nappo, I'll treat you well, and you shan't suffer. Mind! I don't advise you to run away, though."

"Yer'e gwine ter run away, ain't yer, massa?"

"No, Nappo. I don't have to run away. I'm free to go when and where I please."

"Wall, Massa Ellerson, yer *farder*, he run 'way wid Missey Annie, an' he was free man, too—eh?"

This was a home-thrust for Toney, for he had arranged every thing to "run away" with Julie, at an early day. And though Nappo could not possibly have suspected any thing of this, yet his remark fitted Toney's case exactly.

"Well, Nappo," continued Toney, "two wrongs don't make one right, you know. You are Master Brittan's legal *property*; and though it is an unfortunate situation for you, the law requires that you should remain here. This is one wrong, and a grievous one; but submission is a virtue. Now, if you should run away from your owner, you would be taking from him just so much money as your pecuniary value amounts to; and this would be what some people denominate stealing, or robbery, you see. So that this would be the second wrong.

Now, as I said before, since two wrongs, like these I have mentioned, can not make one right, *you* shouldn't be instrumental in committing one of the wrongs, although the other exists, and you are thus a victim to the injustice of it."

Nappo was very attentive to this excellent piece of advice, though he did not comprehend the whole of it.

"I see, Massa Toney, I see," said Nappo. "Two wrongs nebber make one right, 'zackly; on'y sometimes dey *do*."

"I think not, Nappo."

"Well, massa, I tell you, den," said Nappo, in a whisper. "'Poze I run 'way one time, an' go lib wile in free State, an' bimeby dem slave-catcher, Taskem, cum an' nab poor Nappo, an' take him back ter Alerbama? Dat one wrong, ain't it, massa?"

"Yes, yes."

"Wal, den. 'Poze Nappo take good chance, w'en he ken git 'um, an' run 'way 'gin—dat two times—dat two wrong, fer sart'n; eh, massa?"

"Yes," said Toney.

"Wal, massa, *den* two wrong make one *right*, sure's preach'n; fer, bet your life, Massa Toney, ef dis elib git into free State 'gin, he nebber git cotech'd 's long 's he libs! An' dat 'ull be *one right*, fer sart'n—eh, Massa Mettler."

The force of Nappo's theory struck Toney very remarkably, though he saw that the poor slave was not altogether disinterested in his homely argument. So he said—

"Well, Nappo, I don't know exactly what you are thinking of, but I hope you'll be happy, wherever you may be situated, in the future. I'm sorry I ever came here at all, for many reasons, but I am about to quit Kentucky, and I only wish I

were able to free every slave Britain owns," said Toney, feelingly. "This is out of the question, however, and I must leave you all to the mercy of those who *ought* to be kind to you."

"But dey nebber'll be kind to us," said Nappo, again, "nebber. Dey'll beat us, an' mash us, and work de skin off our bones, an' den throw us to der dogs, w'en we're us't up. Dass w'ot dey'll do, massa. An' ef yer say *ye're* gwine, I say *I'm* gwine too, ef I ken get 'way."

"Well, Nappo, I mustn't know any thing of this, you see. If I see you, hereafter, away from your master's place, I can't help it, an' I shan't. When I leave him I've done with him and his forever. As I said before, if you come where I am, I'll do what I can for you; but I don't recommend you to run away. It is a long journey to the free States, and you'd find it a weary one," continued Toney, in a low tone.

"Yis—yis; I hear 'um, I hear 'um, massa," said Nappo, listening attentively and excitedly, and catching every syllable that dropped from his friend's lips.

"You'd have to suffer from fasting, and you would be compelled to skulk by day, and travel by night."

"Yis—yis, massa."

"And then you would have a long way to walk, too, and you would be surrounded by spies and man-wolves, who would seize you, if possible, at any moment, on suspicion of being a runaway; so that you would have to be extremely cautious how you were exposed, for a single moment, as you went."

"Yis, massa!"

"And you'd have to find your way to Lewisburg—"

"Yis—"

"But you mustn't enter the town, though."

"O no—I see, massa—Lucyberg; I know 'em."

"And then, when you reached Green River, you'd have to sly up the valley, always keeping the course of the river up to Harpshead—but not to go into the village, you know."

"No, no, massa—Harpshead, I 'member *him*, too."

"And so on—still north, that is *up*—between Cartledge and Henderson—"

"Yis, massa! Cartledge an' Anderson. I knows *dem*, too."

"Then across the Ohio river, and that'll bring you into Illinois. Keep right on, then—that is, I mean, Nappo, you would find it necessary to continue straight forward, thus, *if you were there*—and get upon the Wabash River."

"Yis, Warbush; I know 'im, massa. Dass w'ar de big Injuns lib; I know."

"And then you would have to seek for the town of Vincennes, and that is a long way off, you see—but *there* you'd find friends, Nappo—friends who would aid you. But you see you would hardly be able to accomplish all this; and you would be hunted from the day or hour you left Here. You would stand but a small chance of escaping again, and if they caught you this time, you'd be shipped off to Alabama or Mississippi, where you would forever remain in bondage. The difficulties to be surmounted are far too great, Nappo."

"What! fer *liberty*, massa! Fer freedom?" exclaimed Nappo, strangely. "Yer nebbler was a *slave*, Massa Toney," said Nappo, with deep emphasis. "Yer nebbler know'd w'ot it wus to wear de chains, an' feel the lash ob Beck an' Taskem, an' *dem*."

"I have seen more of it than I shall ever see again, Nappo," replied Toney. "But it's a difficult thing for *you* to escape from it, any way."

"Lucyberg—Green Ribber—Harp'sd—Cartige—Amer-on—lio Ribber—*free lam!*" said Nappo, clasping his hands in the intensity of hope, and repeating the words again and again: "Lucyberg, Green Ribber, Harp'sd, Cartige, lio—*liberty!* Oh! Massa Mettler, am *yer* gwine dar? am *yer* gwine to do lio ribber, an' Warbush, an' Cartige, an' free State?"

"Yes, Nappo, never to return."

"*W'en* you gwine dar," asked Nappo, again.

"Within a few days."

Nappo was silent, and Toney left him, finally, with the injunction:

"Remember, Nappo, two wrongs don't make one right. If you attempt to escape from bondage you do so at your peril. If you *do* go, though, remember Lewisburg, Green River, Harpshead, Carthage, Ohio River—"

"An' *freedom!* 'tank God!" exclaimed Nappo, earnestly, as his kind-hearted friend disappeared.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said Toney to himself, as he departed toward the house, "I shouldn't wonder, now, if Nappo really intended to run away again—poor fellow!"

It certainly *did* look somewhat suspicious!

CHAPTER LIII.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

Away! away, on bounding steeds,
The white man-stealers fleetly go—
Through long low valleys, fringed with reeds,
O'er mountains capp'd with snow—
Each with his captive far and fast!

THOMAS PRINGLE.

TASKEM had been watching all the next day for the opportunity to get Nora's boy away; but the mother either suspected him, or was more than usually watchful, while the slave-trader was in sight, and it had come to be nearly evening before he made any open attempt at removing Buff. It was getting late, and he had eight miles to go before he could obtain a public conveyance to the southward—it being his intention to proceed, at once, to Hopkinsville, and down to Cumberland River; whence he could get away with the child without further trouble.

He had taken leave of Brittan, and the sun had just set, as Taskem came to the side entrance of the house, and said:

“Hello, Buff, w'ot yer doin'?”

The little fellow started to his feet, and went into the kitchen as the trader approached, for Nora had taught him, in secret, to look upon Taskem as a wicked ghoul, from which he should flee whenever he saw him coming!

"Come, Buffy, come," he continued, coaxingly, as if he were calling a dog; but the boy looked in his eye and said:

"No, I don't want'er."

"Then I'll hev ter fetch yer," replied the brute, jumping into the doorway, fiercely, and gripping the boy in his arms.

With one hand he seized Buff rarely, and as the boy exclaimed "mama—," the other palm of the slave-catcher was clapped upon the youngster's mouth, to prevent him from uttering the final syllable, when he would have called for "mamma!" Jumping out of doors with him as quickly and as stealthily as he had come in, he hastened to the rear of the dwelling, where stood a rough open wagon, with a stout horse before it, in readiness for a start.

"Quick, Buck, quick, now!" said Taskem to his companion in sin, who held the horse, and only awaited to assist his friend away, "quick, for he's as strong as a young bull."

And Buff was tumbled heels over head into the bottom of the wagon, after having been nearly strangled, as he came from the house, in Taskem's hands.

"Oh! mammy, mammy—Nora—mammy!" shouted Buff; "Buckra-man er got 'im! Buckra-man er got 'im, mammy!" and away went the wagon at a jump.

"Wot's *that*?" yelled Nora, springing madly out of the parlor, whither she had been summoned by Brittan, a moment previously, in order to give Taskem the opportunity he had been unsuccessfully seeking, for six long hours. "Wot's that noise? Buff—*Buffy*!" she shrieked, as she darted away; "whar is he," and followed by Katty, who chanced in her way as she rushed out, the maddened mother flew to the rear of the house, in season to behold the villain Taskem turning his

horse into a by-way, a few yards behind the dwelling. With infuriated vigor she dashed after him, at top speed, as she continued to scream:

"My boy! my chile! Buñ! my chile—my chile! Don't steal 'im, massa. Oh! gi' me back my chile!"

The road-way was ragged and muddy, and the horse soon found, notwithstanding the goading and lashing that Taskem administered to him, that his load was rather too stubborn for him to gallop along with freely, and he began to show signs of faltering and obstinacy. Taskem lashed him, and swore terribly, while Buñ had heard Nora's voice, and was struggling with all his might and main to leap from the wagon. What with attempting to guide the now unruly beast, and to keep him going, and at the same time striving with feet and hands to hold Buñ down, Taskem quickly ascertained that he had obtained something more than he had originally "bargained for," when suddenly his horse balked, and came to a dead stand-still in his tracks!

Nora and Katty, with their long black crimped hair streaming wildly in the wind, were close behind him (for they had gained upon his tracks from the outset) and as his horse halted they came on rapidly toward the vehicle. Nappo was just returning from the corn-fields, and seeing the involuntary race, which he did not at first comprehend, was quickly in the wake of the two girls, who flew over the ground like two frightened roes.

"Wot is it?" shouted Nappo.

"Taskem!" said Katty.

"De boy!" yelled Nora.

And this was enough. Nappo was on the spot as soon as

the others, though Taskem did not see him, for he was on fire with his rage and disappointment at this unexpected pursuit, and his sudden and unlucky dilemma.

The screams of the boy were heart-rending, and his alarm and the rough handling he experienced. But Taskem had undertaken to remove him, and he did not intend he should escape his clutches.

At a single bound, as she came up, Nora sprang nimbly into the wagon, and wildly seized upon her child.

"Give way, dan yer! Out with yer! I'll kill yer, yer yaller wench—I'll murder yer, ef yer don't!" yelled Taskem in his wrath, as Katty mounted on the opposite side and clinched his arm.

"Gib her de boy, den!" said Katty.

"Gib me der child!" shouted Nora, again seizing Buff and springing with him to the ground before the villain could recover himself.

But Taskem was not to be vanquished thus easily; and, flinging the reins upon the saddle of his contrary beast, he sprang to the side of the road and darted in pursuit of Nora, who was now fleeing back toward the house with all her energies—Katty following close behind her to cover her retreat, if necessary.

As he came up, Katty turned on the wretch and struck him fiercely on the cheek, which staggered him, though it did fall from a woman's hand! But this opposition was only temporary, for, with a single blow in return, he felled poor Katty to the earth with such violence as to knock the breath from her body, as he rushed past her upon Nora's staggering tracks!

Taskem could scarcely see Nora and the boy, it had got to be so dark; but still he dashed after them, and still the almost exhausted mother and her child fled on before the wretch they so heartily despised. But Taskem suddenly felt a terrific crash upon the side of his head, and then another, when he fell heavily forward into the path, and the race was up for this heat!

Nora flew on wildly—madly—with almost superhuman endurance, for she had run at the top of her strength a distance of nearly two miles since she first left the house. But she reached the old porch at last, and with an appalling shriek of misery, fright and exhaustion, dashed her child in before her as she cried—"Save him! save him!" and fell helpless upon the great hall-floor of Brittan's house!

Julie was passing at the moment, and, greatly alarmed at this sudden exhibition, she sprang forward to Nora's assistance, loudly calling for help at the same moment.

Upon turning Nora and raising her up, blood was found to be gushing fearfully from her lips and nostrils, and she was taken into an inner room, where all the medical aid the house afforded was brought into requisition, for it was evident from the hemorrhage that she had sustained an alarming internal injury, from some cause as yet unexplained.

Julie was in great distress until Katty arrived and informed her that Taskem was in the act of carrying off her child, whom she had rescued from his grasp and fled with, subsequently. And directly afterward Toney entered to confirm the story, as he had quietly received it from Nappo's lips.

When Taskem fell so suddenly in the road, as he was pursuing Nora and the boy, *Nappo was near him*, as it turned

out in the end. But of this nothing was known by the slave-catcher personally. He knew that he had been badly wounded from the blows he had received at that unlucky moment, for when he came to consciousness, an hour afterward, he was scarcely able to get up out of the road!

Beck saw him start, and, like a coward as he was, instantly skulked out of sight, and knew nothing more of the affair at all, though he supposed that Taskem was far on his way to Cumberland River with the boy, while the trader lay bleeding in the path, half a mile from the dwelling of Brittan.

When Taskem reached the house, at last, Nappo was absent again, having deemed it prudent to retire to his cabin, lest he might be suspected of having had a hand in the rescue.

He knew that Taskem had been hurt, and he did not know but he was dead. He saw him lying in the road, and passed on!

The horse had stood as long as suited his pleasure, and finally concluded to return to Brittan's stable. In getting out of the narrow path he overturned the wagon, which frightened him, and he ran with the vehicle at his heels, at a fearful speed, until he dashed it against a tree stump, smashing it in pieces, by the way, and coming to the stable door at a round pace, most desperately alarmed at the mischief that he had lately been concerned in.

CHAPTER LIV.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering, with an envious sigh,
The happy dreams of youth.

SOUTHEY.

employers of Henry Ellson ascertained, at length, that his talents and abilities were of a much higher order than they had originally given him credit for. He was constant, faithful, perseveringly industrious to the last degree, and had made himself so useful in the establishment that they came to value his services, and promoted him accordingly.

A vacancy occurring in the book-keepers' department, Ellson was at once installed as an assistant (at a salary of six hundred dollars per annum), where he very soon showed his principals what he could do. He was a good penman, and his intimate acquaintance with the details of his duties, which he had acquired years before, proved of the greatest service to him.

This change and handsome advance in his personal income soon placed him fairly upon his feet. At the expiration of his third year, in the employ of this firm, his compensation was again increased to nine hundred a year, and Ellson assumed a "respectable" appearance directly!

He took a pretty house (in company with Mr. Meeker) further down town, where he could be more conveniently located for his business. He furnished his half of it very neatly, and soon the now happy wife and husband began to enjoy life once more with a zest.

They went into society again, a little, and friends were raised up around them. And oh! how happily passed the days and hours they now enjoyed together, surrounded by the comforts and ease they had hitherto, for so weary a period, been strangers to.

In her neat little sitting-room, so handsomely appointed, with a picture here and there adorning the walls, and a small but useful library of books which Ellen had collected from time to time, surrounded by all that she desired—save the companionship of her lost children—how often did Annie compare her present position with what it had been! And how fervently did she again and again thank God that, in His mercy, He had thus saved her Henry from total destruction, and had finally so blessed them both in their “fortune and their store.”

They had omitted to avail themselves of no opportunity that promised the slightest information concerning their long-lost children, but still heard nothing from them. Two or three times they had advertised in the city journals, but they received no reply.

Terry was in Kentucky, and Carrie was in the westerly part of New York State. They saw no Eastern papers, and had no idea that their parents were living. All the parties who could have given the father and mother any clue to the children had long since been scattered, and though they so

earnestly and continuously desired to learn of their whereabouts, the boon was as yet denied them.

Our old friend Davy, who had watched the beautiful Carrie from her infancy with a fatherly eye, and who now beheld her approaching to womanhood, and growing more lovely day by day, still enjoyed the quiet of his pretty little nook under the eave of the hill, near D——, and the aged rag-picker's *protégée* had studiously improved the opportunities afforded her to improve her mind, and add to the store of useful knowledge she had laid up in the few previous years of her singular life.

They had been looking for Toney's return for several days. At the rear of Davy's shop, and overhead, there were three or four small apartments, neatly furnished, which served for chambers and a neat sitting-room, notwithstanding the somewhat contracted appearance of the building to the every-day passer-by, in the road.

These rooms had latterly been refitted and nicely arranged for the reception of guests; for Toney had hinted to Carrie his intention, when he again came in that direction, to bring with him a stranger to her, but one whom he long had loved, and with whom he was confident she would be delighted.

"I wonder he does n't come," said Carrie, impatiently, when every thing had finally been put in readiness to accommodate them. "What can detain him?"

"You are overanxious, dear," replied Davy. "It is now but five weeks since he left, and he thought he shouldn't be able to return under seven or eight weeks, I think."

"You are right. I remember, now," replied Carrie.

But Toney was then on his way North, and his anxious friends were destined soon to embrace him.

CHAPTER LV.

NORA'S DEPARTURE.

Weep not for her! It was not hers to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down age's vale of tears—
Weep not for her!

D. M. MOIR.

"WHAT'S happened to her?" exclaimed old Brittan, coming into the room hastily, and seeing Nora covered with blood, while the servants and Julie and the cook were bustling about as if the prostrate slave were somebody of real consequence. "What the devil's the matter with her? Can't she speak?—eh, *Nora!* What's all this about," shouted Brittan, approaching her. For once in his life the old man appeared to be alarmed!

"She's burst a blood-vessel, evidently," said Toney, who was present. "This comes of that wretch Taskem's management, you see, sir. I warned you against that man years ago, Mr. Brittan."

"Did *he* do it? Did Taskem do it? *How?*" said Brittan, confidently. "He didn't hurt her this way, eh? What was he doing? How'd it happen?"

"He attempted to steal her child from her, and she pursued him and quarreled with him. He abused her and she fled

back with her boy, and fell exhausted at your threshold. That's all that we know of it. He's a heartless, miserable villain, and you'll one day believe this, sir?"

They gathered around the form of Nora—Julie, and Katty, and Topsy, and the boy, and the old cook, and half a dozen servants, for her paling cheeks and deadening eye told too plainly that the quadroon was passing away from the scene of all her earthly troubles.

Brittan left the apartment. He could not stand by and see any body die! He was a coward! It reminded him too pointedly of his own latter end. He went into his middle room, and then into the library, beyond, and then into the front parlor, beyond that, and closed the door! *Nora was dying!*

"She was a beautiful woman," he said to himself, "and cost me over two thousand dollars. Two thousand! Cheap enough at that, if—if—" But now she was dying.

He was touched! Anthony Brittan was doubly affected by this prospective accident. He was losing *Nora*, and two thousand dollars besides. But he hadn't paid for her yet. This was some consolation!

"If Taskem's such an infernal fool," he continued, "as to run down a piece of property in this way—run her to death, and murder her, for the sake of getting away her brat—he must face the damage. I won't pay him one dollar for her, if she dies—not one cent!"

And he might have added, if she lives, either. For he had not a hundred dollars of unencumbered property, to his name, at that moment!

"Nora, Nora!" said poor Katty, sinking at her sister's side.
"Nora! speak to Katty, won't you?"

But the dying woman could not speak. The slightest possible exertion caused her to spit blood from her mouth, fearfully; and only in one position could she lie at all, to rest with any show of ease.

When a slave was taken sick, in the earlier experience of Brittan, he would order the invalid to be "doctored." Later, under Taskem's and Beck's advice, he took no notice of their ill's. His overseers insisted that "this was an indulgence that would spile every nigger he had;" and when they failed or faltered, he advised his drivers to goad them up a little. "The whip's the best medicine they can have, I'm satisfied. Keep 'em at work, and they never 'il know they're sick, anyhow!" insisted Brittan.

But Nora was not deceiving him. He was clear in this. He would send for a doctor! But Julie said it was useless. She was bleeding to death. And so she was!

The passion, the fear, the resentment, the pains that had been pent up for days and weeks in Nora's heart, when she saw the treachery of Taskem thus exhibited, had come forth at a gush. Like an unchained panther had she sprung upon the scoundrel who thus aimed to rob her, even after she had run, at her topmost speed, nearly a mile, to overtake him.

And when she fled back, with her child at her side, she rushed away, like a startled hind, from his fearful grasp. In that race, she felt that her all was at stake; and, forgetting aught but the hope of reaching the house in safety with her child, she exerted every muscle, every fiber of her almost then exhausted frame, to save her darling boy, and—

"—reached the goal—
But fell a martyr in her triumph."

"I reck'n she wants ter say su'thin'," suggested the old cook, who stood at her head.

"Can we do any thing for you, Nora?" said Julie, kindly, approaching the pallet on which she still lay, and, placing her ear to the sufferer's lips, she heard Nora whisper the name of her child.

"Bring the boy here, instantly," said Julie.

Buffy was standing by his mother's death-bed in a moment, but he did not realize any thing. He saw that Nora lay speechless and helpless, and he saw the clear red stream that oozed from her paling lips! He saw the glassy eye, and knew she could not speak to him, but why this was so, or what it all meant, he did not know.

He said, "Poor mammy! Poor Nora!" That was all.

"Kiss her, darling; kiss poor mamma," said Julie, drawing the boy up to the side of the cot upon which they had laid her.

And the little fellow placed his lips close to hers who had nursed him, and nurtured him, and watched him, and protected him for six long years, and who died, at last, to save him from the fiendish grasp of a miserable wretch, whom she knew would sacrifice him to the cold mercies of the first heartless tyrant who would buy him!

He kissed the parched lips of the once beautiful Nora—and he shrunk away from her.

"Wot make 'em so cold?" he asked, as he gazed with the rest upon her whitening face.

The mother raised her hand, and Julie again kneeled down beside her.

"Save him! Save Buffy! Don't let 'em hab 'im! Missey—

Katty! Save him—*always!*” kissed the poor girl, wildly. And this effort was her last.

A freshness at first overspread her features, then the deadly pallor succeeded that is unmistakable, as the moment of dissolution finally drew near.

She smiled—poor Nora smiled, softly, sweetly, calmly, in that last terrible moment, as if, when her spirit was leaving the flesh, the angels were hovering about her, and her sins had been forgiven.

Her sister Katty held her hand in hers, and the pulse had ceased to beat. The bleeding had also stopped. There was no more struggling—no choking—no spasmodic frights and startings. All was still, and calm, and peaceful, and the spirit of the slave had been borne away to the sphere “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!”

CHAPTER LVI.

BRITTAN AND HIS "FRIEND."

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that! 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive, and turn'd out,
There Wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity!

HENRY TAYLOR.

BRITTAN was greatly shocked at the accident to Nora, but he soon rallied after the first feelings of surprise and disappointment had passed by. When Taskem arrived at the house with his damaged head and face, the Englishman was again disturbed, and the slave-hunter quickly aroused him.

"Where's ye're foreman, *Mettler*?" said Taskem, significantly, as he came in.

"*Mettler*? I don't know. He's here, somewhere—been here all the evening. What's the matter with *you*, Taskem."

"Ye're sure he's been here *all* the evenin', arn't yer, Brittan, continued Taskem.

"Yes—that is, he's been here most of the time, since Nora returned."

"That's jost what I'm at. She's returned, eh? And fetched the brat with 'er, of course, eh?"

"Yes; and—"

"Well, yer see these cuts, and this eye, yere, eh? W'ot d' yer think o' that, an' that—an' this yere, now, Britt'n? Arn't them rayther savage, eh?"

"What does all this butchery mean?"

"Mean? Wy, it means jest what I've bin a tellin' yer about these three years back. A mighty nice feller yer've got 'ere, to be sure!"

"Who?"

"This Mettler."

"What has he to do with it?"

"He 's a thie'—a damn skulkin' white-livered Yankee cut-throat, Britt'n. I've told yer this long 'nuff. The two gals run arter us, an' the horse baulk'd, and Nory got the brat in her arms an' run. I went arter 'er, an' jest as I'd got in reach ov her hair, 'at wus streamin' out behind 'er as she went, I caught this knock, an' this, an' this, on the head; an' I fell in my tracks 's if I wus dead! *He did it!*"

"Who?"

"*Mettler!*"

"Possible?"

"No doubt of it, w'otever."

"Did you see him?"

"No. But who else would ha' bin *thar*, but this damn Yankee knave?"

"You must be mistaken, I think, Taskem."

"Mistak'n! Is thar any mistake in these yere cuts and knocks?"

"I mean in the man, Taskem."

"Not a bit ov it. Now I tell yer ag'in, ef yer don't send that feller off, ye're a ruined man; an' yer can't dodge it."

He's spilt Nappo, an he's spilt the gals, too. An' he'll spile the rest on 'em, sure's prechin'. Sen' fer a drop o' whisky. I'm drier 'n a corn husk."

After gulping down a gill of this delectable poison, the slave-catcher said:

"Come! I'm better. I ain't hurt s' bad as I might ha' bin, but it staggered me, awful. Now my blood's up; an' I'm bound ter hev that nigger brat ef I'm shot for't. Whar's Nory?"

"She's pretty bad, Taskem, pretty bad. She won't get up again, I'm afraid."

"Get up? From *whar*?"

"She's bleeding like a stuck bullock, in the back room."

"Bleedin'? Wot about?" exclaimed Taskem, surprised. "Did *she* git hurt, too?"

"—*Sh*! Burst a blood vessel; overexertion," said Brittan.

"Ha, *ha*! That's 'er game, eh? Sen' fer Beck! Sen' fer Beck, Britt'n. He'll take that tantrum out on her. That's her 'sterics. She allers has 'sterics w'en she's mad, allers. Beck'll take 'em out on 'er quicker 'n yer'd say '*scat*!'"

"Do you think she's cheating us?"

"I *know* she is. He—he!" chuckled Taskem; "yer'll git better 'quainted with 'er, bimeby, Britt'n. Come, now, sen' fer Beck, an' see how quick he'll fetch her to her trotters, ag'in."

"But the *bleeding*, Taskem. She couldn't feign that, could she?"

"Spittin' blood, yer mean? That's nuthin'. I've seen 'er do that by the 'our—damn her! Sen' fer Beck."

"I'll just step in and see how she is, first. I can't believe she could deceive us thus. Wait a minute."

Brittan quickly returned, and his face was as white as his shirt!

"W'ot now?"

"Nora's *dead*, Taskem!"

"Dead!"

"Dead's a door-nail—certain. Go and see for yourself," said Brittan.

"Well—I—I don't want—I don't want ter see no dead niggers. Arn't she *sulkin'*. Sure she 's dead, eh?" responded Taskem, as strange thoughts rushed upon his mind. "*Sure she's gone, Britt'n?*"

The Englishman nodded his head, and added again:

"Go and see, Taskem."

"No—no! I shan't. *I* didn't kill her. I was doin'—doin' just w'ot yer told me ter do; 's no fault o' mine, yer see, ov course, Britt'n. It's bad luck—but can't be helped, ef she's *railly* dead. It's onlucky, but *I* can't help it. Onlucky fer *yer*, 'cause it's two thousand dollars right out o' yer pocket. Damn 'em! they *will* die sometimes, the best ov 'em. You 'd oughter charge it ter Mettler. He's the cause ov all this. An' I've bin a-tellin' yer this, yer know, fer three year, an' more."

"I will get rid of that man, at once," said Brittan, firmly. "He's a bad fellow to have about this place, if he is a good farmer. I'll get rid of him, to-morrow!"

"That's right. That's talking *right*. He's p'isoned all yer niggers, an' they arn't worth a straw. Sen' *him* away, an' Buck 'll git the boys inter trim agin, after a wife."

"I will. I'll do it at once," said Brittan.

"An' now Nory's deal there 'll be no further trouble 'bout

the boy," said Taskem, in a business-like way. "I'll git him off in the mornin'."

"Well—perhaps it would be better to—to—a—let Buff be for a few days—a few days, Taskem, till this affair blows over. There's *Kitty*, you see. *Kitty*'s feel bad. What with *Nora*'s death, and—"

"Then ye be weak again, yer see. What the devil do *we* keer 'bout *Kitty*'s feelin' bad, I'd like ter know? It's no business o' hern. *Nory*'s *dead*. That can't be helped. I must git away to-morrow, *sure*, boy or no boy."

"Leave him, then, Taskem. Leave him. I don't want any more disturbance here at present. Leave him. His mother's gone, and there exists no longer a necessity that he should be taken away. I'll keep him myself."

"Very well, Brittan; just as yer say," replied Taskem; "I'm agreeable. But this don't pay me for the bruises I've got on his account, though."

"We'll make all right, Taskem," said Brittan, at last; and the slave-hunter went to work to bathe his wounds in raw corn-whisky, while he applied an occasional half-tumbler full inwardly, "to keep the exterior application from making him faint," as he said!

Early next morning Taskem departed, with his head and face muffled in three or four huge handkerchiefs. His prospect with Brittan was rather dubious. He owed him four thousand three hundred dollars, and this was about his entire fortune, if he had it ready in hand!

It was found impossible to raise another dollar upon the estate at Greenville, and the only hope that presented itself either to Brittan or Taskem, regarding the liquidation of the

latter's claim upon him, was the prospect the Englishman fancied he had with Timothy Flash, Esq., whom he resolved Julie should marry as soon as the affair could possibly be accomplished.

The remains of poor Nora were duly disposed of on the following evening, and Katty returned to the house after the burial of her sister, with the boy at her side, whom the mother had in her last moments committed so earnestly to her charge.

Julie Manning was deeply affected by the unhappy result of Taskem's attempt to carry off the child, and she did not hesitate to speak freely and pointedly to Brittan, at the first opportunity, and to warn him again against the influence which this wicked man evidently exerted upon her guardian's peace and temporal well-being.

And beside this, she had other reasons (of which Brittan was ignorant) for seeking an interview with him, at which she could speak freely and dutifully.

Julie had never failed in respecting her guardian's authority, and she had constantly striven to gratify him, and to comport herself obediently to his wishes; but she never loved him. With all her best endeavors so to do, she found it impossible to feel any affection for the man, whom she found continually failing in his moral duties, and who persisted in his course of tyranny over those with whom she sympathized, in spite of all other associations and considerations that surrounded her.

But Brittan never listened willingly, and refused to yield the first jot in his determined thirst for petty power. He loved his new occupation, and she despised it with her whole

soul. But she found herself compelled to submit to the force of circumstances, and she made the best of her unlucky position until she was old enough to judge better and more maturely of right and wrong.

Brittan's ward was now twenty years of age. She had lived among slaves and slave-power quite as long as she desired to do. And she looked forward to the day, now close at hand, when she should be freed from further annoyance on this score, and from the heart-burnings with which she had been afflicted in consequence.

CHAPTER LVII.

JULIE'S PARTING ADVICE.

Marvel not at thy life! Patience shall see
The perfect work of wisdom to her given;
Hold fast thy soul through this high mystery,
And it shall lead thee to the gates of Heaven!

FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

"I CAN never agree with you—never," said Julie to her guardian, who had just reiterated his opinion that his present occupation was a laudable and honorable calling.

"For years I have now passed through it with you, and have been the unwilling witness to too many of its dark phases and its daily abuses, ever to bring my mind to believe that it is either profitable, morally just, or merciful, in any of its ramifications. The sad scene now just closed, sir, confirms me in my earlier belief, that, at the best, slavery is a curse upon this people, and that you, Mr. Brittan, of all men, should be among the last to favor it, or be engaged in it."

"This is a singular position for *you* to assume, Julie."

"Not at all singular or novel with me, I assure you, sir. Have I not a thousand times expressed these sentiments to you, though perhaps not so decidedly?"

"Well, you've talked and—and—chattered, and pitied the niggers, I know," said Brittan. "But as I've a mind of my

own, I never allow children to influence me. You're a child, yet, Julie. You've been a very good girl, thus far, and you mustn't turn abolitionist *now*; it's too late—too late, I say!"

"From the hour when I first knew and realized that you had become a slaveholder, I have never changed the sentiments I then found *naturally* implanted in my breast," said Julie, boldly. "I have in no wise faltered as I have grown older, and had the opportunities I have since had to look at this subject *as it is*; and though I have been compelled to be silent when my heart was almost breaking—though I have witnessed the baneful effects of the unholy influences that have surrounded *you*, especially, for the past six years—though the miseries and the oppression I have known directly around me have borne heavily upon my sympathies, when it was out of my power to alleviate the pains and the sorrows of the heart-stricken and weary—I have, nevertheless, been passive and unobtrusive, lest I should wound the feelings or peril the personal interests of my friend, my guardian, my protector! But the hour for silence is past, sir, and I must speak to you—I must warn you now, though you drive me from your shelter, and banish me forever from your presence and your regard!"

"Why, what the devil's all this? Julie, are you mad? What does it mean?"

"It means, dear guardian, that I am disposed to be a friend to you in the midst of your temptations and error. With the scene just closed fresh within your remembrance—the death of poor Nora under such awfully impressive circumstances—how *can* you remain dead to the promptings of man's better nature? Can it be possible that you, like that heart-

less and wicked Taskem, can believe that these poor creatures are not possessed of hearts, and souls, and feelings, like ourselves?"

"And is this the doctrine that you preach to *them*, too, Julie? Have you so far forgotten your duty to me and to my interests as to preach this theory in *their* presence, for God's sake?" continued Brittan, excitedly. "Have I housed, and fed, and clothed, and educated, and cared for you—*you*, Julie, for six years—as I have—that you should turn upon me thus, at last, and sting me?"

"A pretty conceit of yours, is this, to be sure! How do *you* know these niggers have any hearts, or souls, or feelings? How comes it, unless you have conferred with them secretly, that you know of their feelings and their murmurs? What have *I* to do with their feelings? They're my *property*! I buy 'em, an' pay for 'em," continued Brittan, warming up as he proceeded, and evidently alarmed at his ward's untimely interference in his affairs.

"The law gives me control of these niggers, when they become mine. I purchase them. I pay my money for them, in good round hard dollars, and they become *mine*, girl! Mine—bodies, hearts, souls, feelings, every thing they possess! Mine, to do what I will with them—be it to dandle them and pet them, or to work, and whip, and scourge them, if I like! And they can't complain, either. There is no appeal from our clearly legal *right*, in the premises. If they've got hearts and feelings, why should *we* know it. We don't want their hearts, or their souls! we want their bodies. We have to feed and support their almost worthless, lazy, lying, filthy carcasses, from year's end to year's end, and that's all we know or care

any thing about. That is all *I* care about. If they behave themselves, they won't be abused much; if they don't, we must *force* them to do well. And that's the upshot of the whole matter. They're our 'property'—I *own* property at that!—and we'll do as we like with 'em, for the law upholds us in this, and it's a just, and equal, and righteous law, too. No, no, Julie! You are too young to give us old heads advice upon these little points; and I'm surprised at your advocacy of these incendiary notions."

"Is it possible, then, that you can, from habit, have so soon become callous to the sympathies that animate the better portion of creation?" said Julie, with a sigh. "Can it be, Mr. Brittan, that you will blindly pursue this miserable avocation, about the details of which you can know, comparatively, so little, and which must bring down pecuniary ruin upon your head, sooner or later? Have you no heart to feel for the sufferer—the unfortunate slave who is thus down-trodden and abused? And will you persist in aiding and abetting, with your capital and your influence, the furtherance of this ungodly calling? Have you no ears for the shouts of those who sink beneath the scourge of such brutes as Beck and Taskem? No sympathies for the dying mother and the weeping little ones that she thus leaves behind her to the task-master's cold charity and heartlessness? Are you deaf to all appeal? And will you go on—on, to destruction, yourself, while you thus assist in crushing to the earth the poor wretches whom God has created, and to whom he has given living souls that must exist, like our own, for good or ill, to all eternity? Oh! guardian, be warned in time! And, if I never again appeal to you, if these are the last words you ever

hear your Julie utter, let me beseech you to turn from the error of your ways, and crave forgiveness of Him who holds our destinies in the hollow of His hands, and who is the great First Author of light, and life, and liberty, to *all* His creatures?"

Poor Julie had thus performed what she conceived to be a final act of duty toward Brittan, but she might as well have saved her appeal! Her words had no more effect upon his callousness than if they had been addressed to the empty walls of the room they sat in!

"She's a nice girl, is Julie," said Brittan to himself, as she disappeared. "A nice girl, and a very clever one. But she's got some queer notions into her pretty head. Flash'll fix all that kind of nonsense for her. *He* knows women, does Flash! And when she gets *him*, she'll find that *he*'ll teach her a very different doctrine, to be sure, so *he* will. Here's his letter," continued Brittan, taking up the missive *he* had just received from that amiable gentleman, and reading it over again—

"He'll be here to-morrow," continued Brittan, slowly. "He says he has no doubt that he shall be able to consummate the agreeable object of his visit, within a fortnight; and, under favorable circumstances, he will be ready to complete his business arrangements, so as to relieve me, forthwith. Very good, very good!"

"Within a fortnight!" exclaimed Brittan. "Ah! if my little milk imagined that she would be a *wife* within a fortnight from to-night, she'd have something else to be thinking of, besides the stupid nonsense that seems just now to be troubling her girlish brain, to be sure. But she little suspects any thing of this sort, I'm thinking!" concluded Brittan, folding up the letter again.

The door opened, and Mettler suddenly presented himself before him.

"I have come, Mr. Britton," he said, "to give you notice that I have entered into engagements which will require me to quit your service at an early day; and I presume you will soon find some one to fill my place here."

"Yes, yes," stammered Britton. "I suppose you were discontented from certain reports that—that have reached my ears, in reference to your conduct lately, and I am not surprised that you are desirous of change. You have done pretty well for me, but you are not severe enough, not stern enough; that is, you're not *master* enough, Mettler, for this country, and you are wise in quitting it."

"I have got along very well, I believe, sir—without much trouble with the men; and I hope they will hereafter continue to do as well, or even better, for you, under my successor, than they have done under me. I have been here, now, several years, sir. Your farm is in good condition, a large amount of aggregate labor has been performed upon it in that period, and you have received a *full* share of proportionate profit from it, I am certain."

"Yes, yes. I find no fault—no fault, sir."

"I have accomplished all this with the aid of your men; and, though I have been among them at all times, at all seasons, in all kinds of weather, and under all circumstances, I never yet raised my hand against one of them, or had cause to do so; and I believe there is not one of them who will not regret my absence."

"Well, of that I know nothing, Mettler. We all have our faults, sir—you have yours. But, no matter, you can go—go,

when you're ready. Beck will hereafter superintend the place, altogether; he's competent, and will get as much out of the niggers as any body ever did, or can, I've no doubt. I am not indebted to you, I believe?"

"No, sir. My salary is paid up to the present time. When can you conveniently permit me to leave, Mr. Brittan?"

"Whenever it suits your pleasure, Mettler. Any time; to-night, if you like."

"Thank you, sir," said Toney, respectfully. "Good-evening, Mr. Brittan."

"Good-night," said the Englishman, dryly. And thus they parted.

Toney had already informed Julie, accurately, regarding his own private history, and had explained to her satisfaction the reason for his change of name. He did not omit, either, to disclose to her the details of Brittan's early career, as he had gathered it from Nappo's lips, latterly, from time to time, which deeply interested her—the more so, when she saw that Toney was related to her guardian so nearly!

Julie did not fail to make new suggestions to her lover, directly, having reference to the probability that his parents might perhaps be still living; how it became his duty to search for them; how it might render their declining days happy to know that their child—their *children*—were alive and prosperous; and a hundred other arguments were advanced by Julie to influence and direct Toney's mind toward his parents and his former home.

But all this interchange of sentiments had been conducted secretly. Toney still retaining his assumed name of Mettler,

for his own purposes, for the present, and designing at the proper opportunity to undeceive old Brittan in his own chosen way.

In the mean time, all the arrangements for his departure from Greenville had been made, and he would soon bid farewell to Kentucky and her abuses.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE MIDNIGHT DRIVE.

Breathe, breathe again, ye free,
The air of liberty—
The native air of wisdom, virtue, joy!
And, might ye know to keep
The golden wealth ye reap,
Not thrice ten years of terror and annoy,
And pitiless oppression, were a price too high!
J. HERMAN MERIVALE.

It was a clear but dark night, and the young moon had set in the west two hours before midnight.

Half a mile down the narrow road that led to the north-west of Brittan's house, through a deep piece of woods, there stood a vehicle with a pair of strange horses before it. A man whose form only could be distinctly traced, and whose color could not be distinguished amid the darkness, came stealthily up with a large trunk upon his shoulder, which was carefully stowed in the rear of the carriage. Soon afterward he came again, with another similar package, and left the place quietly as soon as he had disposed of his burden.

"No, Toney, I have not altered my mind on that point," whispered Julie, as she hung upon the arm of Mettler, beneath the shadows of their little arbor in Brittan's garden; "I can not see that we ought to leave her and that child behind."

"Why not take them *all*, upon this same principle, then?" said Toney. "I am quite as well inclined to assist the whole of them away, as to aid one or two. And I would to God every one of them were free to-night. But we must not—you must not—expose yourself to the rigour of that law which would implicate you as being accessory to Katty's escape, you see; for the penalty is altogether too severe for the risk."

"Well, I shall be advised by you, of course. But, oh, how *can* I leave poor Katty and Buff to their meritorious?"

"There is a moral right, too, involved in this affair, you see, Julie. It is decoying from Brittan's rightful and legal possession his property, his chattels, his *goods*, you know. That would be but simple theft, in fact; and you don't feel ambitious to figure as a slave-thief, I take it, eh?"

"Your arguments, in this vein, won't weigh heavily with me, you know, Toney; nor are you serious in your speech, I dare affirm, now. Where is Nappo?"

"*Safe*, I've no doubt!" said Toney.

"Where? *Safe, where*, Toney?"

"That is more than I can tell you. I saw him but a few moments since, at the corner of the garden, you ler."

"How is it that he is absent from his cabin, at this hour? Is Beck aware of it?"

"Probably not," said Toney. "But I presume *our* movements are not better known than are *his*. I will leave you here for a short time, and when I return again, you will be in readiness to say *à lieu* to these precincts, eh?"

"Yes, Toney—now, *now*."

"I want to take leave of Nappo, and then I have done!—*sh!* Who is that?"

"Nothing but the wind."

"Hark! there is more than *one* footstep there," said Toney, peering out into the darkness.

But Julie could see nothing, and Toney started across the garden, in the direction of the sound he had just heard.

"Is that you, Nappo?"

"Yis, massa, yis," said the negro, in a whisper.

"What are you doing out here, at this late hour? And Katty, too? and the *boy*? Does Beck know you're here?"

"Reck'n not, massa!"

"Well, what are you after?"

"A smell ob de fresh air, massa—de fresh *free* air ob heben, dass all;" replied the negro, significantly.

"Well, we're going, Nappo."

"We?" exclaimed the negro, "*we*—w'ot we, massa?"

"I had forgot. No matter, Nappo. Good-by. Good-by, Katty"—and putting a purse in her hand—"here's a little present from your mistress. Remember, Nappo, if you—"

"I 'member, massa. I nebbler forget 'im. Got 'im marked down up dar, for sartin," said Nappo, putting his hand to his forehead—"Lucyberg, Green Ribber, Harps'ed, 'hio, *freedom*! God bless yer, Massa Mettler. Good-by! I see—I see—missy gwine, too—he, he—good-by!"

And pressing the hand of Toney, the three slaves, Nappo, Katty and the child, disappeared amid the darkness of the night.

As the old family clock struck the hour of twelve that night, Toney and Julie hastened down the narrow road, and took possession of the vehicle in which had previously been stowed the luggage mentioned. Five minutes afterward the

horses started into a brisk trot on the way to the North, bearing Brittan's ward and her affianced lover from the scenes of their early acquaintance—forever!

Brittan slept. He slept soundly, and easily, on his comfortable couch, and never dreamed of his poor creature "property," as it huddled away among the straw and rags and filth of the filthy cabin-shelters he provided it with!

Timothy Flash, Esq., had not arrived. Brittan confidently expected him, but he was disappointed. At an early hour the next day, however, he presented himself; and the Englishman was rejoiced to see him.

Julie was not present at breakfast. The two gentlemen went out together for a little exercise, and to re-arrange the details of their plot. They were detained, and did not return to the house until noon. Meantime Beck supposed that Nappo was engaged in Toney's service temporarily. The rest of the household imagined "missus" was not so well as usual, and did not attempt to disturb her. Katty was her own especial attendant, and she was not inquired for. And finally the master and his *flashy* visitor returned. They enjoyed a bottle of wine together, leisurely, after reaching the house again—and then, for the first time, Brittan rang, and inquired for Miss Julie.

She had not been down, that morning.

This was singular—unfortunate. Was she sick?

Nobody knew. Inquiries were then made, and her room was found *empty*!

Mettler had gone, too. And so had Katty, and the boy. And so had Nappo! Not one of them could any where be found, or heard of!

And then followed a scene of rare confusion—within and without the dwelling of Anthony Brittan, Esquire!

“What does all this signify?” inquired Mr. Mash, who began to suspect the truth, though he could scarcely bring himself to believe his fears.

“This is more than I can answer, my friend. Surely *something* extraordinary has occurred,” said Brittan.

By three or four o’clock in the afternoon this matter had been looked into sufficiently to satisfy Brittan that Julie and Toney had fled, and he supposed that they had enticed away his missing trio of slaves too. He could not, for the life of him, fathom this mystery, however; for he had never entertained the slightest idea that Julie had fancied his foreman—and he could not, would not suffer himself thus to construe it.

In the mean time, however, Toney had put nearly a hundred miles between himself and Greenville; and he was still pushing on—on—with all the speed available, toward the Ohio River; intending to proceed to Carthage—where his marriage with Julie was to take place—and thence to join old Davy and Carrie at their pleasant little home, near the village of E——, in the State of New York.

They met with no inconvenience or trouble, the journey was a pleasant but a rapid one, they reached their destination in safety, and were united in the bonds of matrimony. This part of their expedition having been duly consummated, they proceeded on their way, and finally reached ——, on the northernly side of the Ohio River—where Toney advised a halt; that they might find any chance acquaintances, who might possibly turn up in that vicinity.

CHAPTER LIX.

QUERIES, DOUBTS, AND FEARS.

—All true glory rests,
All praise of safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law.

WORDSWORTH.

WHETHER Toney had rendered any further secret aid or counsel to Nappo and his associate fugitive friends, we are not advised; and if he were cognizant of the intended movements of that individual after he parted with him on the night that he himself left Greenville so unceremoniously, did not transpire; but, from the conversation that passed between the slave and Brittan's foreman upon the farm, from time to time (after Toney informed him that he had concluded to leave Kentucky), it is certain that Nappo's geographical knowledge had been greatly sharpened, as subsequent events very clearly proved.

How they reached Lewisburg unmolested it matters not, since this was the fact; how they hastened on to Green River thence, and thence to Harpshead, without being discovered or suspected by the way, it is altogether immaterial to know. By what means or conveyance they traveled up the valley, and run the gauntlet through a horde of lynx-eyed man-trappers dwelling in that region, who are ordinarily on the *qui*

vice there for runaways, it is needless now to inquire into. And how the three poor creatures, weary and worn down with travel and fasting, and apprehension and misdeeds, arrived at length in the vicinity of Cathey, and, though starving, dared not approach the town lest they should be arrested on suspicion, we will now merely hint at.

That Nappo and Katty and the boy *did* thus succeed in reaching the southern bank of the Ohio River, at length, is, nevertheless, true. And, as they gazed for the first time upon its placid waters, and saw and felt that *that* stream now only flowed between them and liberty, oh! how forcibly did the thanks of Nappo and Katty rise to their great Deliverer for their preservation thus far, and for the calm but joyous promise that there lay directly before them!

But the last crust was gone. The child had long been wearied out and spirit-broken, for the little fellow could realize nothing of his situation, and he cried for food where there was none to give, and where none could be had. The spirits of Nappo and Katty had been kept up by the prospect before them, though *they* too were fearfully hungry and weary, and foot-sore. Yet they journeyed on by night, and concealed themselves cautiously by day, until at length in safety they reached the shores of the Ohio.

In the mean time, as soon as Brittan became satisfied that the slaves had actually decamped, he took active measures to reclaim them. Scouts were sent upon their supposed tracks, in every direction; they were forthwith advertised in the county journals; Beck himself started upon their trail, with orders to return them, dead or alive, to their master; and every known measure was resorted to to recapture the fleeing

trio, and bring them back to bondage and the scourge for their audacity and offense, in thus pretending to choose freedom to servitude!

The following placard was posted liberally and conspicuously in the towns through which it was presumed they would pass:

STOP THEM! \$500 REWARD!!

RAN AWAY from the premises of the subscriber, on the night of the 13th instant, THREE slaves—a man, woman, and child—supposed to be helped away by a white man named Toney Mettler, a Yankee, from Connecticut.

The man is a dark-colored negro, five feet ten inches high, stout and muscular, even-featured, and thirty-six years old—appears younger. Is a little lame in the left leg, has a scar upon the right cheek, and a long narrow one upon the top of the head. His name is *Naggo Duroc*. Is a man of all-work.

The woman is almost white, handsome, and delicately made, twenty years old, black eyes, and long black hair, very intelligent, five feet one inch high, was well dressed, and would pass for a white woman. She answers to the name of *Katty*.

The boy is quite white, black curly hair, six years old, and is called *Buff*. Is pert and active, and calls the woman "*andy*."

I will pay *five hundred dollars* for their recovery, or to any party who will lodge them securely in any jail in Kentucky (or elsewhere), where they can be found.

ANTHONY BRITTAN.

GREENVILLE, ———, 183—.

But the most mortifying, crushing, unlucky event of Brittan's whole life, was the inexplicable conduct of his ward.

To his mind it was monstrous! He could conceive of no possible cause why *Julie* should thus desert him at all; and he could not bring his mind to believe that she entertained any feelings of affection toward his late foreman. True, he had saved her life on a certain occasion, but he had himself acknowledged, at the time, that he could not have helped doing this if he would! Not the slightest evidence of the existence

of any *attachment* between them had he ever witnessed or dreamed of! And this could *not* be; it was impossible that Julie should have absented herself with *him*!

She was gone, however—that was certain. It might be that, in her sympathy for Katty and the boy (ah! how Brittan now wished that he had never seen the quadroons and the child!)—it might be that, for the sake of aiding *them*, she had forgotten her duty to *him*, and had left, temporarily only, to assist Katty and Buff to escape—directly or indirectly—perhaps. Even this was unpardonable.

Yet Julie might return, he thought. That is, he *hoped* she would. And she might explain herself. At any rate, she would certainly come back again. There could be *no* doubt upon this point. She would come back and claim his forgiveness for her short-sightedness and folly, and foolish sympathy for the cursed niggers, that had given him so much trouble, and which were not yet paid for! Then he would have *her* at his mercy! That was it—capital! “It is an ill wind,” exclaimed the desperate man, “that bodes nobody good!”

And thus old Brittan continued to argue:

“Julie will return. She has committed a very serious fault. She is amenable to the law—to the *law*—which she has thus ruthlessly and foolishly violated. In her silly girlish sympathy for what she calls the “oppressed,” she has forgotten all else. She has overlooked the fact that we have rights—that *I* have rights! She has gone too far—too far!” continued Brittan, slowly. “But it is well—very well, as it is. I will play my own game, now.

“As soon as she returns I will calmly—*calmly* lay before her the heinousness of the offense she has committed, and I’ll

show her how I could (if I chose to be severe with her)—I'll show her how I could—a—punish her! This will do—excellent! She'll be alarmed, of course—frightfully alarmed!—because she knows when Anthony Brittan *will* he will accomplish any thing he is not easily turned from his purpose. She will repent of her error, ask forgiveness—ask *my* forgiveness—ha! ha!—and I will grant it. I will receive her to my arms again; I will promise her my protection again (though she has so deeply offended), and I will not visit upon her head the punishment she has thus evidently merited—upon one condition!" concluded Brittan, springing to his feet. "I have it now—I have it! I will forgive and pass over her offense—but she must instantly marry my friend, Timothy Flash, Esquire."

Such were the flattering imaginings that Brittan coined for himself in the midst of the ruin which now really encompassed him, but which he could not yet see clearly. His last scheme for the propping up of his falling fortunes was the accomplishment of Julie's union with his dissolute but rich friend, who would accommodate him with the loan he required *when* he brought this matter to the desired crisis.

But—it suddenly occurred to Brittan—suppose that Julie *did not* return?

He did not give the suggestion much consideration, for the answer to this rather pointed query was brief and final—he feared!

In the event that Julie had run away, *too*—in case she did not return to Greenville (which she would, he believed, *of course*)—why, then—Anthony Brittan, Esquire, was totally and irretrievably ruined! This was final and conclusive.

Mr. Flash looked upon the whole of the proceedings as being "peculiarly extraordinary," to use his own expression. He could not see how so beautiful a girl could possibly have been tempted to elope with the half-nigger Briton described Toney to be! As to her sympathy for niggers, he did not know what kind of a feeling that was, *railly*. He had been among niggers all his life, and he had never seen any treatment extended to the poor devils except what appeared to be "about *the thing*," all things considered.

To be sure, occasionally he had met with "a cross-grained" rascal among 'em that had to be tied up to a beam by his thumbs and scored, almost daily, to make him work, when he strove to make his master believe he was sick. And he *had* known of one or two she-niggers that had to be stripped regularly of a morning and laced down with a raw-hide, to fetch them to their business. He had even heard of instances in "breaking the brutes in," where they were "brought down to it" by a flogging of thirty or forty lashes of an afternoon, but the effect, usually, was only to give the rascal a "stinging appetite" for his corn-mush, at night! He had never heard of but one or two instances of whipping a nigger to death, absolutely, but that was in Georgia, where he had run away twice and had been caught again by the dogs that were sent after him. When the driver got him home the last time—he had had a mighty deal of trouble with him before, and he was naturally a little mad when he was brought in—he struck him an unlucky blow on the temple, and the fool fell down, and—and did not get up again, at all!

"As to sympathy for 'em," continued Mr. Flash, with a flourish of his huge watch-seals, "I hain't any for 'em, no-

how, 'cause it's no kind o' use, whatever. Natur's made women soft-headed as well as soft-hearted. *They* talk about sufferin', and abuse, and hardships, and all that, as ef they know'd what they was chattering about. Yer never hear 'em say nothin' about 'busing horses, and cattle, and dogs! Queer creaturs, these women. They make a distinction, yer see, Brittan, 'twixt the different *kinds* o' cattle. I never see the philosophy of this, myself—never," concluded Mr. Flash.

But the bird had flown. No clue was had to the fugitives, for several days.

Mr. Flash got tired of waiting for Julie's reappearance, and he took leave of his friend, at length, promising to return again whenever Brittan would inform him, by post, of the capture of the runaways or the arrival of his ward.

And Brittan sat down to await the coming of Julie, who had then been three days *a wife!*

CHAPTER LX.

PASSING THE RUBICON.

Now, though evening shadows blacken,
And no star courses through the gloom,
On we move, nor will we slacken
Sail, though verging t'wards the tomb.
Bright beyond, on heaven's high strand,
Lo, the lighthouse! land, land, land!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"DAR 'tis! dar 'tis! Praise de Lord, Katty! Dar 's de 'hio ribber, fer sart'n!"

"D'yer know it, Nappo? Do yer *know* dat's de 'hio?" queried Katty, as they passed out from the top of a rock, a mile to the southward of the water, but from which they could plainly see a broad bend in the river. "Are you sure on it?"

"It can't be nuff'n else, Katty; *can't* be, you see. 'Ere we've bin 'mose a week comin' up, norf—norf, all de time. Dat *muss* be de 'hio; an' soon 's it git dark 'gin, bless God! we'll cross ober, an' den we 's in de free land altogedder, for-ebber an' ebber, tank de Lord!"

"But how 's yer gwine ter git ober dar?" asked Katty. "How 's yer gwine ter do dat?"

This question rather puzzled Nappo. He could not answer

it. He did not know precisely where they were, but he felt sure that that stream must be passed before he could really begin to be free again. They had found Green River, as they expected to do, and had left it far away to the eastward. He was *sure* this was the Ohio.

It was now nearly noon. They had been skulking since daylight. Bud had been kept quiet hitherto only by constant threats that the Buckra-man was after them all; and though he was nearly starved, and sick, and worn out with the hardships he had just experienced, he still held up, and was as quiet and cautious as he could well be.

Katty did not complain. She had never known what it was to breathe "free" air, but she had for twenty years experienced its opposite! She was content to abide the result, and craved the change, at least by way of *experiment*!

Nappo *had* known the sweets of temporary liberty; and oh! how his heart yearned once more for the bright sunshine and gentle skies beyond, and to behold, perhaps, the smiling faces of those whom he remembered in his earlier years, and who came and went when they would and as they would, without being subject to the frown and the scourge of an unrelenting and brutal task-master!

Before nightfall, Nappo had quietly gathered together a mass of small logs, that had been cut for steamboat uses, near the river's edge, with which he commenced to construct a rude raft. He had no implement whatever except a pocket-knife that he had taken with him, and which served him to cut and split a few young saplings, with which he at last bound the ends of the logs together.

In this work he was unobserved; and diligently did he

labor to prepare the rough mass of wood, and secure it in a body, so that it should serve to sustain the weight of himself, and Katty, and the boy, across the river. And Katty was not idle by any means, in the mean time. Though she had been unused to such rude treatment and such toil, she aided Nappo in arranging the logs, and in tying them together; and when one parcel had been so secured, a similar layer of sticks was placed cross-wise upon the others, for greater strength and safety; and finally, beneath the rays of the softly-shining moon, at midnight, with no eye upon their movements save His "who shelters the fatherless, and succors the distressed of all nations," the humble refugees embarked upon their doubtful voyage.

The wind was blowing freshly from the southwestward. The only peril they now stood in fear of—except discovery from the shore, possibly—was that of being run down by the steamboats that were then passing up or down the river. As these came and went but seldom, they hoped to get across the stream without being injured in this way. As they were destitute of oar or sail, however, there was no way to avoid this jeopardy, and they were compelled to take the risk, and trust to their fate.

With difficulty and hard toiling only did they at length get their somewhat cumbrous raft afloat—for it had been constructed too far from the water's edge. They finally saw it in the river fairly, and, with a last prayer for eventual success, they stepped upon their reeling, swaying bark, and pushed out from the shore, toward the State of Illinois.

The raft very soon fell into the current of the river. Nappo had provided himself with a thin slab of wood, which he

thought might answer the purpose of a rudder (for lack of any thing better), and with which he continued to paddle the raft on a little to windward, as it continued to float down the stream. By the aid of this and the fresh breeze that blew from the Kentucky shore, they continued on, in safety, and prosperously, and every moment every stroke of his huge, clumsy paddle, bore them nearer and nearer to the land of liberty!

"We'll git dar! we'll git dar, Katty, s' de Lord lies in he'n!" said Nappo, dashing his paddle into the water, steadily and firmly, while the raft moved slowly but certainly forward to the opposite shore, though it continually floated down stream at the same time.

"We'll git dar, Katty! Bress de Lord, fer dis—fer dis dark night, an' dis raft, an' eb'ry ting in dis worl!" exclaimed the poor, struggling, starving, almost exhausted Nappo! "We'll be dar 'n a few minits, an' den soon 's we put foot on dat 'ar shore yonder, den we 's free—free! Katty! Free, for ebber an' ebber more!"

"Ef dey duzz n't coteh us ag'in, Nappo."

"Coteh us! Ha, La! Dey'll nebber coteh dis chile no more. No, no! Tank de good Lord, I *knows* 'em; an' ef dey ebber cotehes Nappo 'gin, he nebber'll run off from 'em no more, fer sart'n—dass a fack. But we'll see 'f dey coteh 'um!"

An eddy that made in shoreward drew the raft within its circle at this moment, and, as it swung round, a heavy steamer hove suddenly in sight from below the point, coming up the river at a sharp speed, almost directly upon the raft.

Nappo and Katty were seriously alarmed, as the great pon-

derous vessel came thumping on, with its two noisy high-pressure engines, lest they should be run down and dashed in pieces by the monster-paddles. But the steamer wheeled around the point, shot up again into the main current, and left a rushing wake behind her that only served to drive the raft ashore within the next three minutes, in perfect safety!

"Bress God! Praise de Lorl, Katty! Quick, quick! come along, fast 's you ken—up dis way! Up yere—up yere!" exclaimed Nappo, as he seized with one hand a hand of the girl, and with the other grasped the little wrist of Buff, and hastened away from the shore. "Come 'long, come 'long, an' bress God all de time! We 's in de land ob liberty, an' freedom, an' Hail Columby, an' de Declerash'n ob Independence, fer sartin! Come 'long, den, Katty. We 's all safe an' soun', now, praise de Lord; an' we 'll fin' fren's up yere—come 'long!" And away hurried the trio, as fast as their wearied limbs would permit, though Nappo had n't the slightest idea where he was going, or when he would stop! But, at the same time, he felt sure that he had crossed the Ohio River; and *somebody* had impressed the truth pretty strongly upon his mind that when this object was attained he might calculate with certainty that he was on the *right* "side of Jordan!"

And the heart of Katty leaped for joy, too, as she fled, though she was fearfully worn down with the extraordinary exertion to which she had been subjected for the last week.

Was the atmosphere clearer than that she had ever breathed before? Was the climate she was now in so different from that to which, for twenty years previously, she had been accustomed to? Were the skies more genial, and were the breezes more balmy and invigorating? Or, was it merely the

consciousness that she was *free*, that so exhilarated her, and caused her to forget her bruises, and pains, and how ill, while she still bounded on, on, on! singing praises to Him who had borne her and her associates thus safely through the wilderness—the desert—the shadows of bondage, to the green pastures, and the light and the joy of liberty!

Welcome! welcome, then, ye poor despised, down-trodden sufferers—a thousand times, welcome to Freedom's shores! It may be that your pursuers, the wretched hounds that even now scent your tracks, and who are striding far and fast to seize upon you—it may be that they will yet place their fiendish gripe upon you, and that you will but have tasted the air which has so charmed you ere they fall upon to destroy you.

Hasten, then! Away, away! Fly, Nappo, for your life! Halt not, fair Katty, until a wider margin is left behind you. For they who seek to crush and devour you—life, and body, and soul—are almost within reach of the sound of your weary, wavering footsteps!

On, on! Tarry not—falter not—slacken not a jot in your speed, for the enemy is abroad, and the chances may be against you, even while you are thus confident in the hopes that buoy you so gloriously up!

Away, Nappo! Away, Katty! The route you have chosen is the right one. Away! and God speed you on your errand!

CHAPTER LXI.

NEWS FROM THE ABSENTEES.

Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found!
SHELLEY.

A busy week had passed, and Beck had returned to Greenville—*alone*.

“No news of them?” asked Brittan.

“Not a word, sir. They’re gone, sure. No offense to yer, Mr. Brittan, but I allers reck’n’d that that Mettler was a *meddler*, as well. He’d p’izen a gang o’ niggers ’n less time ’n I could count ’em! He’d a heap o’ mighty fine words in his mouth, an’ he was uncommon smart at some things; but he was n’t the man for this business, no how. Too soft—a heap too soft.”

“I am satisfied of that,” responded Brittan. “It was a most unfortunate circumstance that we ever saw him, to be sure. There’s no doubt he helped Nappo and Katty off.”

“Not the least. That’s clear,” said Beck.

“Letter, massa,” said a negro, entering at this moment, bringing a missive that had just come down by mail. Beck retired, and Brittan hastened to break the seal. It was from

his late foreman, and covered another addressed to Brittan, in *Julia's* handwriting. With a trembling and nervous hand he held the documents to the light, and read as follows:—

“ANTHONY BRITTAN :

“When this letter reaches you, I shall be far beyond the reach of your resentment and your frowns, and you will have had leisure to reflect upon the parting words I addressed to you, at the last interview I shall probably ever have with you, in this world.

“Though now separated from you, I think, forever, I can not feel that I am justified in leaving you without some explanation of my conduct toward you and yours, lest you might labor under misapprehensions in regard to me and mine. This, then, is my apology—if any be necessary—for this communication.

“From the hour I entered until I left your employment, I aimed to do my whole duty toward you, as well as to those whom you placed within my control. How well I acquitted myself in the not over-pleasant task that fell to my lot, I leave to you to decide. I am conscious of no remissness, and you best know of the results of my efforts for your interests.

“Surrounded as you were, and I still am, by unfortunate influences and bad advisers, you could not succeed, in a pecuniary view, and you never will. I saw this, and I attempted to advise you against your pursuit; you scouted my warnings, you deemed me selfish and unworthy of your confidence, but you will find, sooner or later, who is right and who is in error. Here, again, for the last time, let me say to you in all candor and earnestness and hope for your eventual weal, that

you are following a phantom, that will lead you to ruin, at last, unless you halt while you may, and retrace the steps you have so recklessly taken!

"I served you to the extent of my best abilities, and my efforts, for the time being, were not unsuccessful in your behalf. But you did not appreciate me; and when I considered that I had fully repaid your original kindness toward me in offering me employment, I felt that I had the right to leave it after I had sickened of the annoyances and the misery which its surroundings had imposed upon me.

"When I quitted Greenville, I did not go alone. I had long since made myself acquainted with your heartless and obdurate disposition, and I knew, without asking to be directly informed thereof from your lips, that you would flout at any pretensions which I might venture to make toward the hand of Julie Manning—your ward. Yet I dared to love her, sir! And more than this, *she* dared to respond to that love, with all the fervor of her youthful but womanly heart. You know nothing of this, for she feared your ire. She knew how you had cast from, and driven to distraction, or death, perhaps, your only child, in years gone by! She had learned, as I did, how you had discarded and disowned *your daughter*, Annie Ellison! how you had crushed *her* hopes, and *her* very being—and she avoided you, lest you should visit upon herself similar injustice, and a like exhibition of your inexorable ruthlessness.

"Julie Manning confided in me, sir. She left your roof with me, and she *alone*, and she is now my lawful wife. When you read these lines we shall be far away toward my early home—a home of liberty, sir—where we can dwell in

peace and quiet, under wholesome laws, and where we shall unitedly pray for your repentance, and your release from the cruel bonds that now confine you—mentally, socially, and pecuniarily.

“You will start at what now follows here—but you may rely upon its truthful accuracy. I do not ask forgiveness at your hands, for I have never sinned against you, in thought or deed. I have but followed my destiny—and the events of my life I can only marvel at. But, believe me, sir, that *your own blood* runs, legitimately, in the veins of him who now addresses you this letter; that the Toney Meather you have known for the last few years, is the son of Henry and Annie Elson—the latter your discarded, ruined daughter!

“I go to seek my parents, in the hope that they still live, and will not disown me, as you have disowned them. And, with a final prayer and hope that you may relent and be happy even yet—I am

Your Grandson,

“TONEY ELLSON.”

Brittan sprang to his feet! The letters fell from his hands. His sight failed him—his brain grew dizzy—he strode the room in a paroxysm of rage!

“It is false—false!—damnable, stupidly, villainously false!” he exclaimed, between his clinched teeth. “He’s a miserable, cheating, lying Yankee, and he always was! I always knew he was; I always said he was—always—always—*always*! curse him! Curse him—curse her. Ah! what a miserable, ignorant, inexcusable fool have I been, that I did not, years ago, take Tasken’s advice, and kick this sneaking, cowardly thief out of my house! Why, and how, have I thus been deceived and over-reached!

"*Grandson!*" he exclaimed again, "ha, ha! Why, what a piece of ignorance and impudence combined is this? And what has the rogue made it all out of? So arrogant a piece of knavery I have never seen as this! So, he claims relationship, too—ha, ha, ha! He wants money—money. He wants *my* money: a portion of my estate! He tells me, thus sensibly, that he—he—is—my relative, in order that I shall remember him—and her—*her*—in my will, I suppose! Oh, but I'll remember him! I won't forget him. I won't—I won't—forget this lying thief!"

And then he strode the apartment wildly, again, and beat the carpet with his foot, and halted, and stood aghast, and fumed, and swore, and raved like a caged tiger.

"And she's *his wife!* Julie's married him," he continued. "'This is the unkindest cut of all!' I could have borne his impudent and audacious assumption of relationship to me, because that wouldn't have harmed me—unless the thief obtained credit on account of it. I'll advertise him! I'll post him! He sha'n't—no, no! She shall never profit by this infernal cheat—*never!* I could have borne all this, though, had Julie remained true—true to me. *Bah!* She's a woman, a girl, a—a—*daughter!* Why didn't I know she would cheat me, too? I *did*. I knew she would. I always knew she would, if she got the chance. I always *said* she would! And what comes next! Whither shall I now turn? She *has* married this clown, evidently. My prospects with Flash are—are—not so good—as they were," said Brittan, slowly. "But *her* letter. I had forgotten that. Here it is."

Taking the unopened communication, and breaking the seal with forced calmness, he read as follows:

“DEAR MR. BRITTAN:

“At the earliest moment convenient to me since I left your hospitable dwelling, I offer you my respectful adieux.

“I deem it necessary to enter into no detail in explanation of my conduct. It will be sufficient for you to know that Mr. Ellison offered me his hand, I accepted it, and he is now my lawful husband. I left Greenville, where I have never been happy, and shall now exchange my residence for a home in a free land, to which, when I left my own native country, my father certainly supposed he was consigning me.

“You subsequently chose to leave New England, and to dwell in a portion of the country to which I could never have consented to accompany you, under any circumstances other than those which compelled my acquiescence at the time. You have not been unkind to *me*, personally, and I thank you for all your attentions, your protection, and your favors.

“My father informed me upon his death-bed, that he should place in your hands such an amount of ready money as should be ample to supply all my wants, during my minority; and I presume he did not omit to redeem this important promise, inasmuch as he died possessed of several thousand pounds sterling, in cash, and I was his only heir. I trust you have been fully remunerated, pecuniarily, therefore, and presume that you are satisfied that I have never, in this respect, been a burden to you.

“In all candor, then, I leave Greenville with few regrets. Would to God I had been able to have influenced you to agree with me that your business there is as unjust as I think it has proved to you unprofitable! Would that you could have been induced, years since, to have yielded to my earnest

and repeated desires that you should relinquish that unholy calling! Would that you could have been brought to believe, in time, that you were unfitted, by birth, and education, and your own experience, for the office of a slave proprietor! You would *not* listen to counsel; you scouted friendly advice; you scorned all appeals, and—the future is before you!

“I have performed my duty toward you, in all honesty and humility. I would have helped to save you from the ruin which I have long feared so seriously threatened you, but you never permitted it. I will pray for your happiness, and for your escape from your perils, and leave you to the mercy of that righteous Judge who deals with all His creatures with a just and even hand.

“If I have erred, forgive me! And if we never must meet again in this world, let us hope to meet in a better sphere, where we shall ‘know no sorrow and feel no pain,’ if we live here to the acceptance of our Father in heaven! Adieu, adieu! And believe me ever your well-wisher,

“JULIE MANNING ELLSON.”

The letter fell from his hand, and he sat mutely gazing at it as it lay on the floor. It was not strange that at such a moment his thoughts reverted, almost mechanically, to the time when his own daughter Annie left him for the man she loved. All his deeply cherished vengeance had come to this! *Her* son, too! He felt the strong gripe of retributive justice tightening round his throat. It strangled the new fury which his heart gave birth to. It was, he felt, the beginning of the end. The game was up. His curses had come home to roost.

Overpowered, as by an avalanche, Anthony Brittan sat

crushed and senseless. A thousand thoughts and suspicions shot through his mind, but they were so vague and gloomy that he was stupefied, incapable of any one distinct idea. He had been sitting thus motionless for some time, when he became conscious that Taskem was in the room. That worthy had slipped in silently, and was staring at him with mingled curiosity and alarm.

"How are yer, Brittan?" he said. "How ar' yer? an' what the devil's the matter?"

"Nora is dead," said Brittan, rousing himself with a great effort, "Katty and the boy have run away: I can't pay you your forty-three hundred dollars, Mr. Taskem. Nappo's gone with 'em. Four of the nine last slaves you bought me have died since their arrival at Greenville. My prospects, Taskem, are none of the brightest."

"But, what—a—what d'yer mean about not payin' for 'em, Brittan? What's their runnin' off, arter I delivered 'em to you, to do with *me*, for God's sake? Didn't I do all I 'greed too, eh? Say 'f I did n't?"

"I suppose you did, Taskem. But you can't very well extract blood from a stone. I have n't got one hundred dollars in the world, except what's invested in my estate and the live stock here. You know how that is now situated. I can't raise a dollar more upon it. If *you* can, do so, I'll sign the mortgage any day."

"This marriage yer spoke about with Flash and the gal?"

"She is gone, too!" replied Brittan, speaking with savage, but cold emphasis.

"Yes—but she'll come back, of course."

"Never, Taskem. She is already married."

"*Married!*" exclaimed Taskem, springing to his feet. "To whom?"

"To Ellson."

"Who's *he*?"

"Mettler."

"Mettler—*Ellson*? How's this?" urged the trader.

"He *says* his name is Ellson; that the name of Mettler was only an assumed one for his own purposes, which he will not explain. He has run away with my ward, married her, and they're gone to Massachusetts to live."

"Then you've seen him?"

"No. Heard from him, by post, and from her at the same time. There are the letters."

Taskem was in an unlucky fix at this moment. The crisis had arrived earlier than he wished, and ruin stared him in the face.

The bonds and mortgages that Brittan had given were, in part, already due, and they covered every particle of available property then in his hands. He had confidently calculated upon obtaining from Flash the fifteen thousand dollars which they had talked of, because, in his ignorance and supposed authority over the person of Julie, he had never dreamed that he should not be able to wed her (as he could his slaves) to any one that pleased *his* fancy. This hope was suddenly cut off, and the very "last link was broken" that afforded him any prospect of pecuniary assistance.

"If yer don't pay me that 'ar money, Brittan," said Taskem, after having perused the letters, "I'm a ruined man—smashed—broke, 'sure 's preachin'!"

"I am sorry, Taskem," said Brittan, "but the thing's impossible."

Taskem arose and began to walk the room rapidly. He was getting excited. This blow was a terrible one for him. His pecuniary all was involved in this speculation, and he saw no way to save himself!

Brittan said nothing more, but calmly watched the workings of the slave-hunter's countenance. It was a study for him, and he loved it. He loved to see others in trouble, on the common principle that "misery likes company." The Englishman continued to gaze at his "friend's" face, as if he could read what was going on in the trader's mind.

"What the devil yer ever kep' that rascal yere fer's more'n I know," said Taskem, breaking out at length from the midst of his meditations.

"Who?" asked Brittan, quietly.

"That Mettler."

"Ellson, you mean," continued Brittan.

"I mean the scoundrel 'at has run away with the gal, an' carried off the niggers, too, at the same time. That's who I mean."

Brittan shook his head, as if he would have said, "Don't you, Taskem—don't be severe on me!" but he did not reply. His thoughts were far away from Greenville.

He was thinking of the singular freak of fate that had thrown Toney upon his acquaintance. He was thinking of his former experience, of New England, of Annie, of Henry Ellson whom he had ruined, of Nappo's trial and return to slavery, of his subsequent fortune, of Julie, and Toney—Toney Ellson, *his grandson!*

Verily, his career had been a checkered one!

CHAPTER LXII.

THE ELLSON'S AT HOME.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree,
With the Talisman's glittering glory,
Has Hope been that bird to thee?

THOMAS MOORE.

HENRY ELLSON was sitting with his wife in their cozy little room, at home, and the "tea-things" had just been removed from the table. Annie brought him his pretty wrought slippers, that she had worked for him with her own hands, and at the same time handed him the morning paper, which he only found leisure to read after he came home, at evening, from his counting-house duties.

Annie had long since given up her dreary routine of labor in the employ of the magnanimous and "enterprising" establishment that paid such enormous wages to its poor work-women, for Ellson refused to allow her to ply the needle when he was doing so well.

"What's become o' the pretty woman that used to be here so regularly, and who did her work so nicely?" asked the head of the house, who missed Annie's weekly visits, at last.

"Which one, sir?" asked the cashier. "We've so many pretty women about I don't know which one you refer to."

"She with the neat little shawl and plain drab bonnet, who earned, some weeks, nigh two dollars, I think."

"Oh, yes! I don't know where she is, sir."

"She's retired, I've no doubt," continued the principal, "on her fortune. She *must* have made a good deal of money, first and last, and I'll be bound, if she could be found to-day, she'd declare in your face that clothiers starved and worked their hands to death, and didn't pay 'em for their labor! The ungrateful creeturs!"

Henry read all the latest intelligence to her, while she drew out the embroidery she was working, and sat down at his side.

First, there was the long, dull, heavy "leader," upon politics and the prospects of the country. Then came the briefer articles upon the "local news of the day." And then the "accidents" by land and sea. And then the summary of "all sorts." And then the "very latest" items. And then clippings and "extracts from our exchanges." Suddenly the eye of Ellison fell upon a paragraph that startled him from his customary calmness and propriety, exceedingly!

"What's this—what's this!" he exclaimed. And he trembled violently as he hurriedly read the following:

"Many of our citizens will remember the case of the slave, Nappo Duroc, who was arrested in this city a few years since, at the residence of our then respected townsman, Anthony Brittan, Esq., of B—— street, at the instance of his master (one Taskem, if we recollect rightly), and who, upon trial, was convicted and remanded back to servitude.

"By a late Lexington (Ky.) paper, we learn that this Nappo had been purchased by Mr. Brittan (who, by the way, went South a few years since, and embarked his handsome fortune in a fine plantation, it is said). Nappo was one of Brittan's favorite servants, and, having

lived with him until he died. He was buried in
Bryan's new establishment.

[illegible]

"As this is the second time that Nephelios has left the island, it is doubted if he ever will return, whether he has been recovered or not. The advertisements in the Kentucky journals are signed by *John J. Brown*, whose name implies that this is a very considerable sum. It is thought that the fugitives have fled chiefly to Canada, this time, where there exists no law for their recovery."

"What do you think of *that*, love?" asked Ellison, laying down the paper. "That is your father, evidently. You remember Nappo, of course?"

"Yes, indeed, do I," responded Annie. "Can it be possible that father is a slave-master?" added the wife, with singular emphasis.

"So it appears by this paragraph, and I have no doubt of the accuracy of it. It corresponds well, you see. There's Mr. Brittan—Anthony Brittan—not a common name, at all, you know—and *Nappo*, his old house-servant! The happy, jolly, good-natured negro, who ordered your carriage, love, the night that we rode to Providence, on a certain occasion. You remember—eh?" added Henry, with a smile.

"Yes, yes. I remember Nappo very well, and with gratitude, too. He was a most excellent servant."

"It all seems very clear to my vision, Annie," said Ellson, "perfectly so. Your father went South after Nappo was carried off. He knew the boy's value, and when he bought his

slaves he evidently looked about for *him*. It was an easy thing for Mr. Brittan to come into contact with the person who took Nappo away from Miss , because your father must have known all about the circumstances of the case at the time of the arrest, and very likely had his eye upon purchasing Nappo at the very first opportunity—when he should go away himself—for it is not probable that he made up his mind thus to change his place of residence and his mode of life upon a moment's consideration."

"I see—I see," replied Annie.

"And so, when he reached his destination in Kentucky, or wherever he went, he sought out this Tasken—perhaps he had been in communication with him previously—and obtained from him the slave that he coveted, undoubtedly."

"Yes; that is it, probably."

"And as to its being *possible* (as you just suggested) for your father to have become a slaveholder, why, I really do not think such a thing *impossible*, by any means. Do you, love?"

"Still, Henry, *he is my father*," said the noble-hearted Annie, feelingly.

"Right, right, Annie. Pardon me. You know I never mean to speak in terms of disrespect of him, for that reason."

"But this Toney *Mettler*," continued Annie. "What can *that* mean?"

"I do not comprehend that," said Henry.

"A distant relative of Brittan's," continued Annie.

"Yes, I observed that, too."

"It surely can not be *our* Toney, Henry?" added the wife, earnestly, and with more excitement than she was accustomed to exhibit under ordinary circumstances.

"Oh, no! No, love," said Ellen, quickly perceiving his wife's intention. "No, indeed! Do you think your father would have been very likely to have retained an Ellen in his employ several years?"

"No. But you will notice that it is *Mr. Mettler*—not Ellson—'Toney Mettler,' the name you say."

"Yes, I see. How can that be *our* Toney, then?"

"I'm sure I don't know. But," continued Annie, with all a mother's determined pertinacity, "might not our Toney have changed his last name in some way? *Toney* is not a common name, at all."

"That might be—that may have been," replied Henry. "And he couldn't have been censured for that act, assuredly, for his father had brought shame upon the name, and—and—it would not be strange."

"Well, I don't mean that, Henry, at all," said Annie, instantly rallying her husband, who thus voluntarily went further back in his own personal history than she cared to hear. "I don't mean *that*. We don't know what became of the boy, and of Carrie, you see. And why may not they both have changed their final name to Mettler, for instance (or any thing else), unwittingly, perhaps, or for some good purpose or other? Now I want to learn something more about this Toney Mettler. If it *should* turn out to be *our* Toney, and if Carrie is alive, too, and we should thus find them, wouldn't it be a happy, joyful, glorious day for us, Henry?"

"It would indeed, love!" responded the affectionate husband. "And I will institute inquiries, at once, in regard to this matter. We will know all about it, directly, be assured. And I now feel as though some good would come

out of this, certainly. There is a show of probability in your suggestions, and to-morrow I will look **into** the matter thoroughly. I certainly think it *may* be that Toney Meeker and Toney Ellsen are the same, or rather the same. Yet, how did he get away out *there*?"

"That remains to be explained, of course. How have a thousand far stranger things than that occurred in our very midst, here?"

"True, true. You are right, Annie. You're always right. I will investigate it at once," concluded Ellsen.

Annie did not cease to make suggestions to her husband, having for their object the most feasible mode to communicate with or to hear from Mr. Toney "Meeker;" for she could not possibly get the idea out of her mind that this was really her own Toney, under an assumed surname.

But the advertisement stated that he had fled in company with the slaves. Whither had they gone, then, if this were correct? It was supposed they had proceeded to Canada. This might be. Would *he* go to Canada, also? If he did, at what part of the colonies would he be most likely to halt, or locate? All was doubt, and uncertainty, and perplexity, again.

CHAPTER LXIII.

"SILVERPOOL."

Against the sky, in outlines clear and rude,
The cleft rocks stand, while sunbeams slant between;
And lulling winds are murmuring through the wood
Which skirts the bright lake with its fringe of green.
MRS. NORTON.

TONY resumed his own proper name, as we have stated, immediately upon quitting Greenville. He had two objects in this: first, he deemed it more appropriate and right that he should take his family name again, upon being united in marriage with Julie; and secondly, he preferred to remove, for the time being, the chances of his being identified with Brittan, or any thing that concerned him, in consideration of all the circumstances that attended upon his sudden leave-taking of that gentleman. More than this, he now purposed to seek out his parents (at Julie's repeated suggestions), and he believed that his course in this respect would aid him best, ultimately, in finding them.

Upon leaving Kentucky, the newly-wedded pair proceeded directly to Vincennes, where they tarried for two weeks, at the house of a friendly acquaintance in that town, whom Tony had met before. Here they looked for the arrival of other acquaintances, too, whom they had reason to hope might be

able to join them there. On the fourth day after reaching this place, Toney and Julie had the satisfaction of welcoming Nappo and Kitty and Bull, and of congratulating them upon their escape from bondage.

The family where Toney was visiting, were friends to the oppressed, and they afforded the fugitives every comfort within their power to administer. After crossing the Ohio River, Nappo sought the way to the mouth of the Wabash, and following its bank for a dozen miles north, he was enabled to obtain conveyance for himself and his associates, thence to Vincennes, where he desired to find one Edward Brown, a trader in the town, who was well known upon the river.

How he ever knew, or how he had learned of any Mr. Brown, there, is a point we never heard decided. But, that he did find him soon after reaching that place, was certainly true; and, what was better, he there found "Massa Toney," and "Missy Julie," and they were very glad to see them, and take them by the hand, and assist them in the furtherance of their hopes and wishes for future permanent freedom.

After arranging for the present safety of the refugees, Toney took his wife and proceeded on to join his sister and old Davy at the village of E——. They had been looking for Toney's arrival for several days, and Carrie had almost begun to fear that his engagements would not permit him to visit them after all. She was disappointed, but old Davy said "he will soon be with us, deary. Be patient."

"Toney's married by this time," said Carrie, with a sort of half-melancholy expression. "I've no doubt he's got a nice little wife, too, for he spoke of his Julie in glowing terms, when he was here. And now she will take up all his time,

and absorb all his affections; and he'll have no room left in his heart to love poor little Carrie—will he, Davy?"

"Never fear! Never fear that, Carrie. Teney's undoubtedly very happy, in his new sphere; and as he has been prudent and has saved considerable money in late years, he should not have delayed his marriage longer, I think. It is very well as it is, therefore. He will soon be along, and we will induce him to settle near us, when he comes. There's a nice little spot by the edge of the lake, above us, you know, where we've gone together hundreds of times, to sit beneath the elms and admire the glorious landscape around."

"Oh, yes—yes! Delightful. I named it, you recollect. Didn't I? Charming—charming! Just the place for them, if they would only think so. '*Silverpool*.' Isn't it pretty?"

"Very, and I have no doubt the land could be purchased at a low price, too. Teney's a good farmer, I think, and if he would agree with us, it would be very pleasant, certainly, to have him for a neighbor, eh?"

"Oh! how I wish it may turn out thus," exclaimed Carrie, joyfully. "He could build a house to suit his own tastes, upon the high ground that faces the lake, and the great elms could be left in front, and the beautiful slope that falls away from the great knoll, quite down to the water's edge (upon which he would of course set his dwelling), would form a glorious lawn—wouldn't it, Davy? And he could have a nice large garden in front, toward the village, and—and—oh! it would be so nice. Do you think Teney would like this, though? And Julie—would she fancy such a spot?" continued Carrie, who had thus built a castle for her brother, and

laid out his grounds for him, in her imagination, in a single moment of time.

"Well—we shall see, Davy," replied the old man, kindly. "Toney has been brought up a farmer, and there is no doubt, he is an accomplished agriculturist. The land around us is easy of tillage; the spot we have just spoken of is a lovely place, and I hope Toney can be induced to settle here, unless he has better prospects."

"I'll take him up to the lake, as soon as he comes—he and Julie," said Carrie, "and I'll show them a sight worth the seeing. There are forty or fifty acres of land that he can purchase there, if he likes the location, and I would so love to have them here; would n't you, Davy?"

"Indeed I should, Carrie; and if it be possible, they shall certainly remain with us. And since you are so earnest, and I am at leisure, come! let us walk around through the wood-piece above us, and take a peep at the place we have selected for Toney to settle upon, by and by; and for which I am sure he ought to feel greatly obliged to us, eh?"

"O, yes—yes! Let us go," responded Carrie, joyfully. "Let us go up and see it before they come. I know he'll like it, I *know* he will."

And singing merrily as she went, she hurried old Davy along up the steep bridle-path that led to the oak wood-path, and thence on through the rich deep pine grove that lay between this and the more open lands, toward the lake. And finally they halted beneath the shadow of a fine clump of ancient elms, where they had many a time sat before—and "Silver-pool" was before and around them.

It was truly an enchanting spot. In front, upon either side,

far away to the westward, could be seen a deep ravine, which was flanked by hills, the sloping sides of which were covered with a heavy but rather short growth of woods, growing down to the very verge of the chasm below. This vale seemed to have been scooped out of the earth's surface, ages before, and formed an oblong half-oval hollow for a long distance to the westward—into which settled the first gushing waters from a myriad of living streams along its sides, that eventually supplied the river toward and beyond the village of E——.

The shining little lake itself, which lay embosomed among the sharper rising hills near Davy's lands, was a deep crystal body of water, so brilliantly clear and transparent, so silent and pure in its beauty, that Carrie had long since named it "Silver-pool," in one of her moments of romantic admiration. And very prettily was it thus named, and appropriately, too.

"Here, to the right, Davy," said Carrie, again planning out a place for Toney, "here's the spot for the house, you see. This clump of elms will form a delightful shade, and in front, with a little trimming and clearing, see! what a view he has of the lake. Think of the beautiful lawn thus sloping gently down from the door to the very edge of the water—and already graded to perfection. Here's the grove, on the left, too; that must not be touched. Beyond, he has his acres of opening, and meadow, and upland—for tillage and pasturing; and over yonder, see what a glorious piece of wood-land. Ah! Davy—could he not be very happy here if he would?"

"Very—very!" exclaimed the old man. "And unless he has entered into engagements that we know nothing of, I feel assured that he will be delighted with this spot. We shall see. Come! Let us return. He should be here at any hour now."

And the old rag picker and his charge moved backward to their humble dwelling, beneath the shadow of the chimney.

On the afternoon of the second day after this conversation, the public stage halted before the door of Davy's little house, and there alighted from it a young lady, accompanied by a gentleman and a boy some five or six years of age.

"Here they are—here they are! Oh! Tony—how glad I am to see you," screamed Carrie, bounding out just as the coach started off. "Here they be, Davy?" and she threw her arms about Tony's neck, and hugged him with a sisterly earnestness, while her brother warmly returned the affectionate embrace, and said "This is my wife, Carrie," as proudly and with as much dignity as if they had been married fifteen years, instead of less than as many days!

"I know her—I know her," continued Carrie, cordially, "come in—I know all about her; you told us. Come in, Julie—here's *Davy*, our Davy—my good, kind Davy. He knows you, too, and he knows us, and we know him, and you, and every body. Oh! I'm so glad you've come, Tony! And you won't go away again, either. We've fixed it all just as we want to have it, and you and Julie will say yes—and then we'll all be so happy—but who's this? Why, what a beautiful boy. Where'd he come from? What's his name? That's right, Julie. Take off your things—I'll see to them. And we'll have such nice times!"

Thus the happy Carrie welcomed her friends, chattering and gabbling, and asking a hundred questions without stopping for an answer to one—until Tony and Julie had removed their exterior traveling garments, and were comfortably bestowed in the little back room of Davy's dwelling.

And Davy was never happier in his life. It always warmed the good old man's heart to see Carrie happy, and he thought he never saw her so merry before. Her associates were few, and it was very rare that any one came to visit the poor artist at his little humble house; so that such visitors as those rendered Carrie almost beside herself with joy.

She soon learned that the little boy was the child of a slave-mother, a fact that greatly astonished her when she looked at his clear white skin and beautifully formed features; for she had always, in her own mind, associated a slave with negroes, and darkness, and suffering, and ignorance!

But here she beheld a bright, fair-skinned, comely child, who was fresh from servitude, but, nevertheless, in all the bloom of health and singular beauty. This seeming paradox was subsequently explained to her, and she got to think a great deal of Buff in the future.

A happy evening succeeded the arrival of the friends of Carrie and Davy, and the morrow was fixed upon to visit "Silverpool," which Carrie informed Toney was the place that she and Davy had selected for him and Julie, as their future residence; at which announcement Toney smiled, but did not say "nay!"

CHAPTER LXIV.

ANNIE, HENRY, AND TONEY.

————— Upon a tone—
A touch of hera, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously.

BRETON'S DREAM.

AFTER due consultation between Ellson and his wife, it was deemed expedient, on the following day, to procure some of the latest Kentucky journals, in order to learn such farther particulars as might possibly appear therein in relation to the matter in which they had suddenly become so deeply interested.

At the end of a few hours' search among the files at the reading-rooms, Ellson had possessed himself of several additional items bearing upon this affair, and had also secured a paper containing the original advertisement offering a reward for the recovery of Brittan's lost slaves. He again communicated with his wife, and the result of their deliberations was the adopting of Annie's final advice to forward to the Louisville and Lexington papers an advertisement like the following:

"NOTICE.—If Mr. Toney Mettler, lately in the employ of Anthony Brittan, Esq., at Greenville, Ky., shall meet with this card, and will forward his address to *Henry Ellson*, at Boston, Mass., he may hear of something to his advantage."

Within five days after this notice appeared, Toney chanced to be over at the village of E——, where, it will be recollected he had had business before, and a friend who formerly lived in Kentucky, and whom he went there to see, handed him the paper containing the above advertisement.

Toney started with surprise and secret joy, for the name of his father appeared in the card—*Henry Ellson!* He lost no time in communicating this intelligence to Carrie and Davy, and it was forthwith determined that Toney should proceed directly to Boston, and, in person, respond to this notice; for there existed no doubt in the minds of either of the trio that Toney's supposition was correct. And, leaving his wife and the boy Buff in charge of Davy and his sister, he hurried away to New England to satisfy himself in regard to this, to him, important and interesting matter.

In the mean time Toney had visited Silverpool. He was delighted with the scenery and the character of the lands around the village of E——, and he fully determined, unless something occurred to interfere with this resolve, to purchase "Silverpool" and its adjacent borders, and settle there permanently. With this view he instructed old Davy to inquire about the premises and the title in case he might wish to buy. When he departed for the East, he assured Carrie that he had no doubt he should return and settle there eventually, very much to his sister's joy and satisfaction.

Six weeks had nearly elapsed since Ellson forwarded to Kentucky his "card," and for the tenth time, at least, he had been to the post-office, anxiously *hoping* to receive some reply to it. But he returned home again at evening, as usual, without any intelligence from his advertisement.

"I am surprised at this," said Mrs. Ellson, uneasily. "I supposed that this would be brought to the person's notice, in some way, certainly, be he where he may; and I think, out of mere courtesy, he could not do less than reply to it."

"Bless you, Annie, you are too anxious," said Henry. "There may not have been sufficient publicity given to the card. It may be that he does not see the papers at all; or, he may be in Canada, or New Orleans, or in England, for that matter. Who knows? Let us be patient."

"I am patient, I think, Henry," said the wife, with a sigh.

"So you are, usually."

A knock was heard at the front door a moment afterward.

"Does Mr. Ellson live here?" asked a gentlemanly-looking stranger, as soon as the door was opened.

"Yes," said Henry. "Walk in."

And the guest was shown at once into the sitting-room, where Annie sat with her embroidery.

She started up, looked strangely into the visitor's face, and exclaimed, instantly—

"Toney! Toney!" And springing toward him, would have fallen at his feet, had he not caught her in his arms.

"My mother! my father! Thank God—thank God for this joyful hour!"

There was a sympathy of hearts, an indescribable *something*, that told both the mother and the son that Providence had brought them together again.

Henry Ellson clung to his son's hand, while Toney supported for a moment the almost fainting form of his excited mother, and suddenly the door opened, and Meeker and his

wife (who occupied the opposite half of the house) hurried into the apartment without notice.

"Pray what's the matter? What has happened?" exclaimed both the friends together. "What a dreadful shriek!" said Mrs. Mecker. "I thought you were hurt," added Mr. M. "What is it all?"

"My son—my son!" replied Annie, wildly. "My son, Toney—Toney, my son!" was all she could say. And the ever attentive friends of the Ellsons quickly saw what the disturbance was about.

And then followed such a shaking of hands, and such congratulations, and so many joyful tears again, and so many questions without any answers, and so much of hope, and pleasure, and surprise, and anguish, mixed together, that it was a long time before any particular person in the room could be understood distinctly at all—each one in the excited group seeming most desirous to inform every body else how happy he or she was at that precise moment!

After the storm comes the calm. And half an hour later a more satisfactory explanation had been given, and was listened to by the little party, while Toney entered into a detailed account of his tortuous career, as far back as when he so suddenly left the care of Mr. Mecker, and was enticed from so comfortable a home.

As soon as he alluded to Carrie, however, there was a fresh burst from the lips of Annie.

"Oh! my darling Carrie!" she shouted. "Where is she? Is she alive? and well? And is she married? Say *no*, Toney! How has she been used? Has she grown up? Does she look like father? Does she remember mother? Will she

come to us? Why *did n't* she come now? Is she in town? Or far away? Tell me—tell us, Toney! Tell us all about dear little black-eyed, singing, merry Carrie!”

As soon as Toney could possibly “get a word in edgewise,” (as he suggested) he informed his parents all they desired to know, by no means forgetting to speak of old Davy, in deserving and most cordial terms, for his care of the little wanderer, whose steps he had so long guided, and whose weal he had guarded with all a father’s solicitude and zeal.

At a late hour the happy family knelt at the family altar, and thanked the Father of all mercies that he had thus guided the steps of the absent loved ones, and had now brought about this long-sought and long-prayed-for reunion, so joyful in its present results.

CHAPTER LXV.

SPECULATIONS AND PROMISES.

No pastoral scene procures me peace—
I hold no leasows in my lease,
No cot set round with trees!
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks—
And omnium furnishes my banks
With brokers—not with bees!

THOMAS HOOD.

AFTER a brief sojourn with his parents, Toney prepared to retrace his steps, and to bear to Carrie and good old Davy the joyful intelligence he had obtained during his visit to Boston.

It was arranged, before he left, that Davy should accompany Carrie to New England, at once, upon Toney's arrival at the village of E—— again—the father and mother insisting that she should forthwith make her home with them, in Boston.

“They will fly to meet you,” said Toney, “and our Davy, as well as Carrie, will be overjoyed to greet and embrace you. But I doubt if Davy will consent to parting with his ‘little jewel’ (as he calls her) after so long and happy a companionship. We may have something better to propose to you, by and by. The region where he is now located, and whither I propose to repair, upon leaving you, is an excellent business neighborhood, I learn. And in the village beyond Davy’s

residence there are now several manufacturing establishments, mills, and the like, where remunerative employment could readily be had. Carrie's associations are all there, the labor of Davy's hands finds its sale there, and even *you*, father, might join us and find it to your pecuniary advantage, in preference to remaining in this vicinity. We will see. Carrie and Davy will visit you immediately upon my return, and you can talk with them in regard to this matter. My own education has been such that I must pursue the calling of the agriculturist, to which the best part of my life has now been continually devoted; and a rare opportunity presents itself (in the immediate vicinity of Davy's pleasant home) where I can carry out my long-considered plans for life in a desirable manner, and amid such facilities as fully correspond with my tastes and ambition."

Toney left his happy parents, at last, and returned once more to Carrie, and Julie, and Davy.

"Did you find them? Are they living? Was it our father? Did you meet with mother? Are they well? Tell us—oh! tell us, Toney, all about it!" cried his sister, before he had scarcely entered Davy's house, upon his return to them.

"Oh! *what* a girl!" replied Toney, laughing at Carrie's impetuosity and earnestness. "How can I answer your questions when you give me no chance to be heard?"

"I know you did! I'm sure you found him. I'm certain it *is* father—and mother, too! I *know* it. You'd say 'no, no, no,' right away, if it were n't so. And you wouldn't have come back so soon, and you wouldn't look so smiling, and joyful, and happy! I *know* it! Come, now, Toney—

quick! quick! Tell us all about it. No matter about kissing Julie so many times; tell us about father, and our dear, dear mother! and—and—all about it; won't you? Come!"

"Why, you won't give me the opportunity to speak a word. My conscience, *what* a teller you've got to be, Carrie!" said Toney, provokingly. "And what a capital speech-maker you would be in a 'women's-rights convention,' to be sure!"

"Now tell us, Toney, all about your visit."

"Well, then, you are correct—"

"I thought so! I told them all so! Didn't I, Davy, and Julie? Didn't I say so?"

"I found our parents on the very evening that I arrived in Boston. I didn't stop to address any reply to the advertisement, but instantly obtained a city directory, in which I found the name of 'Henry Ellison, book-keeper, 14 D—— street.' I repaired without delay to No. 14 D—— street, and as soon as the door was opened, fairly, I fell into their arms!"

"How did you know them, pray?"

"I didn't for the moment, but they knew *me*, it appeared! That is, mother suspected, or guessed, or *felt* that I was her boy; for she sprang to her feet as I entered their pretty parlor, and shouted: 'Toney, Toney!' We had a happy meeting, as you may well conceive; and all we needed to make the joyful union perfect, was the presence there, at that moment, of you, dear Carrie, and Davy, and Julie!"

Toney then entered into a detailed rehearsal of the agreeable trip he had just finished so successfully, and the hearts of

Carrie, and Davy, and Julie, were greatly elated with the happy intelligence thus conveyed to them.

A few days passed by after Toney's return, when he heard from the friends in whose care he had left Nappo and Kitty, at Vincennes.

Soon after Toney and Julie departed from that place, it was deemed expedient by those who felt interested in the future permanent welfare of the fugitives, to advise them to proceed to Canada, where they would be positively safe from further molestation. Where they then tarried the law of the land sanctioned their recapture; and they were liable to be seen or heard of, at any moment, in that vicinity, and it would be an easy thing to identify and force them back to bondage, should they be discovered in Indiana.

They were therefore made comfortable for the time being, and Toney was gratified, soon after, to learn that they had lately departed for the British Colonies, where they purposed to pass the remainder of their lives, amid the freedom that was denied them in their native land.

Nappo had not forgotten to leave with his temporary friends his hearty and grateful expressions of thankfulness toward "Massa Toney" and "Missy Julie," to whom he was informed Mr. Brown intended to write. And Kitty, too, was quite as earnest in her recollections of the favors she had received at the hands of those who had been always so kind to her. She bequeathed to Toney and Julie the care of the boy Bull, and finally left Vincennes for Toronto, where they found a permanent home amid the enjoyments of the liberty they coveted.

During Toney's absence at the East, old Davy had moved

in the matter of the contemplated land purchase, and had taken the refusal of about forty acres of the best portion of the fine estate above his own promises, at a very reasonable figure.

Toney re-examined the place, and after choosing an additional "wood lot," of some twelve acres in extent, he closed the bargain, and became the possessor of over fifty acres of the choicest farming land in the county, for a comparatively **inconsiderable sum of money.**

Mechanics were at once engaged, and a substantial farmhouse and out-buildings were commenced upon, forthwith. Toney had been frugal and successful while in Brittan's employment, and had saved sufficient means to pay for his lands, build his house, and to stock his farm to his liking. And while this work was going forward, Davy and Carrie got in readiness to leave home for a short time, for the purpose of visiting her parents in Boston, who awaited their coming with impatient but happy anticipations.

CHAPTER LXVI.

A COLLISION.

"Ef yer don't pay me that ar money, Brittan, I'm ruined, smashed, broke—sure as preachin'."

"What can I do, Taskem?" exclaimed Brittan, morosely, worn out with the importunity of his former "friend."

"*Do?* W'ot the devil can *I* tell w'ot yer'll do? Pay me my forty-three hundred dollars, that's all *I* want. I'll say nuth'n 'bout int'rest. Gi' me the princerpal, an' I'll let yer off. Ef yer don't, I'm smashed; that's all, Britt'n; an' I can't go back! I have n't a livin' chance among *my* creditors ef I don't carry back money w'en I go down ag'in."

"I'm sorry for you, Taskem."

"Sorry! But that won't pay my bill!"

"No," said Brittan, "nor mine either."

"Well, there's no talkin' it off—I must *have* it."

"You can't very well have from me what I have n't got, then—that's certain."

"You must git it—git it. I tell yer, it's life or death with me, this time, an' it must come, Britt'n!"

"It is utterly useless for you to rave, or make a disturbance about your claim, Taskem, for you know as well as I

myself do, that at present the liquidation of your debt is out of the question."

"But I tell yer—" commenced Taskem, fiercely—

"Stop! Hear what *I* have to say," said Brittan, springing to his feet, and showing the slave-hunter that *he* had teeth, too. "Stop and listen! I came here a few years ago under your advice and at your suggestion. I brought fifty thousand dollars with me, in ready funds. You have had the handling of that capital. I have bought from you at your own prices, and paid you at your own time. I am now a logger. My fortune is absorbed. Every dollar I have is sunk—my estate irredeemably mortgaged. Many of your slaves are dead—the best have run away. Bankrupt, baffled, and furious, I warn you, Taskem, to beware how you badly a desperate man!"

The Englishman stopped for a moment to collect himself, and then continued, wildly, but more seriously:

"I am ruined, Taskem! Ruined! I tell you this—it is God's truth! Within a month I shall not have where to lay my head!"

There was a vehemence and a deliriousness in the delivery of these words that Taskem had never seen before in Brittan's manner. But this did not pay his bill. Bankruptcy stared *him* in the face, also. There was no way to avoid it. The slaves were gone, too, and thus he was cut off from taking possession of them, as he would otherwise have done. Taskem was not the man to bear a misfortune with fortitude, nor was Brittan disposed to submit to insolence. An angry altercation ensued. High words passed between the precious pair, and there was every prospect of a collision.

"*You* upbraid me!" shouted Brittan, savagely. "*You* of

all men on God's earth! You who have swindled, cheated, and hood-winked me with your black legs and cursed service! Why, you put too great value, if it had not been for you I should have remained where I was, in Babylon. If it had not been for you I should still have had my wand and her fortune under my control. If it had not been for you I should have escaped nursing that viper, Babylon, under my roof. If it had not been for you I should have been rich, *rich—not a beggar, as I am!*"

Taskem did not reply to this outburst, but turned on his heel with an insolent taunt that he would take the law on the "darned old cuss." Brittan caught the last words, only, but they were sufficient. With a bound like a tiger, he caught the slave-dealer by the throat. It was in vain that he struggled. Brittan's gripe was like that of a blacksmith's vice. Taskem kicked, and fought, and felt in his pocket for a weapon, and shouted for help, without in the slightest degree relaxing the mastiff-like hold of the Englishman. A few moments longer and Taskem's career would have been at an end. The blood gushed from his nostrils, and he could feel his eyes protruding on his cheek-bones. Fortunately, Beck and some of the servants heard his shrieks, and rushed into the apartment just in time to avert a catastrophe. It was with the greatest difficulty that the combatants could be separated.

"I'll fix yer for this, Brittin. I'll hev yer heart's blood, by the eternal God!"

Brittan, with his face flushed with fury and exertion, his eyes glaring, and every fiber quivering with passion, attempted once more to get at Taskem. But Beck and some negro boys succeeded in hustling that worthy out of the room.

"Kick him out! kick him out!" shouted Brittan. "I'll shoot the first man that refuses, s' help me G—."

Tasken did not wait for any further violence, but, with Beck as a companion, made his way to a hotel, where he washed the blood from his face, sweating fearfully all the while. But he was too shrewd a man to be led away by any unprofitable scheme of revenge. He was determined to get what he could in money, first, and then square the ledger with Brittan. As no time was to be lost, he took passage at once in the Louisville steamer. Tasken knew a lawyer in Louisville who had helped him out of worse scrapes than this, and from whom he hoped to get not only advice, but pecuniary assistance. To this estimable member of the legal profession he repaired without a moment's delay.

Beck returned to the house just in time to meet a boy galloping at hot speed for a doctor. Brittan's late excitement had terminated in a fit. He was now writhing in unconscious agony, biting and striking every thing that came within his reach.

CHAPTER LXVII.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Hark! Hark! They're come! Those merry bells
That peal their joyous welcome swells;
And many hearts are swelling high
With more than joy—with ecstasy!

Mrs. SOUTHEY.

HENRY ELLSON was sitting alone in the counting-room of his employers. His associates were absent at dinner, and it had got to be late in the day. He was fatigued and dispirited, somewhat, when he was suddenly aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the approach of footsteps.

He arose and stepped out into the main room, totally unprepared for the reception of females, there, but advancing, he encountered an aged well-dressed man, who preceded the figure of a beautiful girl, of eighteen or twenty years old, apparently.

Before a word could be spoken, and to the utter consternation of both the old man and the young lady—who was especially startled at his manner—Henry Ellson sprung wildly forward, and screaming “Carrie! Car—,” fell fainting at his daughter’s feet.

Now this part of the performance did not seem to have been set forth in the original programme, at all! Both Davy

and Carrie had supposed, after reaching Boston, and learning of Ellson's business location, that when the former had had the opportunity to present the young lady to her parents, a reasonable course of questioning would be requisite to satisfy both parties that they were not only sincere, but that they desired to make no mistake as to the facts in the case.

But the very instant that Ellson cast his eyes fairly upon the girl's face, he saw the type of his wife before him—her very second self—the original Annie of his own early years—his loved and lovely consort! And he *knew* it was his daughter, his long-absent child, at the first glance at her striking and beautiful, and, to him, never-to-be-forgotten features. The hot blood mounted to his temples, he saw that face but for an instant, the old bright days of happiness, and joy, and youth came back upon him, and it was too much for a single moment. **He swooned, and fell to the floor!**

"That's enough—enough!" cried old Davy, in his excitement. "It is your father, Carrie—my life on it!" he continued, raising Ellson in his arms, and bearing him back into his counting-room, where he quickly recovered, though he continued frenzied, almost, for an hour afterward, with his excited and joyful sensations.

"My daughter! my child! my darling Carrie!" he cried, amid his tears and his joy. "Ah! how she favors her beautiful mother. Kiss me—kiss me again, my baby," insisted Ellson, affectionately, as he pressed the astonished maiden again and again to his heart, in his frantic happiness.

"Ah, Davy," he continued, "you are not a father—you never lost and regained a child. Give me your hand. We owe you much—every thing, sir. Tony told us all about

your kindness, and we can never forget it. And you, my lovely daughter, *you* will pardon me, you will love me, you will be my daughter, my child, as you are! Ay! there is no doubt, no question of that, mark me! My Annie's eyes are here, sweet Carrie," he continued, as he placed his hand affectionately upon her fair brow, and peered into her face, "there are her lips, and there the same shining ringlets that, at your age, graced her fair shoulders! 'Tis Annie's second self. She's mine—mine, Davy, my daughter! Thank God with me, that Carrie is safely returned to us!"

Carrie had not been able, as yet, to utter a syllable that could be understood amid the confusion, Ellson having completely monopolized every instant during the interview, thus far, with his excited ejaculations, and the outpourings of his enthusiastic endearments. But he became calmer, at last, his associate clerks returned from dinner, and the Lappy trio took **a carriage for Ellson's residence.**

Another excited scene succeeded, when the fond mother clasped her daughter to her bosom, and wept over her returned and dearly-loved child. Annie was too Lappy! Her joy was past expression.

All was sunshine now! The parents did not omit, again and again, to thank the once humble rag-picker for all his attentions and care of their little one, who had else been driven, perhaps, to starvation or premature ruin!

And the old man smiled again, and blessed the "little darling" who had been to him the source of so much comfort in the long and dreary years of their strange companionship!

"But you mustn't keep us here too long," said Davy, at length. "I've brought her to you to fulfill the promise that

Toney made you, and because it was my duty to you, under the fortunate circumstances. But my business will call me home again, soon, and we must get through our visit as rapidly as is consistent and convenient."

"Back again?" exclaimed Mrs. Ellison. "Why you must not take Carrie away from us again, surely?"

"Take her away?" murmured the old man. "Why, you don't want to take her away from *me*—do you? *My* Carrie, *my* child, my pet, my heart, my life—do you?"

"We want her to remain with *us*, Davy, at all events," said Annie; "and you shall stay too, if you will."

"I can't. I can't do that, ma'am. I must go back. *She* must go back. Don't you say no to that! You'll kill me—kill me! I won't leave her; she mustn't go out of my sight a moment," he exclaimed, with deep feeling, and taking Carrie directly by the hand—"You must not separate us—no, no! **Never, never, never! Eh, Carry, eh?**"

"No, dear Davy; I will not leave you, rest assured," said Carrie, quickly. "We will arrange every thing to their satisfaction. We will all go back, *together*, perhaps. Give yourself no uneasiness on this score, I will never desert you, while you and I live—*never!*" repeated Carrie, affectionately. And she never did.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

"A MAN OVERBOARD."

But evil was his good,
For all too long in blood had he been nursed,
And ne'er was earth with verier tyrant cursed!

SOUTHEY.

"MAN overboard!" and the cry was caught up eagerly, and passed from mouth to mouth, "A man overboard—a man overboard."

The light was pitchy dark, and the pilot had kept a good look-out for the first three hours after the boat got under weigh. But he was closely followed by an opposition steamer, and it took all *his* skill and exertion to keep away from the other craft, and make the wood-yards first.

Bets were depending on the result, and most of the experienced travelers were personally interested in this way. "Pitch in the resin, boys!" was the ordinary suggestion of each fearless traveler. "Never allow yourself to be beat when I'm aboard."

"Man overboard!" was an awkward cry at such a crisis. All was now bustle and crowding and running from one end of the boat to the other, and every body was inquiring, "Who was it?" but none could answer. The rival boat was directly behind, and the wood-yard just ahead. How could the

steamer stop to look after people that had carelessly tumbled into the river? It could not. At all events it did not!

The body of the unlucky boat had passed directly across of the boat, and the rival steamer came on at once in her wake. Although the steamer was an excellent swimmer, yet, before she could cross between the two vessels, the boat in the rear was upon him! He was instantly run down, and the heavy poles tumbled over him, at once crushing him in pieces, as she rushed forward in her headlong career!

A hay or two was thrown overboard, and a brace of barrels followed them. The boat was then hurried away, as soon as they reached the wharfe, but no trace of the missing man was then found, and the boats hurried off once more, down stream.

"Who was it?" was again asked, as they started.

No one could tell. The helmsman was sure he heard the splash in the water, but he could see nothing afterward amid the darkness, and nothing could then be ascertained with any approach to accuracy.

On went the rival steamers, puffing and fuming and straining—on, to the next landing. What cared any body for the missing man? It might have been merely a "linger" that had fallen from the vessel's side; or even a deck-hand; or only a poor emigrant. If a passenger, his fare had been duly paid at starting—and passengers on board a western river-steamer are universally considered to be in that position solely "at their own risk!"

On, then, forward! No matter what occurs behind, provided the boat you are in is not found there. Away! Crowd the steam—shut down the safety-valves—throw in the pitch

beneath the already nearly collapsed boilers—keep up the terrible fires—and push on, on, *on*! at any hazard, at any sacrifice!

“Man overboard!”

What if there is? The boat can't be stopped. What! Stop a steamboat to save the life of a single human being? And with a rival close at the rudder-post? Hundreds of dollars in wagers, perhaps, are at stake upon the result of her trip, too? Pooh—never!

People must not fall overboard. The “regulations” of the boat make no provision for rescuing them, if they do. The order to the masters and pilots, from the owners, is to “put her through”—and they obey.

Away rushed the two boats, and upon arriving at the next stopping-place, the mystery was satisfactorily cleared up. The lost passenger was Ralph Taskem, Esquire, of Tennessee!

The slave-hunter had ridden his last race, he had paid his final debt, and had gone before the “Judge of quick and dead,” to render up his last account.

His career had been one of turmoil and rank oppression, for many a long year. And when his Master called him from the sphere he had so disgraced in life, he departed—

“Unwept, unhonored, and unsung!”

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE NEW HOME OF TONEY AND JULIE.

Green downs, ascending, drink the moorish rills,
And yellow corn-fields crown the heathless hills,
Where to the breeze the shrill brown linnet sings—
And prunes, with frequent bill, his russet wings.

JOHN LEYDEN.

At the expiration of three months, during which period Toney Ellson had been busy in clearing out the under-growth on the hill-side facing upon the little lake, and in plowing and harrowing and sowing, and re-arranging his newly-purchased premises, "Silverpool" and its surroundings had assumed an entirely new general appearance.

Fences, substantial and comely, surrounded the entire fields and pastures. A handsome and comfortable two-story house had gone up, upon Carrie's favorite knoll, from the broad piazza of which a magnificent view of the country could be had, and around the house had been laid out a beautifully tasteful garden. The great trees that originally shaded the ground now hung their festooning branches over the roof and eaves of his dwelling. Below the door there stood another great clump of magnificent elms, and to the right of this a sweet little grove had been permitted to grow, after the first clearing had been made by him. The sloping lawn that slanted from his door, down to the very brink of the shining

lake, was always green and thrifty, the land proved easily tilled, the forests around him supplied him with wood, and here he believed he could live contented, healthful, and happy, from year to year, in the pursuit of the avocation he so heartily loved, and in which he had thus far been so successful.

A splendid grove of thrifty oaks flanked his house on the south, and upon the north side, a short distance from the dwelling, there rose a high rocky eminence that sheltered him admirably from the cold bleak winds of spring and winter. And here, with his loving and charming Julie, in the immediate vicinity of Carrie and good old Davy, with health and ample facilities for carrying out his undertaking, he felt confident of success and happiness in the future.

Davy had invested his surplus money, from time to time, in the stock of a manufacturing company, located in the heart of the village of E——. Wherever he was known, he had always been highly respected for his probity and integrity, and his skill in his peculiar art had won for him a good name and a very flourishing business.

Before he left Boston, he hinted to Ellson the probability that, if he were inclined to make such a change—which seemed very desirable on the part of his children—he could undoubtedly arrange to obtain him a situation that would pay him better (in the establishment where his funds were invested) than that where Henry was then located. The proposition pleased Annie, and she urged her husband to accept it, if it could be brought about.

Upon his arrival, subsequently, at home, he instituted inquiries regarding the prospect, and was gratified to learn that a change in one of the principal offices of the cashier's de-

partment of the factory, would occasion an opening that would afford a pleasant and lucrative position to such a man; and he secured the offer of the place, at once, for his friend—whom he cordially commended to the directors as a competent and very proper person for the office. And within a fortnight after his return to E——, from Boston, he had the satisfaction of offering this position to Carrie's father, if he would take it immediately; the remuneration for which service was twelve hundred dollars, annually.

This salary was considerably larger than that which Ellison was then in the enjoyment of; and, considering all the circumstances of the case, to wit, the increase of pay, the fact that Toney, and Carrie, and Davy were there located, and the prospect that he could live for less money there than he could in Boston, while he had, at the same time, promise of increased facilities for adding to his little worldly store at times—all influenced him to resign his post at the East, and remove, at once, to the village of E——, where his children were then residing.

There was a month's delay, however, before he could be released from his engagements with his former employers. And then another month passed before he could finally get matters settled so that he could break up his family arrangements with the Meekers—with whom he had jointly leased the house he lived in at Boston. And then another month was used up in getting himself, and Annie, and the furniture out to the place of their final destination. And so three months elapsed, and the fall of the year came, and winter succeeded, before Annie and her husband found themselves located and "cleared up" in their new home at the West.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE NEW PROPRIETOR AND THE OLD.

We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest.

P. J. BAILEY.

"WHAT is the prospect, doctor?" inquired old Anthony Brittan, a few days after the *rencontre* with Taskem as his medical man examined his pulse.

"While you are quiet and resigned to our treatment you appear comfortable, sir; but you are seriously sick, your constitution is shattered, and we can only *hope* for a fortunate termination."

"Do not deceive me, doctor," said Brittan, calmly; "there is no need of that. I know I am very sick; no one can judge of it better than I. Whatever my fate, I am prepared to meet it like a man."

Intense excitement and subsequent trouble had prostrated Anthony Brittan beyond the hope of recovery. The fit into which he had fallen immediately after Taskem's departure, nearly proved fatal. It was only by a course of the severest depletion that the fading spark of life could be revived. Had he been surrounded by friends, and nursed with the tranquil devotion of those who loved him, he might have rallied. But

deserted, with no one to speak to save the menials of his household, and no internal source of comfort, he became weaker and weaker every day. What was still more vexatious to his proud spirit was the evident commiseration he excited. Every one seemed to know that he was a ruined and a dying man. His estate, his horses, his slaves, his live-stock, every thing he had owned in the State of Kentucky, was already in the possession of his creditors. He now remained a mere occupant of his former premises, until the new proprietor come should to displace him. He knew not when that might be, but was in daily expectation of a stranger's arrival.

Nothing whatever had been saved from the general wreck, and Anthony Brittan, the once lordly, aristocratic, hard-hearted, wrong-headed, unforgiving father of Annie Ellson, was now a miserable, degraded, broken-hearted bankrupt, pitied but repudiated, alike by slave-holders and freemen, for his egotism, his selfishness, and his duplicity.

On the third day after this the sufferer had grown palpably worse. His pulse was much weaker, and his end was evidently near at hand. But his dogged inflexibility never deserted him for a moment. He insisted on remaining in an easy chair; would have but little assistance from any one, and seemed to take a savage pleasure in defying fate.

"How now, doctor?" he asked, one morning. "Pretty bad, eh? Pretty bad? Nearly done, doctor—eh?"

The doctor was a good-hearted man and pitied Brittan, with whose pecuniary misfortunes he was not unacquainted. He saw that Brittan could not now hold out much longer, for all the indications pointed to his early dissolution.

"In the natural course of things, Mr. Brittan," he said,

"you can scarcely recover. We have done for you all that lay in our power. If you have any thing you wish to say, or any directions you will give, I think you had better not defer attending to these matters longer. You are very weak."

"In body, doctor—in body, but not in purpose. I feel that my race is run." He was stern, not sad. After a pause he resumed: "You have been attentive, doctor, and I thank you. If it had been in the power of medicine to build me up, you could have done it. But the disease is here—here!" striking his breast fiercely.

The doctor admonished the Englishman to be cautious how he excited himself.

"I am rational, now, and my mind feels as clear as ever it did. To-morrow" said Brittan, with forced composure, "to-morrow, the future owner of this plantation takes possession of it. It is my intention to receive him in a properly impressive manner."

A scarcely perceptible motion of the doctor's lips attracted Brittan's instant attention.

"I know what you would say, doctor. You would warn me that I may not be alive to do so. You are mistaken. I *will* live for that; yes, I *WILL*!"

There was a pause, during which patient and physician were alike overcome by emotions. They were strangely different, however.

"The effort," continued Brittan, "will probably cost me my life, but that is of little consequence. What have I to live for? If you can make it convenient, doctor, to call to-morrow at a quarter past twelve, you will see how far I am correct in my prognostications."

"I will do so, Mr. Brittan," replied the doctor, "but I feel it my duty to warn you that the slightest exertion or excitement on your part may be attended with fatal consequences."

Anthony Brittan did not leave his chair all that night. He gave strict injunctions that he should not be disturbed until the morning. At twelve o'clock the new proprietor was to arrive.

He was too feeble to sleep soundly, and had he been in robust health, even, this luxury would have been impossible in his present agitated frame of mind. For a few hours he was busily engaged in arranging some papers from his writing-desk. More than once he opened the bottom drawer of this article, and gazed earnestly at what it contained. Closing it nervously, as though he could no longer control himself, he would subside into a dreamy meditation. Shortly after midnight he wrote a letter, sealed it, directed it, and left it on the table. The effort was no ordinary one, for the man of iron will wept bitterly as he indited the few lines it contained.

* * * * *

The doctor had just reined his horse to the gate, and was slowly walking across the lawn to the porch of Anthony Brittan's house, on the morning following the above events, when his ear caught the sharp sound of fire-arms. "Some of the boys out gunning," he said, and walked on. There was a traveling-carriage before the door, laden with trunks, valises, etc. It had brought the new proprietor, who, equally punctual with himself, came precisely at twelve. As the doctor entered the hall, he was surprised to observe a crowd of domestics gathered around the door of Anthony Brittan's room. Their countenances were frozen with horror. They looked at

him with a panic-stricken gaze, and pointed to the room. With unfeeling indifference, the doctor pressed his way through the crowd.

“In the name of God, what is this?”

Anthony Brittan lay on the ground a corpse—his right hand tightly closed on a pistol, the barrel of which was yet warm.

“I came to-day, sir,” said a pale-faced young man, who had hitherto escaped the doctor’s observation, “by appointment. I handed in my card, and Mr. Brittan desired to see me. As I crossed the threshold of this door he arose and stopped me. ‘One moment, sir,’ he said. ‘This house and all it contains is yours. I can not honorably dispute your claim. It is impossible for me to understand *your* emotions in thus taking possession of a ruined gentleman’s home. But lest you should have any mistake about mine, see—’ And before I could arrest his arm, he fell a corpse at my feet. I never felt so bad in all my life.” And he looked as if he did feel bad.

Thus Anthony Brittan died. There were none to mourn his decease, but many to pity the man whose ill-spent life had led to such a horrible end.

CHAPTER LXXI.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Joy!—joy!—freedom to-day!
Care—care—drive it away!"

THE clear bright rays of the morning sun were glancing in through the branches of the great trees that tall over Tony's handsome dwelling, and the hills and forests, with their thousands of rich "firs and hemlocks green," were gilded with the light of the rising day-god.

It was a week after the gathering at old Davy's, and Tony and Julie were to be host and hostess on this occasion—for it was New Year's day—and they had made a party for the family on the in-coming of the new season.

"Happy new year, Tony! Happy new year, Julie!" rung out from a merry voice in the broad hall, below stairs. "Happy new year to you! Is this the hour you rise at, pray? Why, Julie! A farmer's wife, and allow the sun to get up before you? What a lazy girl. Where's Tony? Isn't he up yet, either? I've walked three good miles this morning—come!"

It was Carrie Ellison. She had been abroad nearly two hours; down to the village to hail her parents, and to wish them a happy new year; and returning by the way of her

own little home, she popped in to kiss old Davy, and to wish him a hundred of them, at the least; and Charlie Wells, a suspicious young villager with a good partly countenance and a sentimental father's for a while, was close behind her. She had wished him a happy new year three or four times over, always blushing very much, and always forgetting in her glee and joy that she had done so before at all; and to every body she met by the way she extended the same good wish—"Happy new year!" "A happy new year!"

Toley had already gone to the barns to look after the stock, and he did not know of Carrie's coming at all. Julie sprang out of bed at her sister-in-law's summons, and opening her eyes, saw that she had really overslept herself, nearly an hour!

The morning was crispy and cold. The window-panes were all crystaled over with frost-work, and the air was as sharp as a fine January morning's air need be. Julie sprang lightly to the floor as she heard that merry voice, and answered: "Coming, Carrie—coming!" And then she thrust one tiny warm foot into a cold stocking, and then she hastily put on the other; and as she did so the color started from her cheeks, and Carrie heard a most frightful shriek of "Ow! ow! Oh, dear! Murder! murder! help! Carrie! ow! ow! Quick, Carrie—Carrie, Carrie!"

The next instant Carrie was in the chamber, to find poor Julie tumbling about the room and screaming at the top of her lungs—"Ow! ow! Take it off! take it off! take it off!"

"Take off *what*, Julie? For pity's sake, what's happening to you?" cried Carrie.

"Quick—*ow!* Take it off! My stockings, my stockings!"

my stocking! Mouse in my stocking! mouse in my stocking! *a mouse in my stocking!*" yelled Julie, fiercely.

The trouble was quickly understood by Carrie, who as quickly caught the toe of the stocking and removed it, with the offending monster held firmly within her grips, to the immense relief of poor Julie, who had experienced a shocking momentary fright.

"O!" shrieked Julie once more, probably because she had not been harmed at all. "Have you got him? Oh, Carrie! have you got him?"

"Yes, yes. For pity's sake, don't scream any more. I've got him, safe and sound, and I've squeezed him as flat as a pancake, to be sure! See here! Why, he's a little bit of a fellow, any way. I wouldn't have yelled like that for a hundred such, said Carrie, bravely.

And as she spoke, the two girls turned to the window, gathered their dresses carefully about their feet, and Carrie turned the stocking "down side up" to shake the offender out upon the carpet.

"Take care!" shouted Julie, again, springing back upon the bed. "Take care, Carrie! He'll bite! He'll bite!"

"This young gentleman never'll bite any body," responded Carrie, as she again pressed the substance in her hand until no sign of motion was apparent, and then shaking the stocking sharply, there fell out upon the floor a bright, new *one hundred dollar bank note!* Tony had placed it in his wife's stocking, secretly, for her "new-year's present."

The girls saw through the joke directly, and Carrie screamed with laughter, a good deal louder than Julie had cried with with fear, declaring that she wished somebody would put *such*

nice in both *her* stockings, every night in the year! But Julie insisted that, while it was very kind in Toney, she “wouldn’t be so frightened again for a hundred of them!”

Toney returned from the stable, and “A happy new year, brother!” greeted him as he entered the house.

“Oh! *such* a time as we’ve had here, just now!” cried Carrie. “Did n’t you hear her scream?”

“Who?”

“Julie.”

“No. What has happened?”

“Oh! such a *terrified* little mouse as she found in her stocking, this morning.”

“Mouse—in her stocking?”

“Yes—worth a hundred dollars!” cried Carrie.

“Oh, I see—yes. A happy new year to her,” said Toney, smiling at the “scare” he had so innocently occasioned his wife. But the joke lasted for a by-word all the day long, and Carrie did not forget (any more than did Julie) for many and many a day thereafter, to thrust her *toes* into the toe of her stocking *first*, before she “put her foot into it!”

At an early hour in the forenoon the family gathered together, once more. Toney and Julie were all smiles, and contentment, and grace, as the host and hostess on this happy occasion; Davy and Balf came up together at a seasonable hour, the old man with his huge staff-cane, and the boy with the new skates that Carrie had bought him; and lastly came Ellison and Annie, with Carrie herself, again, accompanied by suspicious Charlie Wells, who had not been forgotten in the general “family” invitation—

" Brothers and sisters—father—mother—
 All, all returned to our circle;
 All, all returned!"

and the joyful laugh of childhood, the serene and gentle smile of maturer years, the calm and sober, yet kindly look of age, was present in that little gathering, each in its proper sphere, enjoying the pleasures, the prospects, and the loves of joyously passing hours.

And soon came the feast of good things, prepared under Julie's direction for her friends—the rich round of juicy beef, "done to a turn," the fat plum-pudding, the golden pumpkins, which Carrie had taught her to make, and the beautiful fruit dessert, and every body ate heartily, and gave thanks.

And finally came the sports and games among the young folks, who, as soon as they had got fairly warmed up with their exercise, drew Annie, and Henry, and even old Davy, into their circle, where they evinced their joy and hilarity in "blind man's buff," "searching for the key-hole," "hunt the slipper," and all sorts of "forfeittings," during which Jake was kissed, and Carrie was kissed (suspicious Charlie Wells not playing fair by any means), a hundred times over, and Annie was kissed—and they all kissed Toney, and Henry, and Charlie Wells (who, when questioned, said he liked it), and Davy, and even the boy, "Buff," who kissed right back again (as if he was no nigger at all!) and they rollicked and raced to their heart's content, while every body kissed good old Davy, and Davy kissed every body else, and there seemed to be no end to the love, and joy, and ecstasy of this gloriously happy gathering!

When evening came, they gathered around the blazing

wood-fire. There was no lack of conversation. Every one had so much to say of the past that the present was entirely lost sight of (except by Charlie Wells, who did not lose sight of it for a moment).

Their lives had been a routine of curious lays and mishaps, and the numerous adventures of each of the party, as they referred in turn to the events of their previous careers, served greatly to edify and please the others. And, finally, when all the rest had told the stories of their experience, old Davy said he could relate a tale that would amuse them, and which would be new to his friends, if they would listen.

"Oh, yes," cried the company; "that's just what we want, to finish up with, Davy. Now, let's have it, let's have it!"

"And what is it all to be about?" queried Carrie.

"I will be the story of the *Rag-picker*," said Davy, good-humoredly.

Carrie smiled at this, but all were anxious to hear Davy's story, for they supposed it would be a sort of autobiography, and they were not very well acquainted with the old man's early history.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE RAG-PICKER'S STORY.

"As you have often heard me say," commenced old Davy, "Carrie, and you, Toney—I am an Englishman, by birth. It would not interest you to hear of my earlier ups and downs, for there is little in those adventures worth the remembering or recalling, I am sure. And I will pass over all that, with the single remark that, for the first thirty years of my life, I was of a wayward, roving, discontented disposition, not over-ambitious, and constantly unlucky.

"I arrived in this country over forty years ago. I was penniless at the time, and reckless of what became of me. I knew no one in the country, nobody knew me, or seemed to care to, either—for which I did n't blame them!—and I wandered about Boston, where I first landed, without any object in view, or any prospect of good in the future.

"At length I secured an old sack, and I scoured the streets, by night and by day, in search of rags, and bits of paper, and scraps of iron, and lead, and brass—any thing, indeed, that turned up which could in any way be made use of in the future. By slow degrees I got on in my humble calling, and after a few years at this work, I obtained a small shop, and stored it with junk, and old iron, and like materials, which,

from time to time, were then gathered by other hands (as I had at first gathered them), and which were sold to me, from day to day, at the current prices which I established myself upon these small wars. And there, in my little shop, I sat down to enjoy myself, and could very little for or be in the the world save my own little comfort, which it did not cost much to provide.

"In the course of my experience I met with a good many curious and interesting persons and adventures, one of which, in particular, was so important and so curious, from beginning to end, that I shall never forget its details.

"There came into my little place one day, a well-dressed man, who seemed to have no particular object in calling, but who was cordial and pleasant in speech, and whom, from his manner of conversation, I recognized as one of my countrymen, evidently of the better class. He was somewhat younger than myself, and, after he had spoken with me a few minutes, he went out. The next day he returned again, chatted a while, and retired. Thus he came and went for a month. I never asked him his name, he never told me what it was, and several weeks passed by, during which we got to be tolerably well acquainted.

"One afternoon he suddenly broke in upon a train of conversation, entirely new with him, and novel to me also, and he claimed my indulgence. He informed me that he was from the same country that I came from, that he was in difficulty, and asked me if I would assist him.

"'You need have no concern,' he said, 'about compromising yourself in any way, and I will relieve your mind, at the outset, in regard to one point: I do not want any *pecuniary* aid,

on the contrary, Davy, I will pay you liberally for your confidence and your attention to my interests. I can confide in you, as far as I will trust any body," he continued, "because you are my countryman, first, and because I can afford to pay you for the service."

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

"I want to hire lodgings over your shop here," he added, "that is all. I want to come and go when I please, and I desire that no questions may be asked me. I will pay you what you charge for the rent of the room I may occupy, in advance, and you shall not be put to trouble, or risk, or inconvenience, in any manner by this accommodation."

"He spoke so fairly, and the room he desired was of so little use to me, that I very gladly accepted the proposal; and for two dollars weekly, I gave him possession of the chamber directly over my little store. This sum paid the whole rent of the building, at that time, and I thought it a good bargain for me.

"He came and went, as pleased him. I saw but little of him, save when he came below, occasionally, to chat with me; and true to my engagement with him, I never asked him who he was, or what he occupied himself with. Indeed, I cared very little about him, any way. He was silent most of the time, always reserved in his manner, and eyed whenever he expressed opinions. I saw that he was of a selfish disposition, and I never trusted him much. But he paid his rent promptly, and I was content.

"He took his meals at a chop-house near by, a landlady came and brought his linen regularly, and he seemed to have little employment except among his books and papers, until

one night there came a strange but well-attired man to inquire for him; a person whom I had never seen before. This man went up into his room, a long conversation followed, loud words succeeded—which I could make nothing of, however—and the stranger departed, amid threats and denunciations that I did not understand.

"A few weeks after this, a woman called at my shop, and desired to see my lodger. She was prompt and decided in her manner, I thought, though sufficiently lady-like and civil. She did not appear to be in very good health, however. She had a child with her, a good-looking child, and both were dressed in black. She said:

"You have a gentleman occupying a room on your premises, here—an Englishman, I believe. I desire to speak with him. Is he now here?"

"I announced the two ladies, at once, but he refused to see them! And bade me peremptorily, once for all, if I wished him to remain there, not to trouble him with these callers. He would receive no more visits. And the women went away sadly discontented, I thought, with this cold and severe reply.

"A short time subsequently to the ladies' visit, I received a letter mysteriously, which, as I soon learned, came from this woman. She referred to the letter she had made on me, and besought me to appeal to my lodger for aid in her behalf. *She was his wife*, it turned out. But he had deserted her, for reasons which she did not explain, though she declared that *he* was not so much to blame as were her own relations. She had married this man in opposition to her parents' wishes, they had abused and driven him away, finally (as I afterwards

ascertained), and they had since died, leaving her portionless. Her husband, as it proved, was unforgiving, and bitter in his resentment of the treatment to which he had been subjected by her friends, and he would not receive her, nor provide for her, or be united to her on any terms, whatever. This was all I learned for some months; but I found that the bare mention of the lady's claim irritated him, and so I ceased to allude to it altogether.

"This man had evidently committed some fault, or some inexplicable error or other (which I never understood), the details of which were in the possession of the stranger who first called upon him, at my place; for this same individual came again, after a while; and when they had had a long interview—not the quietest either, by the way—I was suddenly summoned up stairs by my lodger, who pointed to a name freshly written at the bottom of a very long document, and said to me excitedly:

"Davy, that is my signature; please to witness it, here."

"Now, as I had never written my name since I came to America, and as I had no occasion so to do, I replied, 'No, I cannot do that; wait, and I will assist you, though.' And I called a neighbor up, who attested to the signing, and soon after the stranger took the document and disappeared.

"In the room that my lodger occupied there was very little furniture. But I had noticed a large old-style oaken chest there, which he brought when he came, however. Subsequently to the last interview which he had with the strange caller, he became more reticent than ever, went out less often, and at last took sick. I attended him, called in a doctor, and in a few days the man got very ill. I was alarmed, so was

his physician, for he failed rapidly. We asked him if he had any thing to say to us on his own account, or in regard to any one else, and he said :

“ ‘No, nothing!’

“ Pointing to the old oak chest, however, the next day, he said to me :

“ ‘Davy, keep it. See to it. Don’t let them have *that*. Examine it when I’m no—’

“ And I never got another word out of him, nor any body else, i’ faith! He died that night!”

“ *Died?*” exclaimed the listeners.

“ Yes; and we never know, for many a long day, what he meant to say, either.”

“ But what came of it, at last?” asked Tenney.

“ I’ll tell you, in a moment,” said the old man, pouring down a fresh glass of water.

“ Of course I said nothing to any one, but removed the old trunk out of sight. I felt that it was a dying man’s last injunction, and so I put it aside. The strange visitor came to my house within a week, again, and showed the dead man’s *will*—the very document which I had just witnessed, you see! In this it turned out that he had bequeathed his entire property to that very fellow, who (as I told you), undoubtedly knew some secret of the document, and who had frightened him into giving him his estate in this manner, when he should die, to the utter exclusion of his wife’s claim.”

“ Every thing belonging to my lodger was disposed of. The legatee took the funds, and, possessing himself of his whole estate, he sat down to enjoy the property, unmolested.

“ I had examined the oak chest thoroughly, but could find

nothing in it but a few old newspapers and some valueless clothing. I sounded it all over, measured its proportions, the thickness of each side, top and bottom, but could discover no deception in it, no secret compartment, no hidden place that could inclose any thing; and for a time I gave up my search. But then I determined to take it entirely to pieces, believing that the dying man must have *meant* more than he had the ability to *say*, in his final moments.

"I carefully took the trunk apart, by piecemeal, and examined every joint, and panel, and tenant, in the seams; but nothing extraordinary came to light. I was perplexed and annoyed at this, for, you see, what good was it for him to enjoin it upon me to 'keep it and examine it,' all for no purpose?

"At last I took my saw, and I said, 'At least I can make firewood of the old trunk, and maybe I shall never hear more about it;' and at it I went. I sawed the top, and ends, and sides, into six inch bits, and all was as solid as oak could be. I then came to the bottom slab, which was formed of a single piece of wood, apparently, three fourths of an inch thick. I put my saw into this, and was driving away, lustily, when I struck a nail, or screw, as it seemed, with so much force as to ruin a dozen teeth at the stroke! I could see nothing upon either side of the board that indicated the presence of a nail there, but it was clear that something *was* there, nevertheless. So I took a chisel, split this board open, and discovered a cavity in the center of the plank, scarcely an eighth of an inch deep, but so skillfully cut out between the *two* thicknesses of wood that formed the chest-bottom, as to defy suspicion. The iron that I had struck was one of six

‘blind’ screws, curiously imbedded in the wood, which held the parts firmly together. Upon separating these, I found two papers in the cavity, laid out flat; one was addressed to *me*, and the other was marked—‘*My last will and testament.*’ I snatched them quickly from their hiding-place, and found in the envelop that had my name upon it, four fifty-dollar notes. The other was my lodger’s will, duly signed and witnessed by two of my neighbors, and executed two days before his final sickness.”

“But I understood you to say,” suggested Toney, “that his will had already been made, and duly witnessed.”

“So I did. But this one was made several weeks subsequently, you see. And it gave to his wife and child, whom it accurately designated, every particle of his property, to the exclusion of any one else; and at the same time this instrument revoked and cancelled the *first* will, which, as I told you, had been extracted from him under threats by the scoundrel who had been made the legatee.”

“And did the last one prove valid?” asked Ellson.

“Perfectly. I found the widow and her child amid poverty and suffering, for they had nothing whatever to subsist upon except the woman’s scanty earnings; and you may be sure that while *I* was happy to be the party to bear to her this good news, *she* was astounded and overjoyed at the welcome intelligence. She was worthy and well-deserving, though there had been some trouble between the husband and wife, originally, that I never cared to inquire about. I had the happiness to know that the eccentric man had relented, in his last moments, and I saw the woman put in possession of the bulk of the property within the next three months.”

“What became of the other person?”

“Oh, he raved, and swore vengeance on her, and on me, and all that. But we didn't mind it, you see. The will was clearly proved, and he was compelled to recede from his position, though he had contrived to get rid of sixteen hundred dollars' worth of the property, meantime. However, the widow had enough left, and I took *my* two hundred dollars gladly, for my own business purposes. In his letter accompanying this donation, my late lodger informed me that he left me this for my attention to and care of him; and I retained the money with the wife's cordial approval, though it proved a dear gift to me! I never learned any further particulars of her or her child; they returned to England soon after the will was audited and settled up, and I heard no more of them. But, four months after the discovery of the final will, my shop was one morning burned to the ground, and I escaped by the window of the chamber only with my life and the partial suit of clothes I chanced to have on at the moment I discovered the fire! I lost every thing in that burning, and was reduced to absolute beggary. It was attributed, at the time, to my carelessness, but I have no doubt whatever that it was the work of the man who had extorted from my lodger the first will. He threatened me with vengeance for the part I had taken in procuring justice to the widow and child. He fulfilled his threat by reducing me to beggary and jeopardizing my life.”

The old man paused for a moment; then looking round at the inquiring faces of the guests, said, smilingly: “You wonder why I have told you this long tale, and think, perhaps, that the garrulity of an old man is manifested in it.

Something more than that, my dear children—something more than that. The next event in my life was intimately connected with you, deary. I saved you from drowning. We got acquainted quickly, and I fell in love with you. Since then we have not quarreled very much, have we, Carrie?"

His beautiful young friend kissed him tenderly.

"The Rag-picker's story, you see, although humble, has a grain of romance in it. There is a moral in it, too, and a very pleasing one," taking Carrie by the hand. "Misfortunes are not always the *worst* things that can happen to a man. OUR FATHER remembers those whom he chastises. Thus, while I lost every thing I gained all—*all* that is worth living for. The smoldering ruins of my little store attracted all the children of the neighborhood. Carrie was a 'wee thing' then—a little chattering, singing, careless child. And she came with the rest. Wandering from the ruins to the dock, she fell into the water. I was fortunately at hand to rescue her. I have never regretted the revenge that burned down my store, for that *loss* presented me with this *gain*." And he pressed his darling close to his side.